

# CURRENT LITERATURE



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VOL. LI.

DECEMBER, 1911

No. 6

## A Review of the World

Discussing the Sherman  
Law.

**I**N A multitude of counselors there is wisdom, said the Psalmist. Perhaps he was right; but it sometimes takes a long time for wisdom to emerge. The multitude of counselors in regard to the Sherman law is hourly increasing, and increasing confusion instead of wisdom seems to result. "As every resident of Boston," says the *New York Evening Post*, "used to be said to carry a complete new system of the universe under his hat, so every American to-day is ready to stand and deliver, when called upon (too often, alas, before anybody calls upon him), the plan of a perfect anti-trust law." Lest a false modesty or something else leads a humble individual here and there to refrain from lifting up his voice at this crisis, the National Civic Federation is sending out a series of eleven questions to twenty thousand bankers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, manufacturers, political economists and labor leaders. Twenty thousand—think of that for a multitude of counselors! Out of the 220,000 replies hoped for to these questions, wisdom is expected to emerge in all her radiant beauty just as soon as the replies are properly classified and tabulated. While we are waiting for this happy event, the Senate committee on interstate and foreign commerce is holding a series of hearings, with trust magnates, corporation lawyers and polit-

ical economists following one another in rapid succession with a variety of suggestions.

A Statute of 700 Fateful  
Words.

**A**LL this storm of discussion that is sweeping over the country has for its center a statute of 700 words, that could be printed in full on one page of this magazine in our usual type. It was passed twenty-one years ago. Every member of the House of Representatives and every Senator but one voted for it. Three of the ablest constructive statesmen in our history united in its authorship—Sherman, Edmunds and Hoar. Senator Vest predicted at the time that it would go through a furnace of legal criticism and judicial interpretation "not seven times but seventy-seven times heated." The prediction has not been fulfilled—not yet. It has gone *into* the furnace, but it has not yet gone *through* it. One hundred judicial decisions have been handed down. At least five times the Supreme Court has spoken. Several Presidents have given earnest advice to Congress about it. "Millions of words," says James B. Morrow, in the *New York Tribune*, "have rained down like bullets for its utter destruction. A million dollars, perhaps, has been spent to cripple its provisions. Some of the greatest business experts, political economists and statesmen in the country have declared it to be unworkable, and have pleaded and argued for its alteration." Yet not one

word of the seven hundred in the law has been changed. It stands to-day just as it was drafted, "as lucid an example of English as can be found inside or outside a statute book." The author of the "History of the Sherman Law," Albert H. Walker, of the New York bar, wrote several weeks ago: "In the eye of the law of construction of statutes it is the clearest and most complete and accurate of all the multitudinous statutes which I during my long life as a lawyer and law author ever read. The 'confusion worse confounded' which has been made to surround that statute for more than twenty-one years never had the slightest real necessity."

A Crisis in Our Business  
Life.

**W**HAT, then, are lawyers and judges and political economists for if a perfectly clear statute, couched in entirely lucid English, is thus enveloped, after twenty-one years, in a fog so dense that 220,000 answers to questions are necessary to disperse it? "We Americans," says a writer in the *New York Times*, "face a crisis to-day as grave as the Civil war—a crisis involving the very roots of our business life." Why? Who is to blame? Not Congress, at all events, says Professor Henry R. Seager, of Columbia University, in a recent address. "No one," he continues, "can read the debates on the subject and study the amendments proposed without feeling that the measure as finally passed in 1890 represented the best thought of the ablest men in the Fifty-first Congress concentrated upon the framing of a law that would check the trusts. If any act was ever provided with 'teeth' to insure its enforcement this was certainly the case with the anti-trust act." Nor are the courts to blame, we are told further. "At no period has the Supreme Court suggested any doubt as to the validity of the statute, and if any fault is to be found with the early judicial rulings, it is that they gave its provisions too broad rather than too narrow an interpretation." Professor Seager adds:

"If neither Congress nor the courts were at fault, responsibility for allowing the anti-trust act to remain so long almost a dead letter must be laid at the door of the administrative branch of the Government. That three successive Presidents and five successive attorneys-general were seriously remiss in their duty to enforce this law will now scarcely be denied. The truth is that neither Harrison nor Cleveland nor McKinley was fitted by training or conviction to lead the

struggle against the powerful corporal interests opposed to the enforcement of the law."

Mr. Walker, for his part, does not agree entirely with Professor Seager in exempting the courts from all blame. Much of the present confusion comes, he thinks, not, indeed, from the courts' decisions, but from their *obiter dicta*.

The Suit Against the  
Steel Trust.

**T**WO events of the last month have helped to bring matters to a climax just at this time. The suit brought by the attorney-general for the dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation is one. The approval by the United States Circuit Court of the plan evolved by the American Tobacco Company for its disintegration into fourteen parts is the other. These are the events, especially the first named, that are eliciting the talk about "a crisis as grave as the Civil war." For the Steel "trust" is, as everyone knows, the biggest thing of the sort on the earth. It has a gross revenue as large as that of the government, ranging as high as \$757,000,000 in a single year. Its output of steel products is as large as that of all the mills in Germany, twice as large as that of Great Britain, three times as large as France's. The moral effect of the suit against this mighty industrial combination is, the *Forth Worth Record* remarks, "beyond calculation," for "if the Sherman law is adequate to destroy the steel trust it is sufficient to destroy all others. If the colossal wealth and power of the steel corporation and of the master minds in control of it are not sufficient to prevent its enforcement, surely no other unlawful combination may hope to escape." The legal fight that will follow "will apparently," says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "be the greatest legal fight which this country has seen."

Mr. Roosevelt Writes  
an Editorial.

**T**HE passage in the recital of facts that is presented as a basis for the government's suit against the steel trust has called forth from Mr. Roosevelt an important editorial statement (in *The Outlook*) which may take its place as one of the most significant documents, politically, that he has ever penned. His decision, when President, not to prevent the purchase of the Tennessee Iron & Coal Company by the steel trust is represented in the attorney-general's



HARD JOB TO KEEP HIM ON! —Judge.

petition to be the result of Mr. Roosevelt's having been misled by deceptive statements made to him at the time by Mr. Gary and Mr. Frick. Mr. Roosevelt now emphatically denies that he was misled or that the facts in the situation were in any way misrepresented to him. He defends his action at that time as "wise and proper" and says it would have been a calamity had he acted otherwise. The purchase of the Tennessee Iron & Coal Company did not in any appreciable degree alter the status of the steel trust. Its proportion of the production of steel ingots and steel castings in the United States has steadily fallen, says Mr. Roosevelt, from 66 per cent. of the total production in the year of its formation—1901—to 54 per cent. now, and the purchase of the Tennessee Iron & Coal Company did not check this decline. He publishes also a letter from ex-Secretary Garfield to corroborate these statements, in which Mr. Garfield speaks of the suit against the steel trust as "a case that shows clearly the difference between destructive litigation and constructive legislation."

Roosevelt Takes Issue  
With Wickersham.

**B**UT Mr. Roosevelt does not spend much time on the past. He proceeds to consider the future and to join issue, inferentially at least, with the present policy of the Department of Justice. He declares again that the Sherman law is inadequate to meet the situation—a statement not necessarily, we may remark, in antagonism with Mr. Taft's declarations against amending that law—and says that "to attempt to meet the whole problem, not by administrative governmental action, but by a succession of lawsuits, is hopeless from the standpoint of working out a permanently satisfactory solution." Nor does it avail to split up all big corporations, whether they have behaved well or ill, into a number of little corporations. "Such action is harsh and mischievous if the corporation is guilty of nothing except its size; and where, as in the case of the Standard Oil and, especially, the tobacco trust, the corporation has been guilty of immoral and anti-social practices, there is need for far more drastic and thoroughgoing action than any that has been taken under the recent decree of the Supreme Court." The settlement of the tobacco trust case he declares to be "a miscarriage of justice." As the Circuit Court has accepted this settlement and Attorney-General Wickersham has assented, this state-

ment by Mr. Roosevelt places him in direct antagonism to the attorney-general.

Our "Chaotic Government  
Policy."

**T**HIS brings us to the question of remedies or, as Mr. Roosevelt puts it, "the need of reducing to order our chaotic government policy as regards business." He does not propose any amending of the Sherman law. He does not think it any more possible to restore the conditions of competition as they were sixty years ago than to go back to the use of flintlocks in the army. But he would have positive legislation enacted to enable either the bureau of corporations or a special governmental board or commission to regulate the whole field of interstate commerce (outside of transportation), in a similar way to that in which the railways are now regulated by the interstate commerce commission. He would give the nation full and exclusive jurisdiction over the whole field. He does not attempt to work this plan of regulation out in detail, but he points, rather significantly, to the legislation enacted in Senator La Follette's state as an example to be followed. He says: "The success of Wisconsin in dealing with the corporations within her borders, so as both to do them justice and to exact justice in return from them toward the public, has been signal; and this nation should adopt a progressive policy in substance akin to the progressive policy not merely formulated in theory, but reduced to actual practice with such striking success in Wisconsin." He adds further, having the Steel trust apparently in mind:

"Nothing of importance is gained by breaking up a huge interstate and international industrial organization which has not offended otherwise than by its size, into a number of small concerns without any attempt to regulate the way in which those concerns as a whole shall do business. Nothing is gained by depriving the American nation of good weapons wherewith to fight in the great field of international industrial competition."

Business Men to the Fore.

**M**R. ROOSEVELT'S plan is one of the numerous remedies now being suggested. It is presumably the one which Senator La Follette is said to be drafting into statutory form and which the Progressive Republicans generally will advocate. President Taft's plan is not very dissimilar. He would provide for federal incorporation on the plan presented in statutory

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form to Congress two years ago. George W. Perkins would have, not a commission but a special "business court" created, "composed wholly of business men of experience and integrity," which should finally adjust "any questions that otherwise could not be satisfactorily settled"—which is a trifle hazy. Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company of Chicago, also suggests a "tribunal" of business men, before which corporations or individuals "desiring to form agreements in restraint of trade" shall voluntarily appear, and which shall determine whether these agreements are beneficial to the public. Mr. Theodore P. Shonts is for federal incorporation and federal taxation of franchises, in order to force all large corporations under national control, "thus producing such centralization of power as would make the national government in time the greatest of all combinations and a deadly weapon against private enterprise in the hands of incompetent or unscrupulous officials." The general counsel of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, Levy Mayer, would have a non-compulsory federal incorporation law; industrial concerns that seek its shelter to be exempt from the provisions of the Sherman law, but to be subject to examination as the national banks are now subject. The president of the American Woolen Company also speaks out in favor of a federal incorporation law. The drift of business men in that direction seems to be quite general.

**M**R. BRYAN, in an extensive article in the *New York Times*, declares against federal incorporation as objectionable and unnecessary. It is objectionable because "it is intended to do away with state regulation entirely and compel reliance exclusively upon national regulation." This would leave the state helpless if federal regulation were lax. It is unnecessary because "the federal government now has power to employ any means necessary for federal regulation without national incorporation." Whatever federal regulation there is to be should be "added to state regulation and not substituted for it." The plan which Mr. Bryan favors is the dissolution of all monopolies now in existence and a federal license required of all interstate commerce corporations "when they secure a certain proportion of the trade." This, he says, would leave the state powers intact, and would be simply an added

restriction upon the powers now possessed by corporations. We must return to competitive methods. "When the country decides that competition can not be restored—that monopolies are a permanent development of industry—then the people will be face to face with the Socialistic issue." Socialism as an alternative is mentioned not by Mr. Bryan alone. President Taft, Mr. Roosevelt, and many others taking part in this discussion speak of it as a thing to be seriously apprehended.

The Sherman Law to  
Remain Unchanged.



HE political situation in Washington this winter seems to many to hold out no promise of any important change in legislation on the trust problem. "It is idle to talk of amendments to the anti-trust act during the coming session of Congress," says the *New York Times*. There is no chance of bringing Mr. Taft, the Democratic House and the Republican Senate into agreement on the subject. "Mr. Taft is absolutely right," the same paper asserts, "when he says that every corporation man in the country knows now whether he is violating the law or not." The *Wall Street Journal* says the whole test of legality lies in three questions, as follows:

- "1. Are you by your combination regulating prices?"
- "2. Are you restricting production?"
- "3. Are you using duress upon your competitors?"

Any corporation which can answer these questions in the negative has "nothing to fear from the administration or the law." Mr. A. H. Walker, to whose articles we have already referred, takes the same position. "Any really able lawyer," he declares, "who will impartially study the language of the Sherman law and then impartially study all of the one hundred decisions which have been rendered by the courts relevant to that law can reliably advise any person or corporation whether the business in which that person or corporation is engaged or concerned does or does not violate the Sherman law." The enforcement of the Sherman law just as it stands has now, in the opinion of the *Springfield Republican*, become Mr. Taft's "chief political asset." "We are going backward," says the *Portland Oregonian*, "but to the forks of the road where we strayed from the safe road of competition to the unsafe road which leads to financial oligarchy or socialism."

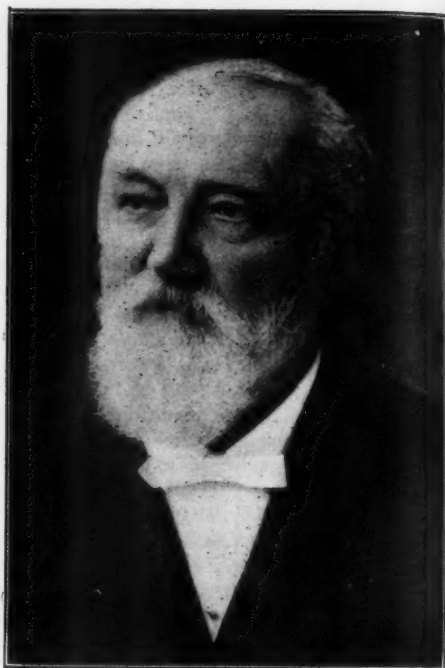


THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND

Philip Lee Goldsborough is the second Republican to be elected governor of that state since the Civil War and, if Congressman Underwood's preelection warning is taken literally, his success will "jeopardize the expected national victory of the Democratic party next year."

**I**N the elections last month nobody can be said to have drawn a first prize and everybody may be said to have drawn consolation prizes. The "regular" Republicans regained control of the New York State legislature, the reversal of the vote over last year amounting to about 160,000 votes. That is to say, a Democratic plurality of 67,000 last year was changed to a Republican plurality this year of about 93,000. The Republicans also regained control of the New Jersey legislature, redeemed their old-time plurality in Rhode Island, and, for the second time since the Civil War, elected a governor in Maryland. The Democrats have regained Kentucky by a large plurality, reelected a governor of Massachusetts, tho by a reduced plurality, carried New Mexico, and are made especially gleeful by the municipal elections in Ohio, where Cincinnati, Cleveland and Columbus all elected Democratic mayors. The Progressive Republicans are delighted with the complete victory for their

Elections in an Off Year.



FOR YEARS A LEADER OF FORLORN HOPES

But this year Rudolph Blankenburg scored, being elected mayor of Philadelphia as a fusion and reform candidate. He is called "the war horse of reform," and is one of the most respected citizens of Philadelphia, which, it is remarked, proves now to be no longer "corrupt and content."

program in California, where the initiative, referendum and recall all went sailing through to success by a large margin; and they rejoice impartially over the smashing of the old-party machines in New York City (where Tammany loses the board of aldermen and eight or ten Assemblymen), in Philadelphia (where the fusionists defeated the Republican candidate for mayor and elected a reformer), in Cincinnati (where the Cox machine went down to defeat despite Taft's support for its candidates), in Maryland (where the Gorman machine failed), in Massachusetts (where the victory of Foss as a tariff reform platform is taken as a rebuke for the Lodge-Crane machine).

Joy in the Socialist Camp.

**B**UT if there was joy in the camps of the old parties there was frenzy in the camp of the Socialists—a frenzy of delight. Most of it came from the same State that has furnished so much joy for the Democrats and Progressives—namely Ohio. In ten of the smaller cities in that



A SOCIALIST MAYOR-ELECT

The Rev. George R. Lunn's successful fight for the mayoralty of Schenectady, N. Y., is one of many Socialist successes that has thrown members of that party into transports of joy. Mr. Lunn's first word is a reassuring one. He says his election does not mean a revolution.

State the Socialists elected the mayor, the largest of the cities being Lima (30,508) and Lorain (28,883); and they came within one vote of capturing Canton (50,217). They cast heavy votes also in Columbus (electing four councilmen), Cleveland, Dayton and elsewhere. The Socialists carried five small towns in Utah, elected a mayor in Schenectady, N. Y., an assemblyman in the same district, also an assemblyman in Rhode Island, reelected an assemblyman in Massachusetts, and captured a mayoralty in New Castle, Penn. All over the country, in fact, with the exception of some of the Southern States, the Socialists made notable gains, and in one Southern State—Mississippi—they came near capturing the lieutenant-governorship. "The strength manifested by political Socialism," remarks the *New York Sun*, "was perhaps the most interesting feature of an off-year contest."

Fear of Socialism Abating.

**T**HERE is nothing to worry about in these Socialist gains from sea to sea," says the *New York World* reassuringly; "if the old parties will not give good local government they must expect



THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY

James B. McCreary received last month one of the largest Democratic majorities seen in Kentucky for many years. His popularity helped in securing a Democratic legislature, which means, it is said, that Ollie James will soon be a Senator.

new parties to grow up and get the votes." Prior to the recent election, the Socialists, according to figures given in the *Journal of Political Economy* by Robert F. Hoxie, had 435 office-holders distributed over 33 States and 160 municipalities, including one congressman, one state senator, 16 assemblymen, 28 mayors and village presidents. Nearly 60 per cent. of these were in places having a population of less than 5,000. "It is most markedly pervasive," said Mr. Hoxie speaking of Socialism, "its widespread success indicating that beneath the surface it is a force developing throughout the country." The remark gains additional corroboration, it is evident, in the elections just held; yet the apprehensions caused even in conservative circles are far less than they would have been a few years ago. The probable reason is found in the following considerations with which Mr. Hoxie's article concludes:

"The creedalism and immoderateness of Socialism, other things being equal, vary inversely with its age and responsibility. The average Socialist recruit begins as a theoretical impossibilist and develops gradually into a constructive



#### A DISCIPLE OF TOM JOHNSON

Newton D. Baker was elected mayor of Cleveland last month, owing largely to his close friendship to the late Tom L. Johnson and his political allegiance to the purposes for which Johnson fought. Baker was the Democratic candidate. He is one of forty-four mayors elected last month in Ohio by the Democratic party. Governor Harmon claims these victories as an endorsement of his administration.



#### HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL

—Morris in Spokane *Spokesman-Review*



#### THE VAMPIRE!

—Oppen in New York *American*

opportunist. Add a taste of real responsibility, and he is hard to distinguish from a liberal reformer. It is the same with the movement. These Socialist successes in general, therefore, are a training-school of constructive democracy. This fact should calm the fears and allay the prejudices of all those who have a real faith in the people."

This view is taken by many of the conservative newspapers, some of which point to the Social Democrats in Germany as evidence of the steady influence of power.

#### Bearing of the Election on Presidential Chances.

**T**HE effect of the elections last month upon the presidential campaign next year is, of course, a topic of general discussion; but the discussion gets us nowhere in particular. In most of the States local causes were so dominant that it is difficult to estimate the force of national issues. Here and there special elections were held for congressmen. In Nebraska one congressman was elected in the third district, and the Democratic plurality of last year was cut in two. In New Jersey also a congressman was elected, and a Republican plurality of 840 last year was increased to 2,500 this year. On the other hand, in the second congressional district of Kansas a Republican plurality of 3,500 last year was converted this year into a Dem-

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"A SIGNAL TRIUMPH" FOR MURPHY

—Macauley in *New York World*

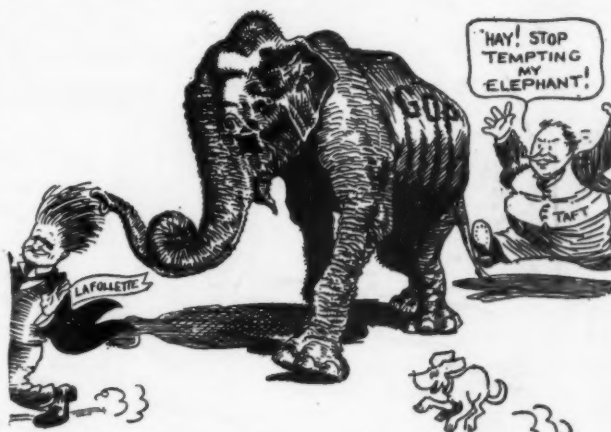
ocratic majority of nearly the same size. It may fairly be said that the high Democratic tide of last year is shown to be receding; but it can do considerably more receding before it brings to the Republicans a sense of security. In the East, this recession is more clearly marked—in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Maryland for instance. The effect upon individual presidential "booms" also lacks decisiveness. Governor Wilson's loss of the legislature in his own State is construed by many as a rebuff to him personally; yet the facts lend some plausibility to an opposite construction. The Governor took an active part in the campaign everywhere in the State except in Essex county. There the Democratic campaign was in the control of his enemies and he refused to speak in support of the ticket. It was defeated and, because of its defeat, chiefly but not solely, Democratic control of the legislature was lost. Governor Wilson's most formidable competitor, Governor Harmon, gains strength in the returns from Ohio, where, out of 93 mayoralty contests, the Democrats won in 44 and the



THE NEW MAYOR OF CINCINNATI

Henry T. Hunt has been prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County and in that capacity has been trying to convict Cox, the Republican "boss." His election as mayor, on the Democratic ticket, is construed not only as a rebuke to Cox, but to President Taft as well, who voted for the Republican candidate.

Republicans in but 36. To the degree in which this result is to be credited to national



TEMPTING A HUNGRY ELEPHANT

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

considerations, it is a gain to Harmon's chances and a loss to Taft's. But to what degree is it to be so credited? That is a question on which anyone may argue indefinitely, but on which no one can argue conclusively. At least no one has done so.

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#### Bombarding Our Courts.

**A** CENTURY ago Thomas Jefferson was assailing our judicial system in the following words: "The Judiciary of the United States is a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederate fabric." The Judiciary survived the attack. So did Jefferson. Half a century ago Lincoln criticized the Supreme Court to such an extent as to elicit from Douglas the charge that he was attacking the whole judicial system and raising "a distinct and naked issue between friends and enemies of the Constitution, the friends and enemies of the supremacy of the laws." The Constitution and the Courts again survived, and so for that matter did Lincoln. Once again there is arising a disposition throughout the country to hurl verbal brickbats at the courts and particularly at our federal judiciary. Mr. Roosevelt has flung the word "fossilized" at some of the federal and state

judges and more recently has declared that a certain decision of the New York courts is "a blow to decent citizenship." President Taft has repeated his assertion about delays of justice that should bring "the blush of shame" to the cheeks of every American citizen, and has recommended easier and quicker methods of impeachment. Mr. Bryan has charged that the President and the Supreme Court judges have entered into "a gigantic conspiracy" by virtue of which the highest court in the land has been "turned over to the trusts." And the Socialist party, in its Chicago platform, recommends the immediate dissolution both of the United States Senate and the Supreme Court!

#### Mr. Bryan's "Gigantic Conspiracy."

**T**HE position in which the American courts are placed to-day," remarks a writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*—George W. Alger—"is a peculiarly delicate one." This delicate position is due to the new legislative program that is obtaining vogue so rapidly, and to the new economic problems which have given rise to that program. There is, in consequence, "intemperate censure" on one side and "unreasoning defense" on the other. The general charge is to the effect that the courts are "in the hands of the ruling classes." Here, for instance, is



NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

—Hy Mayer in N. Y. Times

the way in which a series of lurid articles by Allan L. Benson, in *Pearson's*, begins: "Around the neck of every living American is a chain, one end of which is fastened to a group of tombs. The tombs are those of long-dead justices of the United States Supreme Court. The chain is a linked series of judge-made laws that the justices helped to make. The effect of the chain is to hold the 'free' citizen fast while larger gentlemen, if such there be about, go through the citizen's pockets." In addition to *Pearson's*, *La Follette's* has been running a series of articles by Gilbert E. Roe on "Our Judicial Oligarchy," and the Socialist daily of New York City, *The Call*, has been printing another series, "A History of the Supreme Court," by Gustave Myers. None of these, however, has excited anything like the attention that has been bestowed upon Mr. Bryan's sweeping charges in *The Commoner*. In a recent number he offers, as proof of the gigantic conspiracy which he charges, "a chain of circumstantial evidence" which, he asserts, is "sufficient to convict in a criminal court."

Justice Hughes and the  
Rule of Reason.

**H**ERE is Mr. Bryan's "chain of circumstantial evidence." In the campaign of 1908 Governor Hughes, now Justice Hughes, in a speech in Youngstown, said: "In our progress we must seek to avoid false steps. Ours must be the rule of reason, clear-eyed, calm, patient and steadfast; defeating the conspiracies of intrigue and escaping the pitfalls of folly. Supreme must be the sense of justice, with its recognition of our mutual dependence." Mr. Bryan now finds a very sinister meaning indeed in these words, especially in the phrase "the rule of reason," because of some recent remarks made by George W. Perkins, not long since of J. P. Morgan & Co. Mr. Perkins, after quoting from the last platform of the Republican party, asserted that the only vestige shown of keeping faith with the people on those pledges has been in the Supreme Court's "rule of reason" decision, and then he proceeded, "in connection with this significant fact," to quote the words of Mr. Hughes as above. Out of these two utterances Mr. Bryan forges his "chain of evidence," as follows:

"Here we have it. Governor Hughes was put forward to represent the Republican party; he assured the trusts that 'the rule of reason' for

which they have been waiting for more than ten years would be adopted. Congress refused to keep the promise, so Governor Hughes was put on the supreme bench and helped to amend the law in accordance with the Republican promise and now President Taft, in whose interest the promise was made and who appointed Governor Hughes, says that the anti-trust law as amended by the court must not be disturbed."

Mr. Bryan does not stop here. He perceives in the selection of Justice White instead of Justice Harlan (then 77 years of age) for Chief Justice and in the selection of Lurton, VanDevanter and Lamar for associate justices, a part of the same "gigantic conspiracy." In a recent interview he says: "I'd like to know whom the Trusts want for supreme justice in place of Harlan. They have all the rest of the bench, and I am anxious to see whom they will select for his place."

The Trusts and the  
Supreme Court.

**T**HIS charge seems to the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, a conservative Democratic paper, as "simply infamous."

If Mr. Bryan has any knowledge on the subject, says the same journal, "why does he not give it out like a man?" It is his duty to make good his charges, or "stand condemned for doing a very dirty and dishonorable thing." Another Democratic paper, the *New York World*, remarks that if the trusts have packed the Supreme Court they have made a sad mess of it. Every important case arising under the anti-trust law has gone against them since the Knight or Sugar Trust case, which was faultily presented by the Government. They lost the Trans-Missouri and Joint-Traffic rate cases, the Northern Securities case, the Addyston Pipe case, the Wall-Paper Trust case, the Swift Live-Stock case." Then four vacancies occurred and four new judges were appointed. They proceeded to give the trusts "the worst blow of all—the knock-out of the oil and tobacco trusts." Could Mr. Bryan, asks the *World*, have done worse for the trusts than he says they did for themselves? The *Portland Oregonian* takes the same view. "The evidence of the falsity of the charge," it says, "is the cursing and lamentation of the trusts over Mr. Taft's expressed determination to enforce the law as interpreted by those decisions." It adds: "Whatever faults the trust magnates have, no man will accuse them of lack of brains; but Mr. Bryan accuses them of conduct unworthy of blithering idiots." The *New York Press*, the

most radical Republican paper in the East, refuses to take Mr. Bryan seriously when he makes this charge. The *Houston Post* calls the charge preposterous, and thinks nobody will accept such a charge unless it is "accompanied by indubitable proof."

Mr. Berger's Discovery.



NOTHER line of attack has been developed against the Supreme Court. The one Socialist member of Congress, Mr. Berger, in preparing his speech in behalf of old-age pensions, cast an interested eye upon Article III, Section 2, Paragraph 2, of the Federal Constitution. That paragraph reads as follows:

"In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a State shall be party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make."

Mr. Berger has, after perusing this paragraph, proceeded to affix a clause to his bill for old-age pensions "*forbidding the federal courts to question the validity of this measure!*" In support of this action, he recalls that Congress on March 27, 1868, acting under this section of the Constitution, excepted certain reconstruction laws from the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Chase, fifteen days later, in rendering an opinion in the *McCardle* case, declared that the Court had no jurisdiction because of this act of Congress. "It is quite clear," said the Chief Justice, "that this court can not proceed to pronounce judgment in this case, for it has no longer jurisdiction of the appeal."

Limiting the Jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.



ACCORDING to Mr. Berger's interpretation, this section of the federal Constitution places entirely in the hands of Congress the power to limit the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court except in the few cases specified. A writer in the *Chicago Public*—M. G. Lloyd—goes a step farther. He thinks the power of Congress to limit jurisdiction extends also to the other federal courts. "I believe it is generally acknowledged," he says, "that Congress has power to fix the jurisdiction of the inferior federal courts which it has established. . . . The remedy, so far as the federal courts are

concerned, lies with Congress, and it is up to that body to see that its own interpretation of the Constitution is not interfered with by any other branch of the government. So long as it acquiesces in the review of its laws by the judiciary, the latter cannot be blamed for exercising that function." Another writer in the same paper considers Mr. Berger's discovery "a body-blow" to judicial supremacy. The *St. Louis Mirror*, in reprinting these articles, says: "It is a big question, for, if the theory holds, the way is open to vast reforms with the inauguration of which the judiciary cannot interfere." Mr. Roosevelt seems to have had this same point in mind when, in a recent speech, he declared that while we have been wise in giving to the judges power of judicial interpretation of statutes to see whether they conform with the fundamental law of the land, yet this power is one "with which the people have merely temporarily parted and not one which they have permanently alienated." If Mr. Roosevelt in saying this did indeed have in mind the point raised by Mr. Berger, it indicates that a mobilization of the "progressive" forces is probably about to take place for a general assault upon the power wielded by the federal judiciary ever since the days of John Marshall.

Can Congress Abolish the Federal Courts?



UT Mr. Berger and all who are following his cue have been misled by the *McCardle* case, in the judgment of the *Springfield Republican*. While Congress can, in the way indicated, limit the cases that can be taken to the Supreme Court on appeal, the *Republican* holds it "could not abolish the right of the lower federal courts to annul acts of legislation on constitutional grounds without abolishing the lower courts themselves." This it could do "perhaps," but in doing so it "would plunge the country into anarchy, for there would then be no way to enforce federal laws by judicial methods." Aside from this, the right of Congress to abolish the inferior federal courts, without establishing others in their places, would, the same journal thinks, be "strongly questioned in view of the fact that the Constitution contemplates the existence of inferior courts as an integral part of the federal judiciary." The reference here is to the first sentence in Article III, Section 1: "The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court and in such inferior courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish"; and Section 2 goes on to say:

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"The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this Constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made or which shall be made," etc. This line of attack upon the judiciary cannot, therefore, the *Republican* is confident, be successfully maintained. The other line, of denying the Supreme Court's power to nullify an act of Congress on the ground of its unconstitutionality, it thinks, will also prove futile. Persons who follow this line of attack, it says, "never undertake to refute Chief Justice Marshall's reasoning." That reasoning "has stood impregnable to assault for several generations for the simple reason that it could not be overthrown."

Criticism of the Courts  
Our Only Recourse.

 PROFESSOR in Columbia University—Frank J. Goodnow—has just added to the general discussion raging over the judiciary a volume entitled "Social Reform and the Constitution." His purpose has been to examine the extent to which the federal Constitution is a bar to reform legislation along social and political lines, and the program which he advocates, as a result of this examination, seems to the *New York Sun* "little short of startling." He dwells upon the difficulty, amounting almost to an impossibility, of amending the Constitution, and the consequence is that we are living under formulæ fashioned in the eighteenth century which ignore the dynamic theory of society. He maintains, therefore, that the degree of freedom with which we can adapt ourselves to modern needs must depend upon the breadth of judicial interpretation. He says:


"Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the proposition that the Constitution did, as a matter of fact, give to the Federal Government a sphere of action whose limits are to be laid down, not as a result of an acceptance of the historical tradition of constitutional power of the last sixty or seventy years, but rather as a result of a consideration of the present needs of the country. These should be permitted to influence the interpretation of the provisions of the Constitution purposely left very general in character. It is submitted that such a theory of constitutional interpretation, and only such a theory, will permit us so to develop our political system as to bring it into accord with the facts of modern American life."

So far from deprecating criticism of our courts, Professor Goodnow regards persistent

criticism as "our only recourse," under the circumstances. He writes:

"Those who assert that by criticism of the Supreme Court we are attacking the foundations of our political system forget that we are living under a practically unmendable constitution and that unless it is proper to bring popular opinion to bear upon a governmental authority which has the power absolutely to prevent political change, we may easily be tied up so tight in the bonds of constitutional limitations that either development will cease and political death ensue, or those bonds will be broken by a shock that may at the same time threaten the foundations not merely of our political, but even our social system."

Workingmen's Distrust  
of the Courts.

N informing contribution to this discussion of the courts and the reasons for it is made in the *North American Review* by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, of New York City, who, while not a Socialist, has kept closely in touch with radical elements by means of an open forum conducted in connection with his church. Working men generally, he says, are convinced that both laws and courts are against them. They are astonishingly well informed, too, and their complaints are clear and specific. Not only are laws proposed for their protection fought by wealth, but when passed they are interpreted in a fashion hostile to labor. He gives a list of specifications, part of which is as follows:

Effort to unionize shop unlawful. *Lowe et al. vs. Lawler et al.*, 208 U. S. 274, February 3, 1908.

Unlawful to threaten a strike. *John O'Brien vs. People ex rel. Kellogg Switchboard & Supply Co.*, 216 Ill. 354, June 25, 1905.

Unlawful to ask reasons for discharge. *Wallace vs. Georgia, Carolina & Northern Ry. Co.*, 94 Ga. 732, June 18, 1894.

Legal to jail a man a month without trial. Oregon Supreme Court. *Longshore Printing and Publishing Co., Appt., vs. George H. Howell et al.*, 26 Ore. 527.

Constitutional to discharge a man for belonging to a union. *Wm. Adair vs. United States*, 208 U. S. 161, January 27, 1908.

No remedy for labor except personal suit. Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court. *Dianah Worthington et al., Appts., vs. James Warring et al.*, 157 Mass. 421.

Dr. Grant dwells upon the effects in the minds of working men resulting from dissenting opinions, conflicts between courts and the immunity of wealthy criminals. Whether or not the facts justify it, there is an "ugly mood"

in regard to our courts which we should strive to overcome; but the only suggestions he has to offer for this purpose are the establishment of night-schools in law, the teaching of law and especially the Constitution in high-schools, public hearings on legislative bills before large popular audiences and the simplification of legal phraseology. Of one thing he is sure,—that we cannot put the people behind the law by simply transferring control from the capitalistic class to the proletariat. Much of the trouble with our laws now is that they are hastily passed in response to the querulous demands of labor. This, says Dr. Grant, is admitted by labor men themselves.

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#### A Woman Suffrage Conquest.

**W**HAT is termed "the largest single conquest made by the woman suffragists in all their career" takes effect this month out in California. The constitutional amendment adopted by a small majority in that State October 10, giving the women the right to vote on equal terms with men, went into effect at once; but the municipal elections in December give the women their first opportunity to register and vote. The event is taken more seriously by the press of the country than any other event in the annals of the crusade. Prior to last year, the many years of strenuous campaigning had resulted in complete success in but four of the smaller States: Idaho, with a present population of but 325,000; Wyoming with 154,000; Utah with 373,000; Colorado with 799,000. Last year Washington, with 1,141,000, was added to the woman suffrage ranks, and now

California comes into line, with its 2,337,000,—almost as large a population as that of the other five States combined. The result, in the judgment of the *New York Evening Post*, is "easily the most momentous decision yet given in this country in favor of woman suffrage," and it will "undoubtedly give the cause a new impetus in all parts of the country." "The ladies," remarks the conservative *Baltimore Sun*, "are on their way. In two years they have conquered two States—Washington and California. In Oregon and Oklahoma they have high hopes for to-morrow. In Kansas and the Dakotas they are making plans for day after to-morrow. And even here in Maryland are prophets who predict!"—

#### Woman Suffrage in National Politics.

**T**HE effect of woman suffrage upon national politics must now, it would appear, become very appreciable. Idaho, Wyoming and Utah have three votes each in the electoral college. Colorado and Washington have five each. California has ten. This makes 29 votes in all, or nearly one-eighth of the number—242—that constituted a majority of the college in the last presidential election. These six States have moreover twelve United States senators, or about one-eighth of the entire Senate as it now is, or about one-fourth of the number necessary to constitute a majority. In Kansas, Wisconsin, Ohio, Oregon and Nevada a popular vote is soon to be taken on the same subject and the campaign in those States has already begun. "There isn't a livelier issue," remarks the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "at this moment in the length and breadth of the country." In California 22 other constitutional amendments were voted on at the same time as woman suffrage, but it overshadowed them all. An Associated Press dispatch said: "The unique feature of the campaign was the prominence which the question of woman suffrage took. It was thought when the campaign started that the recall, with the judiciary involved, and the initiative and referendum, would engross public attention. But the enthusiasm with which the women of the State engineered the campaign for woman suffrage practically made that question overshadow everything else during the closing days." Some 60,000 persons in all parts of the country responded to the call for a week of self-denial in order to contribute to the campaign fund in California.



EVENTUALLY THEY'LL HAVE TO COME TO IT  
—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

The Insurgents and  
Woman Suffrage.

**T**HE Woman Suffrage issue, moreover, as the *Boston Herald* has observed, "has everywhere become a recognized part of the radical program." The *Herald* adds: "With six equal suffrage States it will soon become risky for aspirants in the national field to oppose this idea in future. Any great party might well hesitate to name as its presidential candidate an avowed opponent of woman's suffrage. Such considerations create those tides which, once set into motion, become irresistible." One other New England paper, the *Springfield Republican*, makes similar observations. It says: "The victory of equal suffrage in Washington and now in California should prepare the country, East and West, for the increasing activity and growing prestige of the movement. It is taking its place in the still greater movement for more democracy." Already the leaders of the movement have had some of President Taft's utterances unfavorable to their cause printed in leaflet form and are preparing to distribute them all over the country and especially in the States where women vote, if Taft is renominated and does not modify his position on the subject. In a speech in Los Angeles, during the recent campaign, Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, one of the most influential of the "progressive" Republican leaders, linked the issue to the progressive campaign in the following words: "Woman suffrage is part and parcel of this great movement toward moral reform and progressiveness that is sweeping the country from sea to sea. This progressiveness is just as absolutely interwoven with the progress of womanhood as it is possible for any two things to be united. One element of this developing progress is the awakening interest and activities of the women in civic



Drawing by Harris in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

#### SHE WENT, SHE SPOKE, SHE CONQUERED

"Miss Dr. Anna Howard Shaw is the recognized leader to-day of the woman suffrage forces. Her eloquence and experience had much to do with the triumph of her followers in California, by virtue of which they cast their first ballots this month in municipal elections."

affairs. When the history of the twentieth century is written, the historian will have to inscribe as its greatest triumph the victory of women." Women in many states have been celebrating the victory of woman suffrage in California and predicting further success next year.

**I**N ADDITION to a war among the women themselves on the subject and a war between the politicians, Woman Suffrage has excited a third war—a war between the poets. Rudyard Kipling contributes to *The Ladies' Home Journal* an "anti" poem entitled "The Female of the Species," which is widely advertized as "like a lash across the face of woman." Hall Caine, Sidney Low and others have resorted to verse in answer. Mr. Kipling's poem has for its subhead: "A Study in Natural History." The she-bear in the Himalayas, we are told, will often turn aside when encountered by a peasant; but the she-bear never. The male cobra will do the same, but the female cobra will not retreat. The early Jesuit fathers feared the Huron and Choctaw squaws far more than they feared the warriors. The refrain of the poem, educed from each of these examples, runs:

"For the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Man, Kipling proceeds, negotiates with his enemy, compromises, yields to doubt or pity or mirth:

"But the woman that God gave him, every fiber of her frame  
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed  
and engined for the same;

Kipling's Poem.

And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,  
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male."

Scoring the Suffragette.

**M**R. KIPLING proceeds, evidently with the belligerent methods of the British suffragettes in his mind, to the conclusion of his argument on the subject. The final stanzas are as follows:

"She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties,  
Her contentions are her children. Heaven help him who denies!  
He will meet no cool discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild  
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

"Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights,  
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so the cobra bites,  
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw  
And the victim writes in anguish—like the Jesuit with the squaw!

"So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer  
With his fellow braves in council, does not leave a place for her  
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands  
To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman understands.



A CALIFORNIA JURY

This is the first jury composed of women that has ever served in California. They tried an editor for publishing profane language in reporting an anti-Prohibition speech and acquitted him.

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THE NEW ERA IN LOS ANGELES

The adoption of woman suffrage in California gave these ladies in Los Angeles their first opportunity to register as voters last month. And the babies came also.

"And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him Must command but may not govern; shall enthral but not enslave him. And *She* knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail, That the female of Her species is more deadly than the male."

Answers to Kipling.

**T**HE answers to Mr. Kipling are numerous, both in prose and poetry. *America*—a Roman Catholic periodical—disputes his historical accuracy. There were no "early" Jesuits among the Choctaws, and among the Hurons the Jesuits were defended time and again by the squaws. "Could Kipling call up the spirit of de Brébeuf or of Chaumonot from the vasty deep he would hear how a heroic squaw had defended them for weeks in her cabin at the risk of her own life from a bloodthirsty mob of the other sex that was raging outside. Jogues also, who was slain by the cousins of the Hurons, would have told with gratitude how, again and again, the squaws wept over his bleeding wounds and tried in their helpless way to give him relief." But the most effective of all the replies is made by Sidney Low in the *London Standard*:

"When the Soul of Man awakened, when the Woman that God gave, Stood revealed his wife and sweetheart, not his chattel or his slave, Then he formed his own conception of what Woman ought to be, And he made a Plaster Image, and he told her it was *She*."

"For the Woman as God made her wasn't good enough for Man; He invented large improvements upon Nature's cruder plan; And he made that image nice and white, and put it on the shelf, Where he kept assorted virtues that he did not want himself."

"Man might govern, fight, and reason, to his perfect satisfaction; Woman's work it was to cheer him when his mind was out of action; Woman good, and kind, and clinging, timid, soft, anemic, pale, For the female of the species was an adjunct to the male."

"But the woman as Man made her scarcely suits our modern notions, With her nicely guarded instincts and her primitive emotions; We have dropped the weaker vessel and the tame domestic pet,

And our taste finds something wanting in that saint-like statuet.

"So our literary gentlemen have touched it up afresh,  
And have changed the plaster image to a Demon of the Flesh,  
Half Mother-Fiend, half Maenad: lest the generations fail,  
'Armed and engined,' fanged and poisoned, for the hunting of the male;

"With the morals of the hen-coop, with the Jungle's code of law,  
As described by Rudyard Kipling after (some way after) Shaw.  
'Tis no doubt a graceful fancy; but the woman Time has made  
Doesn't recognize the likeness so ingeniously portrayed.

"And Man knows it, Mr. Poet! Knows your singular ideal  
Does not bear the least resemblance to the Woman that is real;  
Knows that Woman is not fiend, nor saint, nor mixture of the two,  
But an average human being—'most remarkable like you.'"



THE IDEALIST OF CHINA'S RISING

Doctor Sun Yat Sen, who is supposed to be somewhere in the western world, turns out too nebulous in his notions of liberty to guide the destinies of a nation in the throes of the new birth China is living through.



"Some one," says the Boy Emperor of China, "fooled me."  
ALTHO he will not be six years old for several weeks, Pu Yi, reigning sovereign of the Chinese Empire, announced in an edict last month that he is personally responsible for the civil war by which his dominions are ravaged! "I have reigned for three years," he begins, "and have always acted conscientiously, but I have not employed men properly, not having political skill." He has, he confesses, employed too many nobles in political positions, a tendency which "contravenes constitutionalism." With regard to the railroad problem, "some one whom I trusted," writes his Majesty, "fooled me," and thus was public opinion alienated. "When I urge reform, the officials and gentry seize the opportunity to embezzle." When old laws are abolished, high officials serve their own ends. The catalog of these woes has many other items. The boy emperor communicates himself to his rebellious people in the ensuing amplifications:

"Much of the people's money has been taken, but nothing to benefit the people has been achieved. On several occasions edicts have promulgated laws, but none of them have been obeyed.

"People are grumbling, yet I do not know. Disasters loom ahead, but I do not see. The Sze-chwan trouble first occurred, the Wu-chang rebellion followed, now alarming reports come from Shen-si and Ho-nan. In Canton and Kiang-si riots appear. The whole empire is seething. The minds of the people are perturbed. The spirits of our nine late Emperors are unable properly to enjoy sacrifices, while it is feared the people will suffer grievously.

"All these are my own fault, and hereby I announce to the world that I swear to reform, and with our soldiers and people to carry out the Constitution, faithfully modifying legislation, developing the interests of the people, and abolishing their hardships—all in accordance with the wishes and interests of the people. Old laws that are unsuitable will be abolished. The union of Manchus and Chinese mentioned by the late Emperor I shall carry out. The Hu-pe and Hunan grievances, tho precipitated by the soldiers, were caused by Jwei-cheng. I only blame myself because I mistakenly appreciated and trusted him. However, now finances and diplomacy have reached bedrock.

"Even if all unite I still fear falling, but if the Empire's subjects do not regard and do not honor fate, and are easily misled by outlaws, then the future of China is unthinkable. I am most anxious day and night. My only hope is that my subjects will thoroly understand."



THE INCARNATION OF CHINA

Yuan-Shi-Kai, mysterious, efficient, active in every phase of the revolution of the past month, arrived in Peking as master of the situation. His motives are baffling, for to one element he seems the hope of his native land and to another element her evil genius.



"ALLE SAMEE, ME BIG FOOL TO INVENT GUNPOWDER"

—Thomas in *Detroit News*

Peking Capitulates to the Rebels.

**B**Y promulgating such an imperial edict, the ruling Manchu clique at Peking, as the *London Post* puts it, "capitulated ignominiously." Short of abdication, says this careful and well-informed commentator upon things Chinese, the sur-



"REVOLUTION, MELICAN PLAN"

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

render could not well be more complete. "So far as the revolutionary party are inspired not by animosity against the dynasty, but by desire for reform, they must feel that their efforts have been crowned with success." The throne apologizes humbly for its past neglect, grants an immediate constitution with a cabinet from which nobles and perhaps imperial princes are excluded, and promises a free pardon for the rebels and for all political offenders. It seems curious to the European daily that this announcement should be made side by side with the confirmation of the recapture of Hankow by the imperial troops. An expeditionary force of the well-trained divisions of the north overcame the resistance of the rebels concentrated at Hankow. The fighting seems to have been prolonged and determined. "The insurgents displayed courage and tenacity. Compared with the disciplined government troops, however, they were little better than an armed rabble."

Why the Chinese Throne Had to Yield.

**T**HE fact that the Chinese rebels, after taking Wuchang and Hankow, were unable to make any advance from the scene of their first success would seem to the *London Post* to suggest that their

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STEALING A BASE ON HIM

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

fighting power was not considerable. "In any case, their inaction gave the Peking authorities time to organize a force from the northern divisions and to despatch this army along the railway that connects Peking and Hankow. In equipment and training these northern troops were known to be superior to the mutineers." If, then, the revolt remained local in character, its suppression should not have been beyond the power of the central authorities. But what the government really had to face, adds this expert on the situation, was a national movement. "Outside the Yang-tse valley, it is true, there do not seem to have been any serious revolutionary outbreaks, altho in several places ominous signs of unrest and discontent were evident." What has constituted the weakness of the court is the fact that all over China feeling has been rising furiously against the existing misgovernment. The rebels had too strong a case.

Kai appeared upon the scene, according to the Peking despatches in *The New York Herald*,



"ALLEE SAMEE MELICAN MAN!"

—Barclay in Baltimore Sun

Manchus in Their Hour of Doom.

**Y**UAN-SHI-KAI had been recalled to the forbidden city and given full charge of the campaign against the rebels long before the Boy Emperor was made to assume responsibility for all that has happened. When the efficient Yuan-Shi-

the Manchu dynasty faced the supreme crisis of its history. An army of rebels had just given the regent the alternative of accepting a genuine constitutional government or beholding the sack of the forbidden city. China's national assembly, the nucleus of which assembled over a year ago, had endorsed the demands of the rebels. The throne was memorialized to that effect. Prince Chun, the Regent, handed the document to Yuan-Shi-Kai when the latter set foot within the hall of peacocks. The Regent is said to have accused Yuan of effecting the combination between the forces of disorder and the members of the national assembly. The demands of the rebels contained a pledge to maintain the boy emperor on the throne should the policy of constitutional government be adopted. But there must be an immediate summons of a new parliament and that parliament must have power to revivify the constitution.

What China's "Freedom"  
Is to be Like.

**P**U YI, the boy emperor, seems pledged now to abstain from the use of either army or navy in the event of any further revolt against his authority. Nor is the sovereign to retain his traditional power of life and death. Political exiles must be pardoned. The time-worn and familiar pledge of a responsible cabinet with a Prime

Minister to be chosen by the national assembly is renewed with solemnity. Parliament must share the treaty-making power, control the budget, levy the taxes. Yuan-Shi-Kai found the Regent in dazed consideration of these drastic demands. The panic within the precincts of the palace was not allayed by the great mandarin's assurances that complete surrender to the rebels was inevitable. A republic had been proclaimed at Hankow, and while it may not have been taken very seriously by the diplomatic corps, it does seem to have agitated the princesses. These ladies appear from despatches to French dailies to have a far greater influence over the progress of recent history than the western world suspects. The Regent wanted to fight revolution to the bitter end. He was overruled by the Princess Yehonala. Yuan-Shi-Kai departed for the scene of war with full power to bind the throne to anything.

The New China as a Sham.

**O**NLY in the light of the hopeless inefficiency of the Chinese government from a military point of view can the abjectness of the surrender of the mandarins to the masses be appreciated. In this sense is the crisis elucidated by the competent expert upon everything Chinese who writes in the *London Post*. The western world



THE FLIGHT FROM HANKOW BEFORE THE HORRORS WERE PERPETRATED

The railroad over which the exodus from the city occurred is the famous bone of contention between the great powers, each clamoring for a position of financial favor in the enterprise. The building of the line had the unforeseen result of rendering the horrors of Hankow less harrowing.



IS THIS ALL PART OF A FARCE?

Military experts in some quarters of the globe refuse to take the new Chinese army, of which this picture reveals the staff, at all seriously. The idea that a Chinaman can become a real soldier seems absurd to some students of the subject.

has been taught in recent years, he says, to deem the army of China a capable as well as a growing thing. The exact reverse is true. Yuan-Shi-Kai has no real fighting force at his back, large or small. He handles sham battalions of sham infantry for the simple reason that nothing in the shape of a soldier can be made out of a Chinaman. The western world has been hopelessly misled on the whole subject. There exists, to follow our accurate authority, a vague impression that during the last few years China has been steadily increasing the strength and efficiency of her military forces and that she will surely have to be reckoned with in the near future as a military power of the first order. This "specter of twenty millions or more of Boxers, armed, drilled, disciplined and animated by patriotic motives," threatening the very existence of the western world, is all sham.

Is the World "Fooled"  
Regarding China?

**N**OTHING is more easily explained than the erroneous notion of the west concerning the military prowess of the Chinese under their new teachers. "This vision of China as a military agent in posse may be ascribed partly to the fact that most Europeans, and especially officials who have lived long in the country, acquiring thereby some reputation as experts, usually affect a Chinese way of looking at things. But the number of such men qualified to speak

with authority on military matters is very small and these, as a rule, are bound to silence." Much current opinion has also been formed, proceeds this critic, upon "the writings of more or less irresponsible traveling authors and journalists," whose descriptions of "China arming" for the most part contain unmistakable evidence of having been inspired either by a desire to curry favor with the Chinese or by a weakness for making one's flesh creep. "The demand for sensational copy and the practice of self-advertisement in latter-day journalism are, indeed, responsible for much of the nonsense written about the Chinese army." There is not even the nucleus of a real army in China and, this writer says, there never can be.

Possibility that Yuan-Shi-Kai is a Sham.



**CHINA** has had occasion to learn from experience in four disastrous campaigns since the great Gordon's day, observes the Chinese expert of the *London Post*, how sound was the contemptuous idea the British soldier had formed of her military capacity. "She has spent millions on useless armament, and futile schemes of reorganization and to-day her army stands incompetent and disloyal, without leaders, equipment or morale, a laughingstock and a reproach." This is not, of course, the idea of the western world just now. Sedulous and innocent journalistic misrepresentation has for

five years past created the delusion that a fighting man can be made out of a Chinaman. Yuan-Shi-Kai knows better. For years he has been training a body of troops at great expense, yet he dared not take them into the field to put down a local insurrection. "Forts, arsenals, military schools, army maneuvers, military posts of all sorts with high-sounding titles, all are there, creating countless opportunities for incompetent and corrupt mandarins; but the celestial dragon remains, despite his fierce claws and fiery eye, a paper dragon to this day." No one knows that so well as Yuan-Shi-Kai.

A New Light on the  
New China.

**G**ROTESQUE is the term applied by this authority to the forces on both sides in the struggle which so nearly cost the Chinese boy emperor his throne. Yuan-Shi-Kai realized at once how worthless were his regiments. He never dreamed of offering real battle. The twenty thousand troops recently led by General Yin Chang against the rebels at Hankow were a battalion on paper only. The troops that were to have gone under General Chang Piao to quell the insurrection at Cheng-fu never dreamed of battle. They even refused to march when they drew near the danger zone. Other divisions, more or less skeletonized, are scattered in disordered imbecility through the provinces. Those of An-Hui and Kwang-Tung are notoriously unreliable, altho eulogized highly by itinerant journalists. "In almost every case of mutiny and rebellion by these foreign-drilled troops, it is significant that the officers concerned have been educated in Japan." Li-Yuan-Hung, leader of the rebels at Hankow, received his military training in that country. So did General Chang Shae-Tseng, who spent the past month in dictating terms to the Regent as the price of the loyalty of his troops. The lesson of recent Chinese crises, therefore, is that Gordon spoke truly when he told the mandarins years ago what an imbecile a Chinaman is in the capacity of soldier and fighter. He deprecated expenditure on artillery, warships and military advisers as a useless waste of money, since the guns and warships would be taken from them by the first enemy that came along. Yuan-Shi-Kai remains for the time being at the head of the new China which, in spite of the highly advertized greatness of the man, is a huge burlesque. The latest edict of the

boy emperor simply preludes a repetition of a familiar Chinese farce.

Horrors in Hankow  
and Nanking.

**F**IRE, rapine, desolation and butchery rendered Nanking last month, affirm all despatches, a charnel house. Troops sent to quell the rising intensified its incendiarism by their own excesses. "When the order for a general slaughter had been given, the entire native city was invaded by the Manchu soldiery, who ruthlessly massacred men, women and children." The aged and the young alike littered the streets in heaps of wounded and dying. Babies in arms were bayoneted. The correspondent of the Associated Press saw several women put to death and their children either trampled under foot or stabbed. The imperial troopers seemed at no stage under any kind of control. They pillaged, sacked and robbed shops and houses, shooting whomsoever they met. No pretense of discipline was made, the officers looking on or retiring to the tea-houses. At Hankow the rapine was, if possible, more terrible. In the ruins of that smoking city hundreds of half burned corpses of men, women and children invite pestilence. "The soldiers sent to restore order have hanged men and, failing means of strangulation, prodded them with bayonets or crushed them to death with stones. The outrages against women can not be told." Red Cross bearers were killed or wounded. In the looting of Hankow the imperial soldiery played the most conspicuous part. They defied their commanding officers, who, themselves, revealed incapacity and cowardice.

The German Crown Prince  
Makes a Scene.

**S**EATED in front of the royal box in the Reichstag, Crown Prince William, heir to the royal and imperial thrones of Prussia and Germany, turned into ostentatious mockery every word spoken by Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg in defense of the pact which brings the long agony over Morocco to its concluding stage. Members and spectators in the vast and crowded chamber stared, say the despatches, "dumbfounded." The demeanor of the Crown Prince was an open declaration of war upon his father. It signified that the heir to the throne was assuming leadership of that discontented Pan-Germanic and Jingo element to

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which the outcome of the crisis over Morocco means a descent into the Limbo of diplomacy. The tall and bony form of the Imperial Chancellor loomed conspicuously above the sea of faces into which he peered like one bewildered until, following the direction of all eyes, he caught the Crown Prince sneering. "We Germans need play no big game of bluff," went on the Chancellor, his harsh voice quivering, the despatches say, with emotion. "Threats and insults are no longer bandied by great powers." The Crown Prince was now shaking his blond head and frowning in open displeasure at the sentiment. "Germany is strong enough to dispense with such saber-rattling." It was the Emperor himself, proceeded the speaker, who insisted upon the policy which Berlin had made effective. The Emperor had been privy to the German protest against certain fiery speeches by British statesmen in the period of agony last summer, when it seemed as if destiny had decreed that France and Germany must rush to arms. All through this utterance the Crown Prince frowned his displeasure, creating, in fact, a Morocco sensation of his own. He was soon on his way to Danzig "in disgrace."

Germany Loses the Game  
in Morocco.

**F**RANCE, if the behavior of the German Crown Prince means anything, must have come off victor in her struggle to win Morocco. That is precisely the interpretation of the Jingo organs of Berlin. What France gets, according to the view of the *London Telegraph*, is no more than a definite protectorate, subject at that to the granting of such economic rights to other nations as the signatories to the Algeciras pact would naturally demand. "Germany, on the other hand, if she does not get exactly what she required, at all events secures a very large tract of country in the French Congo, with two narrow fronts on the Ubanghi and the main river, where she will be in touch with the Belgian Congo." The effect on Germany of what is, to the British daily, "one of the most dangerous incidents of a year which has been full of dangerous episodes," is somewhat surprising. It has gone far to defeat the ambitious designs of the Emperor William's clever foreign minister, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. The diplomacy of that statesman has not been so brilliant in its results as some of his admirers expected.

Germany an Object  
of Suspicion.



**A**BRUTAL directness which could have been justified only by "a determination that, come what might, the fatherland intended to have her own way in northern Africa," characterized, the *London Telegraph* insists, the whole Morocco course of Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter. "As matters turned out, it was by no means easy for her to have her own way, partly because France was not prepared to concede her original demands and partly because the triple entente [between Britain, Russia and France] was much more closely cemented than German politicians thought to be the case." Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter believed too fatuously in the heavy hand. "It was an unpleasant surprise to him, probably, to discover that a projected change in the balance of power in the Mediterranean and around the African coasts at once upset the nerves of the Chancelleries and produced a general unsettlement which was as prejudicial to the interests of Germany as to those of Europe." What has been the sequel? France, replies the British daily, has obtained a protectorate over Morocco. Spanish claims on the north African littoral have still to be established. Italy has effected a landing at Tripoli and desires to hold under her sway the whole of the Tripolitaine and Cyrenaica. "And worse, perhaps, than all for the future policy of Germany, Turkey has discovered that Teutonic friendship is unable to protect her against the ambitions of a European neighbor."

German Press Comment  
on Morocco.

**M**OROCCO proved so sore a subject to all Berlin dailies that had it not been for the conduct of the Crown Prince in the Reichstag there must have been, the *Paris Temps* thinks, "a Chancellor crisis." As it is, the Nationalist *Tägliche Rundschau* deplores the entry of Germany into the throes of a general election at a time when her diplomacy has received a humiliating check. The world politics of Berlin, adds the *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung*, is conducted by cowards. "It is absolutely unheard-of," it complains, "that the officials responsible for the policy of the German Empire should in their craven fear hide themselves behind the person of the Emperor in order to escape the criticism of the representatives of the people." The radical element is not less disgruntled, one of its organs, the *Morgen-*



THE FIRST ITALIAN GRAVE IN THE THEATER OF WAR

The fighting at Ben-Ghazi was the opening of actual hostilities—the first occasion during the war, either on land or sea, upon which the Italians met with real resistance or suffered casualties.

*post*, asking if "a people politically mature is to submit to its substance and its blood being played with and then be told it has nothing to say in the matter." The German people, it predicts, will answer this question at the forthcoming elections. False statements, declares the indignant *Norddeutsche Allgemeine*

*Zeitung*, have been disseminated regarding the influence of Great Britain upon the course of the Morocco negotiations. "Germany would never have tolerated the interference of an outsider, whether an insolent power dubbing itself the mistress of the seas or any other upstart and bully." Altogether, the Berlin press hails the close of the Morocco crisis in a most unamiable mood and the Crown Prince has been exiled from the capital in what looks very like deep disgrace.

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#### Horrors of the War in Tripoli.



NE scene of carnage on the theater of Italy's war in Tripoli revealed itself so dramatically and in such wealth of sanguinary detail last month, despite the unprecedented severity of a pro-

longed censorship, that the whole civilized world still thrills with the shock of it. Difficult as the Roman government has rendered the task of ascertaining precisely what happens in the distracted province rent from the realm of the Ottomans, enough has transpired to prove that, in the words of the correspondent of the *London Times*, friendly to Italy, "the floodgates of blood and lust were opened" at least for a time. "The three days' butchery at Tripoli," to quote the comment of the *London News*, "is an enormity to which the records of modern war offer few parallels." The Italians, it insists, after conscientious efforts to arrive at the truth, have been killing every Arab—men, women and children—whom they could discover. "They have shot without trial; they



AFTER THE TURKS HAD FLED INTO THE DESERT

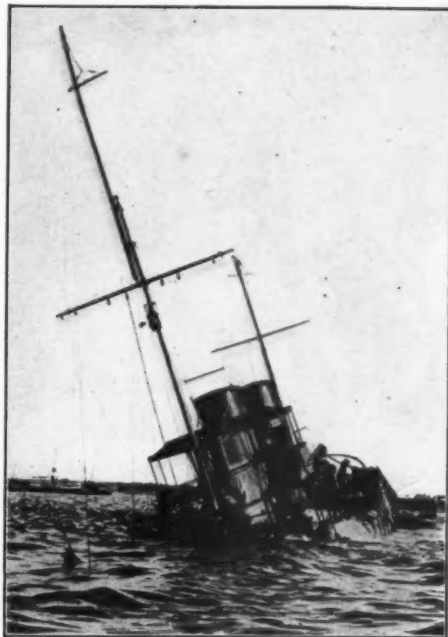
The Turks, before the arrival of the fleet, held the Italians in contempt. Afterwards, when the fighting began, the Turks fled pellmell into the desert, leaving the outposts of General Caneva's army in possession of Tripoli and the surrounding country.

have made no distinction between guilt and innocence, between belligerent and rebel, between man of war and man of peace." The episode, it predicts, will leave an imperishable stain upon the name of Italy. Yet we must be just, concedes the *Manchester Guardian*, itself profoundly stirred by the news of the past few weeks, and make great allowance for the difficulties of the Italians. Rome is strengthening her forces in Africa hourly because she sees that she underestimated the magnitude of her task there. She had to hold last month lines that were evidently too extensive against formidable attacks. "Fear makes men cruel and the Italians had once grave reason to be afraid." They will have still graver reason before long. The horrors of the month may but prelude sanguinary episodes still to come.

How the Italian Censorship  
Was Evaded.

**T**HIS war between Italy and Turkey appeared, it will be remembered, to have come to a complete standstill.

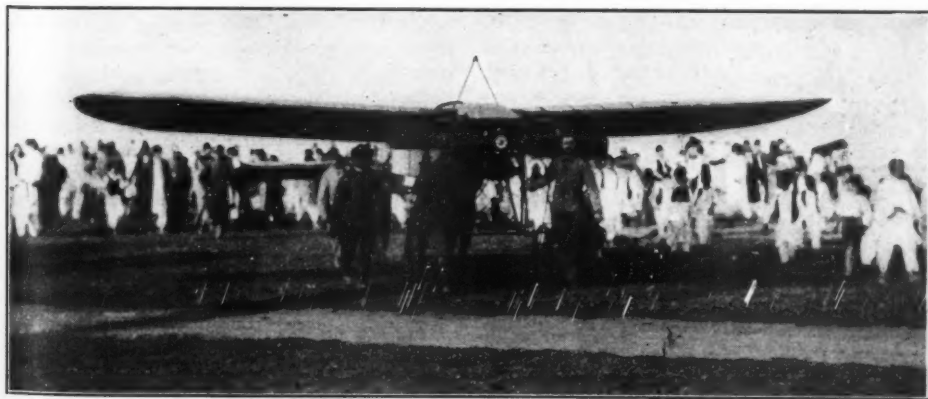
Everybody in Italy and most people elsewhere regarded the task of the invaders as practically over, as the *London Standard* says. There was actually some merriment on the subject of the whole affair in Tripoli. It has been difficult, indeed, to ascertain what was going on, because the Roman authorities took precautions to block every source of information. Newspaper correspondents had to sign some sort of pledge subjecting themselves to expulsion if they reported naval and military operations too exactly. Nevertheless, some few weeks ago, reports of a sensational



AN UNREPORTED EPISODE OF ITALY'S WAR

The censorship in the Mediterranean ports held by Italy is so strict that the outside world never learned of the loss of a torpedo boat in the Duke of the Abruzzi's squadron until this photograph exposed the truth.

character, in mutilated narratives cabled by way of Malta, let the world into some few secrets of the war. They had to do with mutilations, slaughters and the butchery of non-combatants on such a scale as to spring an instant sensation. Finding it impossible to get an un mutilated message through from Tripoli,



THE AIRMAN IN THE TRIPOLI DESERT

The Italian aviator had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the Turks while engaged in dropping bombs from his aeroplane.



EXTENDING THE ITALIAN FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AT TRIPOLI

Having made good their first sally into the town and formed a line upon the edge of the desert, the troops of General Caneva promptly pushed on ten miles beyond into the sandy waste, where their line is entrenched. It was here in this trench that they were suddenly fired upon in the rear by the Arabs in the oasis.

one journalist chartered a ship and went to an island in the Mediterranean, whence he cabled. His example was soon imitated. It is now possible to follow the progress of recent amazing events.

Italy's First Success  
Misleads Her.

**A** LANDING of the Italians on a beach in a bay two miles south of Benghazi had been accomplished so dexterously and so successfully as to blind them, the military experts of the *London Post* fears, to the perils of their position. The landing force consisted of two companies of marines and sailors as vanguard, followed by five battalions of infantry with two mountain batteries. The defending side—Arabs, with a nucleus of Turkish regulars—was occupying sand hills and scrub along the shore and could to some extent bring a cross fire to bear on the water area to be traversed by the boats. But the covering bombardment by the fleet was so effective that the defenders had already been obliged to give ground before the leading boat touched the beach, and little if any loss was suffered afloat. As the marines and bluejackets sprang ashore, speedily followed by the troops, the Turks and Arabs retired upon some buildings and enclosures a mile or so inland, stubbornly contesting the Italian advance. In the meantime,

the ships' guns had been obliged to cease fire for fear of hitting their own force as it pushed slowly forward from the beach.

Inadequacy of the  
Italian Force.

**U** NDER the competent eyes of the Italian army officers, the mountain batteries had been got on shore according to the military expert whose narrative we follow. These batteries took up a position on a slight eminence near the water's edge. They were able to give the Italian foot soldiers just that artillery support which they stood in need of during their determined attack upon a foe in a strong position. Only portable guns could have been disembarked so rapidly in such circumstances. The great success of this initial operation is supposed to have blinded the Italian staff to the immense difficulties that were to confront them once they had penetrated a little distance inland. They learned, to follow our authority, to despise the enemy too soon. Italy, as the *Manchester Guardian* also remarks, failed to realize the heavy task she had set herself. Before many days she was to understand, through a terrible lesson, that the army in Tripoli would have to be brought up to a strength of a hundred thousand men instead of the forty thousand of the original expedition



PRISONERS OF WAR IN TRIPOLI

The Italian soldiers were ordered to shoot women and children, according to a correspondent in Tripoli of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*; but his story is contradicted by the testimony of others as well as by the kindness shown many of the Arabs' families in the camps and headquarters.

What Military Aeroplane  
Flights Reveal.

**A** TURKISH attack on Tripoli and an Arab uprising in the town came as a complete surprise to the authorities and inhabitants after the brilliant first success. General Caneva, the Italian commander, imagined the main Turkish army under Izzet Pasha to be sixty miles away in the mountains. The troops from Europe had dispersed themselves over a wide area. "The first intimation of the presence of the Turkish troops came through a skillful aeroplane reconnaissance, which found a large Turkish force, with Arabs, at Masry, fifteen miles southeast of the town." Early next morning a further aeroplane flight revealed three groups of Turks and Arabs about four miles from the outposts advancing rapidly. "The main attack, delivered on the lines of the Bersaglieri, was pressed home vigorously, but was repelled by the Bersaglieri, who made a vigorous counter-attack which was everywhere successful." Between the outpost lines and Tripoli, however, lies a so-called "oasis," which was destined to provoke a series of sanguinary scenes. It is true that the accounts of the carnage in the theater of war are just now the subject of dispute. The facts themselves are not definitely ascertained except in a disconnected manner. The provo-

cation to which the Italians were subjected was extreme.

Scene of the Carnage  
in Tripoli.

**A** MASS of gardens, houses and palm trees, many miles in extent, where the wealthier residents have villas and where dwells a motley Arab populace, at once invited the attention of the invaders. "This oasis," cables the correspondent of the *London News*, whose account we follow, "had been the most difficult problem the authorities from Italy were forced to face. It was too dense and too large to be occupied. Thus between the outposts and the town was all this blind ground which, could it be occupied by the enemy, would serve to cut off the main portion of the army from its supplies and render the troops liable to be attacked both in front and rear." The Italians, having thought that General Caneva's proclamation promising a general amnesty to all who surrendered arms and ammunition would be sufficient, had allowed the Arabs to remain in the oasis. No effort was made to clear it. At first the Arabs were to all intents and purposes peaceful. They seemed indifferent to the change of masters. So far all accounts agree. The series of events that came next presents itself in confused reports from many points of view, yet all alike in essentials.

Turks and Arabs Slaughter  
the Italians.

**A**S THE Italian Bersaglieri were repelling an attack from the enemy in front, they were suddenly attacked with fury in the rear by numbers of armed Arabs concealed in the oasis. The Italian troops were obliged to face both ways and repel the attack from the Turks and Arabs in front and from the town Arabs in the rear. The troops from Italy were successful, fighting, all accounts agree, with bravery and determination. Yet they lost heavily. Figures are not officially given, but five officers were killed and a dozen wounded and over a hundred infantrymen were slain. Many of the troops were killed on their way to join their comrades in front while passing along the roads leading to the oasis or through it. "Meanwhile, further east, two bodies of Arabs pressed home the attack, but were repulsed. The Italian line, tho hard pressed, was never broken." It was obviously the object of these Arabs to penetrate the outpost and join their comrades in the oasis, cutting off the Italian troops from their supplies in the town.

Orders to Exterminate  
All Arabs.

**W**HILE this fighting was at its height an insurrection seems, from the London *News* and Manchester *Guardian* despatches, to have broken out in the town of Tripoli itself. "The troops soon recovered from the temporary surprize and, rushing forth, killed every Arab they met. The firing in the town caused an indescribable panic among the inhabitants there, who fled for safety to the consulates and the seashore, expecting a general massacre." Order, however, was soon restored. Instructions were given—there seems no doubt in the mind of all correspondents on this point—by the Italian staff for the extermination of all Arabs found in the oasis. A systematic house-to-house search for arms and ammunition was likewise directed. "For three days this task continued. Parties of soldiers penetrated throughout every portion of the oasis, shooting indiscriminately all whom they met, without trial, without appeal." For more than forty-eight hours the crack of rifle shots marked the progress of the Italian troops. Innocent and guilty were all wiped out together. "Many of those killed were quite young and many women perished in the confusion." The corpses of children lay in the gardens.

Scenes of Sanguinary  
Horror.

**L**ARGE or small as may have been the total number of those shot by the Italians, the fact emerges that Arabs were slain as they fled defenseless or even as they sat at home in the ostensible capacity of non-combatants. The search for Arabs went on day after day and was accompanied by summary executions at the pleasure of private soldiers. "Nothing more deplorable than the scenes in Tripoli has been witnessed in war for many a day," thus runs the account of one journalist of established character for reliability. "The town," he adds, "lost a great portion of its population. At night no one moved about except Europeans with passes, and one British subject, a Maltese, was shot dead for failing to stop when challenged." Nor was the battle proper at an end. Further aeroplane reconnaissance revealed a Turkish army at Masry, largely reinforced, taking the field. A vigorous attack was made in three places on the Bersaglieri. These were pressed home by regular Turkish troops aided by Arabs. The infantry of the Italians, which seems to have been admirably handled, reserved fire until the enemy were well within range. The result was a general rout of the Islam forces.

Italians Complete Their  
Work of Carnage.

**A**S THE newspaper correspondents picked their way from villa to villa and from garden to garden in the week that followed the slaughter in the oasis, the most experienced among them despatched accounts of what they saw which shocked the civilized world. Even so inured and so well trained a war correspondent as Mr. Francis McCullagh, who traveled with the armies of Kuropatkin and of Nogi and who has reported battles on the grandest scale, finds no parallel in his varied experience to the spectacle of mutilation presented by the women and children of Tripoli when the Italians had completed their work of carnage. He, with other correspondents, declined to place himself in any sort of contact with a force which understands war in the Italian style. He returned his pass to General Caneva. No less than four hundred women and children were shot, says Mr. McCullagh. Cripples and even blind beggars were slaughtered, according to him. "Sick people, whose houses were burned, were left on the ground and refused even a drop of water." These horrors

were personally witnessed by Mr. McCullagh. "The Arab quarter," he writes in the *New York World*, "was overrun with crazy soldiers with revolvers, shooting every Arab man, woman and child they met."

"Flood Gates of Blood and Lust."

**A**LTHO the severity with which the Italian army exacted retribution might justly be described as indiscriminate slaughter, says the correspondent of the *London Times*, certain facts have to be considered from another point of view. The Turks, he declares, have succeeded in enlisting the active sympathies of a greater number of Arabs than was anticipated. The Italian staff felt anxiety concerning the strength of their own line of resistance. "It was known that the Turks, before the evacuation of the town, distributed ten thousand stands of magazine rifles and ammunition among the local Arabs. Of these only three thousand had been collected." The Italians, therefore, were faced with the possibility of a sudden rising by some thousands of armed Arabs in the rear of their line of defence in a country the intricacy of which beggars description. "On ordinary grounds of military prudence immediate measures were necessary, as a Turkish attack on a large scale was believed to be imminent. The Italians having set themselves to cow the Arabs, the flood gates of blood and lust were opened and in many instances the men got beyond control."

General Caneva Holds the Oasis.

**I**T IS now certain, according to despatches from the front in French dailies, that a jihad or holy war of Islam has been proclaimed not only in Tripoli and Cyrenaica, but in the desert region of northern Africa. This means, we read, that Italy will have to face the powerful Senoussi in arms. Circumstantial reports of a great Italian defeat in Tripoli were also in circulation a few weeks ago, but they are not confirmed. The censorship is pronounced by all European dailies the most rigorous ever exercised in a modern war. Even the loss of an important unit of the Italian squadron off the African coast did not transpire for two weeks. The weight of evidence so far, however, sustains the Italian claim that General Caneva is holding the coast region and some miles of the interior, while a nondescript Turkish force roams through the hinterland.

The *Berlin Tageblatt*, a journal of high repute, had from its Constantinople correspondent a story that Tripoli had been recaptured by the Turks, that five thousand Italians had been slain and that a great number of guns and military stores had fallen into the hands of the Turks. Such accounts lack confirmation. The veil over Tripoli has again fallen and the outside world is left to much conjecture.

Turkish Press Accounts of the Campaign.

**U**NABLE to resist the attacks of the Arabs, the Italians, according to the Constantinople *Tanin*, one of the great newspapers of the Moslem world, have been compelled to retreat and to entrench themselves in the town. Two forts have been retaken, it says, while three remain in the possession of the Italian army, which has abandoned a large quantity of ammunition, provisions, guns and rifles. "The Arabs are displaying remarkable enthusiasm, testifying to their love for the Khalifate." The



THE OCCUPATION OF TRIPOLI

—Hy Mayer in *New York Times*

*Tanin* eulogizes the heroism of the natives of Tripoli, adding: "A nation, by making such sacrifices, elevates itself and establishes the right to existence." The Grand Vizier has declared to the editor of the Constantinople *Sabah* that the latest advices announcing the success of the Ottoman troops are of a nature to encourage all Moslems and will also be of great advantage to Turkey in negotiating with the powers. He added that the cabinet's main preoccupation was to assure the maintenance of the Sultan's sovereignty over Tripoli. Both the *Sabah* and the *Tanin* profess to know that the Turks and Arabs are holding the Italians in check and both likewise hurl defiance at Rome.

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The Pope Deals Modernists  
a Fresh Blow.

**D**ISMAÏ is an inadequate term for the emotion with which the modernist element still within the Roman Catholic communion received the other day news of the Pope's intention to hold another consistory at the end of the month now closing. Not only was the announcement itself a surprise, but, accompanied as it was by the names of no less than seventeen ecclesiastics who are to enter the college of cardinals, it sounded, as the liberal *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels remarks, the knell of all modernist hopes. It may be remembered, says our contemporary, that in consequence of this year's jubilee celebrations of Italian unity, his Holiness had decided against holding a consistory or other ceremonial function this year. "The Pope's serious illness last summer disclosed the danger of this decision owing to the depleted state of the sacred college." It would seem, we read further, that the war having completely eclipsed the jubilee celebrations (and apprehension concerning the Pope's health this winter being lively), the Vatican authorities have reconsidered their resolution. They could not blink the fact that the sacred college possessed but forty-five members at a time when attention is directed more and more to the possibility of a new conclave. The new list of seventeen names is believed to be the result of long consideration on the part of his Holiness with special reference to what he deems the modernist peril. No prelate who could be in the least tainted with the heresy to which his Holiness attaches such importance has received a red hat. The omission of the name of Archbishop Ireland

of St. Paul from a list which includes the heads of the archdioceses of New York and Boston is the subject of pointed comment in Europe.

Expectations of a New  
Conclave.

**T**HE list of seventeen new cardinals is described in the *Paris Débats* as "one of the most significant as well as one of the most surprising issued from the Vatican in our time," not only on account of the wide area of the globe from which the nominees to the sacred college are drawn, but also because of the large proportion accredited to lands in which the English tongue is native. The list is also one of the longest that has been made up for years. This is due seemingly to the circumstance that no consistory has been held for four years, altho the hand of death has been very active among the cardinals. The sacred college, as is well known, possesses nominally seventy members; but, as a matter of fact, it is seldom if ever complete. This fresh list brings the total up to sixty-three, which is slightly above the normal, altho it still numbers one less than the conclave which elected Pius X. According to nationalities, the sacred college as now constituted contains thirty-four Italians, two British subjects, two Germans, one Portuguese, one Belgian, one Dutchman, one Brazilian, seven Frenchmen, six Austro-Hungarian subjects, five Spaniards and three Americans. Falconio, an Italian by birth, but an American citizen, is credited to Italy.

Archbishop Ireland Left Out.

**N**O EFFORT is made in European comment upon the news from the Vatican to blink the slight which liberal elements generally declare has been inflicted upon Archbishop Ireland. The shining talents of this ecclesiastic, the fame he has won not only in his own land but in Europe generally, and the open efforts of his admirers to win for him the rank of prince of the church, afford a chain of circumstances which, as the *Paris Matin* says, must be deemed doubly significant. There is no general idea, however, that the Archbishop is under suspicion of modernism. He seems to have been compromised in some way, the *London Standard* says, through the closeness of his past relations with Theodore Roosevelt. "It was Archbishop Ireland who was indirectly the cause of the break in the friendship between Mr. Bellamy Storer and Mr. Roosevelt when he was President."

# Persons in the Foreground

## THE BUOYANCY OF MR. FOSS



AR be it from us to usurp the functions of the next national convention of the Democratic party; but if that convention proceeds to nominate for President Judson Harmon, of Ohio, and for Vice-President Eugene Noble Foss, of Massachusetts, don't become peevish if we say we told you so. We may make other guesses before the convention meets; but that is our guess just now. With such a ticket, the dominant issue would be tariff reduction, and Mr. Foss would revel in the fight. The recent election diminished the presidential chances of Governor Wilson and strengthened those of Governor Harmon; but no man seems to have profited more than Governor Foss of Massachusetts. For while the elections in other States were fought chiefly on State issues, that in the old Bay State was fought chiefly on the same national issue that is likely to be foremost in the presidential campaign. Mr. Foss was reelected while all the rest of the Democratic ticket was defeated. Having proved his power to carry an ordinarily Republican State twice in succession—just as Harmon has proved his power to do the same thing—Mr. Foss figures as a possible presidential candidate and a probable vice-presidential candidate. Even before the election last month, the magazine—the *National Monthly*—owned by Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic national committee, had presented Foss fourth in its series of presidential possibilities, the order of presentation being (1) Wilson, (2) Harmon, (3) Marshall, (4) Foss. Foss was presented as having secured "more progressive, constructive legislation than any other Massachusetts governor has secured in fifty years."

He is a rough and ready business man, this Eugene Noble Foss, built a good deal on the Tom Johnson order. He is reputed to be "immensely wealthy." He is one of the large owners of railway securities; but he is not a railway man. He is a manufacturer. He has built four cotton mills in Massachusetts. He

is general manager and treasurer of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, which manufactures boilers. He is president of the Becker Milling Machine Company and also of the Mead-Morrison Manufacturing Company. He is a director in many companies, among them being the Union Stock Yards Company of Chicago, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Eastern Steamship Company and the Rhode Island Coal Company. He is also a bank director. This is but a partial list of his activities as a business man, and he was a poor boy to begin with. He is now but fifty-three. And as the last ten years of his life have been quite largely devoted to politics, you can readily see that he has been "going some" since he began his humble career in Franklin county, Vermont.

He is a large, big-fisted man, standing over six feet and weighing over two hundred pounds. Every pound of the two hundred contains a few ounces of dynamite. He has the physical energy as well as the wealth of Tom L. Johnson, and while he is not a single taxer, so far as we know, he takes zealously to other political doctrines considered by some to be as radical as the single tax. For instance, he is an ardent advocate of the initiative and referendum and of the direct election of Senators.

Foss is an unsinkable sort of man. He has the buoyancy, in the sea of politics, of a life boat. Time and again have the breaking waves dashed high over his submerged form and everybody but Foss himself thought that his political career was ended. But he has always come bobbing up to the surface again serene and undismayed, not even his feelings hurt. He began his career as a Republican. He secured a congressional nomination, not because he cared particularly about going to Congress, but because he was mad about the tariff and wanted to make the fact widely known. His platform was: Free iron; free coal; free hides; reciprocity with Canada; make Boston something beside a summer resort. With these issues he burst into politics,

and, says the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "he was just as tender and tactful and graceful about it as a drunken sailor getting into an embroidered night shirt." He began by assailing Senator Lodge and the Republican state convention for failure to endorse his reciprocity plank. He was defeated at the polls, but he was not licked. "A man," he remarked, "is stronger every time he is beaten," which is a solace that has done duty for losers ever since the days of Atalanta of Calydon. Foss made his next fight for election as a delegate to the national Republican convention in 1904. He and Lodge had a lively little tilt in which the Senator remarked sternly: "Foss, you're a Democrat." Foss replied: "Lodge, the day will come when you'll be sorry you said that." Again he tried for Congress on the Republican ticket and again he was beaten, this making three political defeats in two years. Then he tried twice to get the Republican nomination for lieutenant-governor, but his tariff sentiments were too much tinged with free trade to suit the Republican leaders and he suffered two more defeats. By that time Lodge's remark had sunk down into his sub-consciousness and the more he thought about it the more he agreed with Lodge that he was a Democrat. So he joined that party and was welcomed with open arms and a nomination for lieutenant-governor. He accepted and again he was beaten at the polls, making six defeats in rapid succession.

Still the big man's buoyancy was undiminished and he continued to say to himself, "A man is stronger every time he is beaten." By this time he could repeat that remark forward or backward in his sleep. But the long lane turned at last and Foss was elected to Congress in a special election caused by the death of William C. Lovering. Lovering, a Republican, had carried his district by a majority of 14,000. Foss reversed the partisan complexion of the district and was elected, as a Democrat, by a majority of about 6,000. He had only a few months to serve, but he managed to work in a speech on the tariff before the term expired. Then, with the prestige of one real victory resting upon him, he sought the Democratic nomination for governor. The convention came to a deadlock. A committee was appointed to decide the matter and the committee came to a deadlock. Then a postal card referendum was resorted to, every registered Democrat in the State being asked his preference. Foss won by three postal cards! On election day he was the only man in the

ticket to be elected, winning by a handsome plurality of 33,000 votes.

This year his plurality is cut down to 8,000 or thereabouts, but even his political enemies admit that his administration has been both strong and businesslike. His opponent this year, Frothingham, refused indeed to make the campaign on State issues, hoping for better results by bringing forward the tariff. Foss, therefore, donned his old gray campaigning coat and talked tariff again; and again, while the rest of the Democratic ticket was submerged, his own buoyant form floated proudly on the surface, despite the fact that Henry M. Whitney and Richard Olney and other big Bay State Democrats of conservative tendencies refused to support the ticket. Foss had become too radical for them and his campaign this year was managed by men like George Fred Williams who are characterized as more radical than either Bryan or Hearst.

While Eugene Noble Foss was born in Vermont and spent two years at the State university, he is described as being more of the Western than of the New England type. He is a rough and ready man whose clothing, no matter how well tailored, quickly takes on a *négligé* sort of air. He is what is called "a self-made man" and, says one of the Washington correspondents—W. S. Couch—"it is evident at once on meeting him that he didn't waste much time with emery paper in his work on himself." The same writer gives us, in the *New York World*, this pen-picture:

"Foss is perhaps six feet tall, broad, a large built man and stout. His flesh wrinkles and rolls when he sits down in his office chair and slouches into a characteristic, comfortable position. Here again his pose is all Western. A big, well-proportioned head surmounts the big body. His face is broad and fat, but the strong, fundamental lines of it stand out. His forehead is low but broad; his nose is prominent and curved, his chin is square and outthrust, and a wide, ragged, sandy mustache covers a wide, straight mouth. His eyes are brown, direct and keen and sheltered by heavy, shaggy, sandy brows. His brown hair is growing a bit thin, but it has no touch of gray.

"Foss dresses well and neatly, yet he gives the impression of not being well groomed, or of not bothering much about it. His build is that of the man who makes a new suit look old and wrinkled the first time he sits down in it. Your first impression of him, bunched in an attitude of languid comfort in a wide office chair, is that he is slow—slow of motion, slow of thought, slow of speech. His eyes seem lazy as they slowly size you up from the heavy brows. His speech at first is slow



"FOSS IS AN UNSINKABLE SORT OF A MAN"

After six defeats in politics, Eugene Noble Foss proceeded to wrest the governorship of Massachusetts from the Republicans last year and he repeated that performance again last month. The ladies in the picture are Mrs. Foss and the twins. The Governor is a very domestic man and wants to quit politics in another year. He may find it harder to quit than he found it to enter the game.

and apparently without interest. His voice seems thick and heavy.

"But the telephone on the Foss desk rings and he has it in his hand in an instant, yet without seeming to grasp for it. A friend comes in and he is shaking hands with him before you know Foss has risen from his chair. Your first question that interests him brings a flash of expression that lights his whole face and he is rattling off his answer, his comment, his opinions, at a rate that hurries your mind to follow him. Foss reminds me of what Kipling said about the elephant: If the animal wanted to catch a train he would not run, but he would catch the train."

Foss was brought up as a devout Baptist and he still clings to his church and reads his Bible with avidity. He is not a "sporty" man, tho he uses several automobiles, does considerable yachting, is an expert angler, and has at his beautiful summer home at Cohasset a stable of thorobreds. His tastes, however, are

strongly domestic. Next to his family—consisting of his wife, a pair of twin daughters and two grown sons—his brother, George Edmund Foss, stands first in his affections. This brother is a Republican congressman from Illinois, and has served eight or nine terms. He held for a number of years the important chairmanship of the committee on naval affairs, being at the time he first took that post the youngest chairman of an important House committee. He is an eloquent but not frequent speaker and Illinois wishes now that it had sent him instead of Lorimer to the U. S. Senate. Lorimer shares that wish. The two Foss brothers are said to be almost absurdly fond of one another. "They are both pleasant, genial, companionable men, both with big bodies and big brains. What one has the other has, too. Each is the father of a beautiful pair of twin girls. Those Foss boys always did stick together."

## THE FOOTPRINTS OF WILLIAM C. BROWN



HE president of the Vanderbilt railway system is a small man and he has small feet; but he certainly has left some large footprints on the sands of time. One of them, here in New York city, covers an area of about thirteen city blocks. Other footprints are to be discerned from a considerable distance at DeWitt (near Syracuse), at Elkhart, and at Collinwood (near Cleveland). And going farther west, where the Burlington system winds its way over prairies and through mountains, you will find many more of his footprints equally large and impressive. People come miles to see some of these footprints, especially the one in New York, and spend days in diligent study over them. For it was William C. Brown who made the Burlington system "the Pennsylvania system of the West," as it is has been called. It was under Brown's management that the Lake Shore nearly doubled its capacity by building a third and fourth track and vastly enlarging its distributing yards. And it is under Brown's skilful direction that the new terminal of the New York Central, now reaching the final stages of its construction, has been evolved while a thousand trains more or less continued to come and go each day. Of course the credit for all large achievements of this kind is divided among many men; but the man at the top carries, when all

is said, the largest part of the responsibility for results, and Brown has been the man at the top in these cases.

He is a climber. And he does his climbing without any theatrical effects. He does not play to the gallery and makes no bid for large and tumultuous applause. He found himself, when first deposited by the stork, in the humble home of a poor Baptist preacher in Herkimer county, New York. Four years later he went West, accompanied, naturally, by his parents, and at the early age of sixteen he began his career as a railway man. His first duty was piling up cord-wood for the old-type engines on the St. Paul line, his technical title being "section hand and wooder." He has been not piling up cord-wood but sawing it, in a figurative sense, ever since.

There is a little frame house still standing, we believe, in Waterloo, Iowa, where Mr. Brown and his young bride began their married life. The young husband had used his leisure hours in studying telegraphy and in nine months was able to qualify as an operator and two years later as a train despatcher.

It was at St. Louis, according to a writer in *Leslie's Weekly*, that he earned the title of "the little man unafraid." There was a switchmen's strike, and traffic throughout the West was at a standstill. Strikers inflamed with passion paraded the yards in St. Louis with rifles on their shoulders to intimidate the



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THE CORD-WOOD BOY WHO CLIMBED TO THE TOP

William C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railway, has been called "the little man unafraid" so often that he is tired of it. He has risen from the bottom to the top in railway work, and to the practical knowledge thus gained he adds an organizing ability that renders him invaluable.

"scabs." The switchman's shanty was filled with them. Brown, young and small and carrying himself as ever with a jaunty air, walked into the yard when the time had come, passed deliberately and with apparent unconcern past the shanty, went to a switch, closed it and signaled to an engineer in one of the locomotives to come on. That, say the chroniclers, was the beginning of the breaking of the strike. He has made larger footprints since than those he made as he walked past that shanty, but none that called for more nerve.

By rights the story ought go on at this point to tell of the gratitude of the railway officials and the rapid rise of young Brown up the ladder of fame. As a matter of fact he remained just a train despatcher. He went from the Illinois Central to the Rock Island and from the Rock Island to the Burlington and still remained a train despatcher. What finally called special attention to him was something very undramatic. We do wish that Dame Nature would consult Belasco or Augustus Thomas about the setting of her scenes in real life; then a story like this could be made so much more thrilling. All that happened was that a big snowstorm came, in the late seventies, blockading the railroad at East Burlington and leaving several hundreds of car-loads of live stock out in the open exposed to the fierce weather. It was the duty of the district superintendent to take care of the stock; but he was at his wits' ends when Brown, having gone off duty at midnight, came and volunteered his help and together, by dint of hard work in the wee sma' hours, they saved the cattle from freezing and the railroad from a heavy loss. The president of the road found out what had happened and it was not very long afterward that Brown was made chief train despatcher. One year later he was made trainmaster. In three years more he was assistant superintendent. A little later still he became general manager of the Iowa lines of the Burlington system. In that capacity he had to encounter another strike, this time of the engineers. Threats were made to blow up the first train that was run out of Ottumwa. Brown heard of these threats, promptly ordered the "scab" engineer out of the cab, climbed in himself, pulled the throttle and took out the train. They kept on calling him "the little man unafraid."

Modern railway development requires two distinct types of railway man—the one that has practical knowledge of construction and operation, and the one that has organizing

ability, can direct and conciliate and systematize and diplomatize. William C. Brown belongs to both types. He has a winning personality and gives an impression always of directness, straightforwardness and perfect sincerity. He would have made a fine politician for he has Roosevelt's knack of refusing a request with such tact that you feel as grateful as if he had granted it, and the still finer tact of doing a favor for you and making you feel as tho you were the one who had conferred instead of having received it. Of course, "his tastes and habits are very simple." That is so uniformly true of men of achievement that we get tired of making the statement. His one ambition, now that he has risen to the head of one of the largest railway systems in the world, is—or he thinks it is—to lay down his responsibilities some day and retire to a farm of his own to spend the rest of his days. It is probably a delusive dream, but who would wish to deprive him of it?

In face and figure, says Clarence Richard Lindner in *Leslie's*, Mr. Brown looks like a youth, "and there is something about him—some innate but modest consciousness of his own superiority—that lends him poise. One's first impression of him is suggestive of energy. It is rather his alertness that strikes you. There is no air of hustle or bustle about him—quite the opposite. He seems always to be repressing something within him. He has a faculty of disposing of things in the briefest possible time and an equally strong one for analyzing a proposition down to its very framework. He talks quickly, energetically and very clearly, in well constructed and particularly forceful sentences." He is, of course, one of the foremost men of the day in railway circles, and the electrification of the New York Central's tracks in the vicinity of New York City probably marks the beginning of a new era in railway history. According to the *Iron Trade Review*, it is as certain as anything in the future can be that most of the steam railways of the United States will be transformed into electric roads. The *Chicago Tribune* remarks: "The substitution of the electric locomotive for the steam locomotive promises to be the most important event that has taken place in the transportation business since the steam locomotive supplanted the stagecoach, and—to a great extent—the pack-train and draft-horse." It has been the fortune of the cord-wood boy of many years ago to have had a large part to do with bringing about this momentous transformation that is to be.

## THE MAN WHO BROUGHT ON THE WAR BETWEEN ITALY AND TURKEY

**I**N THAT burst of disapproval with which European newspapers hailed the outbreak of war between the Sultan in Constantinople and the King in Rome, the name of the Marquis di San Giuliano leaped into sudden renown. The descent of the Italian fleet upon the coast of Tripoli scored a personal triumph for the one statesman with whom modern Rome, according to the London press generally, can compare Talleyrand himself in diplomacy. He has worked for this war during many years of obscurity and the most heartless indifference to his aims. Its success bids fair, unless the general voice of Europe be in error, to place the mysterious Marquis in the list of those few national heroes who have won empire without taking the field. He is thoroly disliked abroad and seemingly not altogether appreciated at home. In Vienna, according to the *London Chronicle*—his warmest friend in the foreign press—he is an object of suspicion. The Marquis di San Giuliano returns hate with hate. He dislikes his country's ally, Austria, as thoroly as she detests him. The greater Italy that is to be must be his achievement.

This temperamental and typically Latin Marquis di San Giuliano is perhaps better known in London than in any other European capital. That is the impression of so careful a student of his ways and works as the *London Chronicle* which, in a eulogistic character sketch, reminds the world that the Italian was ambassador from the King of Italy to the King of Britain for some active years. He impressed the English then as summing up in his person everything that a great Italian ought to be—as polished as a Chesterfield in his politeness, as impeccable as a Petrarch in his taste and as brilliant as Machiavelli himself in his diplomacy. The Marquis is pronounced by the London daily just cited "the strongest and best equipped personality that has served the Italian government since the fall of Crispi." The Marquis, says this authority, is a Sicilian nobleman of Norman descent with a bearing and a dignity that suggest the centuries behind his ancestral tree. Some fifty-eight years of age, a Senator of the kingdom and thus removed from the exigencies of electioneering, he is a confirmed student of foreign affairs. Diplomacy is the

passion of his existence. He has, as one witty enemy of his remarks, made it his mistress instead of his wife.

Despite his solid attainments, the Marquis was hindered by his brilliance from rising too rapidly. He talked so well about so many things that he was early in his career suspected of insincerity. The accusation that he was a mere seeker of success hurt him long. As it is, the thirty years or so he has spent in public life brought him but four offices all told. He was given, to begin with, an obscure under-secretaryship in the ministry of agriculture, from which, at his own entreaty, he was transferred to the foreign office. His abilities proved so solid and his power to influence men became so marked that he received a portfolio when the Pelloux cabinet came into being a dozen years ago—that of Postmaster-General. It can not be said that his peculiar gifts shone in that field of activity. The work of administration was too dry and dull for so sanguine a temperament. He sighed for the distinctions of diplomacy. The Italian political world admitted his gifts, but he was not exactly available. At last, some six years ago, there occurred a cabinet reconstruction. The Marquis was placed at the head of the foreign office—the goal of a life's ambition.

It was inevitable that something like a contest between the Marquis and the King should initiate the official supremacy of the subtle di San Giuliano over foreign relations. The monarch is essentially simple. The Marquis is complex. The King is always eager to play with every card face up on the table. The Marquis never shrinks from devices sanctioned by tradition and summed up in modern times under the crude name of bluff. But the bluff of the Marquis, as the *Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung* once remarked, is the rarest and the finest art. One hardly knows that it has been even attempted until it has completely triumphed. The King loathes all that partakes of the nature of intrigue or of trickery. It took him a long time to understand the Marquis di San Giuliano and an infinitely longer time to lend himself to his methods. Ultimately the foreign minister won. He owed the circumstance more to his personality than to his brains. The King and the Marquis have in common such things as a love of Italy's old coins, old monuments. Each is a



THE DIPLOMATIST OF ITALY'S WAR

The Marquis di San Giuliano, in his capacity as Minister of Foreign Affairs in Rome, is credited in European organs with formulating the policy of which the logical result was a clash with Turkey.

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keen student of agriculture. Only his Majesty was dumbfounded by the dreams of the Marquis relative to a revived Roman Empire.

No doubt the temperamental incapacity of the Marquis to efface himself had, as the *London Chronicle* says, much to do with the result. He is too dazzling, too restless, too original to be an echo of anyone. So he made himself minister of foreign affairs in fact as well as in name. Here the Marquis encountered another difficulty. He was asked to share his secrets with his colleagues. His mind was a vast storehouse of information on such subjects as the spy system of Austria in Salonika, the secret pact between the heir to the throne of Francis Joseph and the German Emperor, the negotiations between St. Petersburg and the religious leaders of Islam. The Marquis established a secret service of his own. Unofficial agents of his policy intervened mysteriously in Morocco and in Budapest. Not a word would the Marquis tell about his plans. He became the incarnate mystery of Italian world politics. The Premier could get no information from his own subordinate. "When the time comes," the Marquis said, "I will tell everything." The phrase became a sort of jest in Rome. The time to tell everything will come, the *Tribuna* complains, in some other world than that of the Marquis's diplomacy.

Since the death of his wife some years ago, the recreations of the Marquis have been literary mainly. He has somewhat abandoned his former activity as a dramatic critic. Time was when some of the finest appreciations of the new plays appearing in the Roman press were written anonymously by this artist with words. Of late he has devoted himself to the study of Dante. The Marquis was in such demand as a lecturer on literary themes connected with Italy and her great writers that he could have lined his purse well from the sale of tickets. He invariably donates the proceeds of his talks—as he prefers to have them styled—to some local charity, and during the past few years he has been forced to avoid lecture engagements altogether. His manner is extremely pleasing to an audience. There is never in his language the least trace of the pedantic. His humor is lively. He speaks the Italian language with inexpressible purity and elegance of diction. His voice is harmonious. He always knows what he is talking about and he imparts this knowledge with facility in a delightful way. He is said to inherit these gifts of his from his mother, who was a

daughter of the brilliant Prince of Cassaro and one of the great social leaders of her time.

Elegance is a term that especially fits the Marquis. He is elegant in his attire without a trace of foppishness, a man of fashion but never flashy. Democratic government was once sneered at by the Socialist Ferri as government by dandies, and to some extent, concedes the *Figaro*, it is that in France. Premier Caillaux is one of the best dressed men in Europe and much fun has been poked at the elegance of the Marquis di San Giuliano's waistcoats. He lives elegantly on his estate in Sicily surrounded by a domestic circle that is rather numerous—nephews and nieces as well as one of his daughters and her children. He reads the latest polite literature and loves Carducci. Nor are his own literary abilities mediocre on the creative side. Some of the finest prose in current Roman periodicals is from his pen and he writes much on many themes. His material is afforded by his experiences in travel, by archaeological study and by the sympathetic interest with which he follows the progress of dramatic art in Italy. Much that he writes is published anonymously owing to the somewhat rigid etiquette of his position. Like a well-known member of the ministry at Paris, the Marquis wrote much love verse when he was extremely young.

The grand crisis in the career of the subtle Marquis cannot long be delayed. The struggle divined by all Europe between himself and the incarnate spirit of contemporary Austrian diplomacy, Count Aehrenthal, will, predicts the *London Chronicle*, be well worth watching. The Count and the Marquis have crossed swords before, but hitherto the victories have been to the credit of Vienna. In bringing on this war, the Marquis, says our authority, foiled the Count neatly. The gain of Italy is the loss of Austria. The explanation is found in the antithesis between the Marquis, as the British daily interprets him, and "the tall, bespectacled, parchment-hued diplomatist in the Ballplatz, of a slow, methodical, half-pedantic suavity of manner, monotonously precise and unrhetoical in address, a master of reserves and blessed with a gift for avoiding notice." He, too, says our contemporary, is a tireless planner of policies; but in the relentless and desperate struggle between Vienna and Rome for power in what Europe calls the cockpit of the world, the most splendid triumph has been achieved by the Italian Marquis. The next move, however, is Count Aehrenthal's.

## DAILY LIFE OF THE BOY EMPEROR OF CHINA



EARLY six years have come and gone since the birth of that tiny Pu Yi in whose name has just been issued one of the most momentous edicts ever issued by a Son of Heaven. His Majesty was, at last accounts from Peking, still on the throne of his ancestors, but he seemed to have emerged in the new and strange capacity of constitutional monarch, with a responsible minister to advise him and a parliament to make his laws. Vigorous as have been recent efforts to expel the Manchu dynasty, they have as yet, according to the reliable Peking despatches in the *Paris Figaro*, been foiled by the attitude of that man of the hour, Yuan Shi Kai. It is furthest from that statesman's intentions, this authority declares, to permit the deposition of the little boy who incarnates in his chubby person a dynasty that can be traced back distinctly to the time of Confucius. Yuan Shi Kai it was who foiled the plan of the present Empress Dowager to fly to one of the ancient Chinese capitals with the boy emperor as a hostage. The child still leads within the precincts of the forbidden city that life of pomp and ceremonial which tends more and more to undermine his somewhat precarious health. Any day may, to be sure, bring the news of the flight of the dynasty, provided always that the masterful Princess Yehonala can elude the vigilance of the little Pu Yi's mother. The long and bitter struggle between these women for possession of the person of Pu Yi affords a clue to many recent mysteries of Peking.

Grief in the most poignant form had set its seal upon the Chinese Emperor's countenance when he was no more than three. Tragedy came into this young life, notes the *Paris Figaro*, when the tiny Pu Yi was first separated from his devoted mother. The separation was decreed by that masterful Princess Yehonala who has succeeded to the power within the forbidden city which so long made the late Empress Dowager the Jezebel of China. The Princess attaches the utmost importance to a sway over the mind of the Son of Heaven. She fears the influence of the child's mother as the one conspicuous obstacle to the supreme power at which she aims. For some reason the baby Pu Yi has conceived a dislike for the lady who heads the powerful Yehonala clan. She has striven in every way to wean him from his parents. Many an hour

has she spent in fondling him, in singing to him in a voice which is the admiration of the whole court. These blandishments proving vain, the child was one day carried bodily from his tiny crib to the Princess Yehonala's suite. Not once has he ever returned to his mother's care. "Even the hidebound etiquette of the Chinese court had to give way, however, to the imperial baby's grief at being torn from the arms of his mother." He refused all food and visibly pined away. At last the imperial physicians refused to assume responsibility for the earthly existence of the Son of Heaven if the enforced separation endured. Arrangements were accordingly made for occasional visits from the child's mother. She can see him only in the presence of the Princess Yehonala herself, who has of late shown a marked dread of having the boy pass out of her sight for even a single instant.

The Son of Heaven received from the Princess a palace name by which, it seems, he must be addressed under pain of severe displeasure. That name is Wan-Sui-Yeh, its equivalent in a western idiom being, according to the French daily, Lord of Ten Thousand Years. The imperial infant had fallen into his mother's irregular habits with reference to sleep. It was decreed that each morning he be awakened at six promptly by the singing of the palace eunuchs. That his Majesty may not be too rudely wrested from the arms of his slumber, the eunuch with the most musical voice begins a low chant. This gradually swells as one eunuch's voice after another adds to the volume of harmony until at last a rolling chorus fills the apartment containing the crib. Little by little the singing eunuchs approach the sleeper until the tiny eyes begin to blink. Then with measured step the eunuchs retire until their voices sink into a dying chorus. The severest penalty is inflicted upon all the eunuchs should his Majesty hail the new day with tears. When he smiles as he emerges from the land of dreams the chorus is rewarded handsomely.

The morning toilet is governed by an etiquette as strict as that which regulated the getting out of bed of the sun-king Louis XIV. Each garment worn by the boy emperor of China is in the custody of an appropriate palace official. It takes no less than ten dignitaries to get him rightly dressed, after which he is taken for approval to the Princess Yehonala, in whose custody is the button in-

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dicating the exalted rank of the Son of Heaven. Everyone kneels, we read, until the baby's attire is complete. No one not of the imperial blood can leave the room ahead of him, a circumstance of which he is prone to take certain mischievous advantages.

Nothing could be simpler than the diet provided for the Boy Emperor, altho the serving of the meals is a highly elaborate process. A strict dietary rule is that nothing must be placed upon the table of the Son of Heaven which can not be procured immediately at any time of the year, winter or summer. The explanation, we read in the *Paris Figaro*, is that the Son of Heaven is supposed to be given anything he asks for, however extravagant the demand. If his Majesty took it into the imperial head to ask for fried oysters at a time when such delicacies would be gastronomically impossible, the official responsible for the dilemma must at once be degraded. Pu Yi or, as he is called in the forbidden city, Wan-Sui-Yeh, asked last summer for cocoanut cake, which it seems he had tasted through the kindness of a lady connected with the household of the German Ambassador. There was none in the palace, but the honor of an implicated official was saved by the generosity of the diplomatist, who aroused his entire kitchen staff in the middle of the night and had the delicacy cooked at once. His Majesty has, however, never tasted fish. The etiquette makes it too risky.

So wilful is the disposition manifested by the Boy Emperor as he passes into his sixth year that the fame of some of his pranks already fills Peking. He loves to rush pell-mell into a flooded courtyard after a rain because etiquette requires the most exalted dignitary present to wade after him. Prince Ching's pneumonia is attributed to a prank of this sort. Pu Yi once concealed a hat pin about his per-



THE CHILD WHOSE FEET ARE SACRED

The youthful emperor living within the forbidden city at Peking is forced by etiquette to keep his toes from certain unconsecrated parts of the earth.

son and jabbed the Princess Yehonala in the cheek with it before it could be taken away. His most embarrassing tendency is to conceal in his robe the food he ought to consume at his meals and thrust it down the neck of palace functionaries. One of his favorite diversions is singing. He sings all through his meals, which he is made to take promptly at eight in the morning, at noon and at six in the evening. He retires to his bed regularly at eight each night, but he remains awake sometimes for over an hour, singing in the lustiest fashion.

His favorite toy is a train of cars set up for him by a mandarin with a turn for mechanics. These he often insists upon taking to bed with him. Even in his soundest sleep it is often impossible to extract the toys from his baby grasp without waking him.

The education of the Son of Heaven was made the theme of a recent imperial edict under the hand and seal of the vigilant Princess Yehonala or, as the despatches call her, the Empress Dowager Lung Yu. "He has now," to quote a characteristic sentence, "reached an age when wise training is needful, and it behooves him to enter upon his education in due time in order that he shall accomplish signal results." The Empress Dowager therefore commanded, as our French authority reports, that the court of astronomers select an auspicious day whereon the Emperor must begin his studies. A special palace within the forbidden city was appropriated to his tutors and his Majesty is regularly escorted into their presence by the eunuchs. These tutors, Lu Jun Hsiang and Chen-Pae-Chen, are elderly, venerable and erudite. They are profound classical scholars in the Chinese sense, but without knowledge of things western. It was with extreme difficulty, says the *Figaro*, that Yuan Shi Kai recently induced the Empress Dowager to consent to the English language as a feature of the curriculum. Her Majesty is understood to be afraid that knowledge of the English tongue will be prejudicial to the imperial morals.

The sort of education the Son of Heaven will derive from his tutors, if the Princess Yehonala be allowed her way, appears in a series of admonitions she lately addressed to those worthies. They shall bestow instruction upon him early and late. They shall display the utmost diligence in sowing the fertile seed of instruction in his mind. These are practically the exact words of the lady herself. "It is incumbent upon them," she adds, "to impart in fullest detail the causes from which has proceeded good government or anarchy in ancient and modern times in all countries of the world, since this is essential to a sovereign's training, and they are to point a moral as circumstances may require." At the present time, proceeds the Princess Yehonala, "when intercourse between all parts of the world is freely developed and civilization is ever increasing," it behooves the tutors above all to inculcate a clear impression of the progress of constitutional government during the past few decades

and of the development of sound learning, special stress being laid upon the needs of the day.

Unfortunately for the tutors, the immaturity of the imperial mind did not lend itself to so ambitious a scheme. His Majesty received their instructions under protest, keeping up a continual bawling. His progress in the Manchu spoken and written language is reported as highly unsatisfactory. He is not amenable to oral precept either. The blame is laid at the door of the Prince Regent, who is supposed to exercise a general superintendence over the Emperor's course of study and over the procedure in the Yuching palace, where the pair of tutors instruct their sovereign pupil. The Prince Regent is suspected of not altogether liking the fidelity with which the cardinal precepts of Confucius are imparted to the future ruler of China. There is undoubtedly a fierce struggle proceeding within the forbidden city, says the *Figaro*, regarding the training of the Son of Heaven, the issue of which is of crucial significance to the future of China.

Apart from the problem of the Boy Emperor's education is the greater problem of his health. He is said to spring from a family in which a tendency to tuberculosis is definite. All observers agree, however, that the diminutive Pu Yi—he is small even for a Chinese of his tender years—has decided sturdiness of build and always enjoys the best of health. The quarrel between his mother and the Empress Dowager has caused the child to be immured, French dailies say, within the palace walls when he ought to be out in the open air. He is never permitted to roam through the gardens lest he be spirited away by his mother. Neither can he romp and play with other children of his age owing to the peculiar sanctity of his position as the Son of Heaven. There are times when the peevishness of his disposition might be improved by a little exercise. Nor is the situation bettered from a therapeutic point of view by the practice of handing him about from one eunuch to another to prevent the contamination of his feet by the unconsecrated ground. There are times, as he toddles about, we read, when his footsteps are dogged by no less than forty dignitaries of exalted rank, each with a fixed and important function to perform in the vicinity of his sacred person. One result is that the little boy is pestered by persons very much his seniors, whereas he pines for a little romping with children of his own age.



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# Finance and Industry

## BIG BUSINESS IN A QUANDARY

**T**HE present economical agitation, called by some "the war against business," culminating recently in the Government suit against the Steel Corporation, is faced by the business-men of the country with much evident uncertainty. "Big business" finds itself in peril of sharing the fate of the wayfarer who, being unable to answer the riddle of the Sphinx, was hurled into the ravine. George W. Perkins, erstwhile partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, who makes himself the mouthpiece of big business, and attempts to solve its problem, proposes various remedies, but his chief nostrum seems to be delay in the application of the Sherman anti-trust law. The *New York Times* is publishing a series of articles by leading captains of industry on the economic problems that puzzle us to-day, but in these articles, too, we find little constructive thinking along large and philosophical lines. With few exceptions business-men, while admitting the necessity of reform, have no remedies to suggest and maintain an attitude of inaction. This seems to be also the starting disclosure of a canvass made by *The World's Work* among

bankers, railroad officers, presidents of chambers of commerce, merchants and manufacturers in every state of the Union. The questions addressed to the Captains of Industry were as follows:

"I. What effect, if any, do you think the congressional investigations into corporations and other business are going to have on the business and financial outlook and situation?

"II. What effect, if any, are the recent tariff discussions and the certainty of more tariff legislation next winter having?

"III. What effect, if any, have the Supreme Court decisions in the oil and tobacco cases had? And what is the effect on business of the anti-trust law as these decisions leave it?

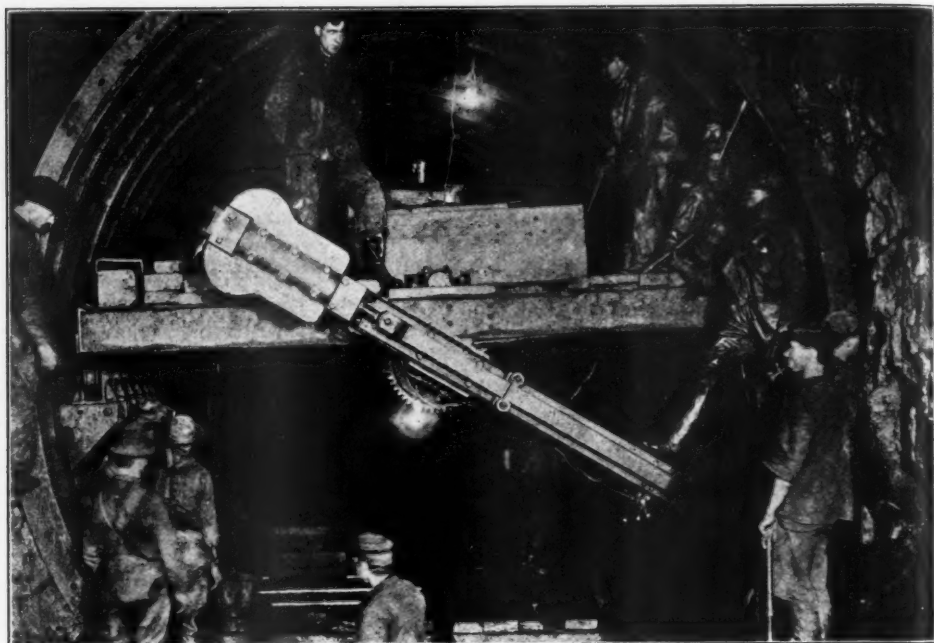
"IV. Is credit too much concentrated in the great financial centers to the detriment of legitimate business-men and business uses throughout the country?

"V. Most of all—What would you suggest as the best help now toward permanent, stable, and good business conditions—what constructive policy or plan?"

Replies were received from more than a hundred, and a general summary of them is set forth in the following table:

SUMMARY OF REPLIES

	EFFECT OF CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATIONS			EFFECT OF TARIFF DISCUSSION AND LEGISLATION			EFFECT OF SUPREME COURT DECISIONS			IS CREDIT TOO MUCH CONCENTRATED	
	Good	Bad	No Effect	Good	Bad	No Effect	Good	Bad	No Effect	Yes	No
New England States.	8	8		9	4	1	4	4	7	6	10
Manufacturing States of N. Y., N. J., Pa., O., and Ill. ....	12	19	2	9	22	4	12	9	10	12	16
Middle West Agricultural States.....	12	8	2	8	10	2	7	1	11	12	8
Southern States.....	9	8	2	7	11	3	8	1	10	13	8
Rocky Mt. and Pacific States .....	5	7	2	3	6	3	3	3	8	5	8
Totals.....	46	50	8	36	53	13	34	18	46	48	50



TOILING IN COMPRESSED AIR

Like fantastic figures in one of Rider Haggard's tales, the "wops" earn their living in the bowels of the earth. The illustration shows a section of a tube for the construction of which many human lives were the toll.

The first thing, admits the editor, that strikes one in most of the letters is the indication that the writers have not very seriously thought out remedies or policies further than to cry: "Let us alone." They reveal but little statesmanlike grasp and give hardly any reason to hope that a congress of successful bankers, manufacturers and merchants would be a safe body to which to entrust legislation about the great economic problems of the time. "You will get no constructive plan from bankers, manufacturers and such men," replied one of the best informed correspondents. "The men who are doing things in the business world are not men who are thinking out things for the public welfare. The business world contains many very able men, but they are giving their thought only to their own problems. They see things too much from their own point of view."

"Give us a settled policy so that we may have a basis for calculation," seems to be the business-man's plea. There is, however, a wide divergence of opinion as to what this basis should be. As regards the effect on business of congressional investigations and

the undue concentration of credit, opinion is almost equally divided. A large preponderance of opinion regards tariff discussion and legislation as hurtful. The decisions of the Supreme Court, surprisingly enough, are generally regarded as having no effect or a good effect on business. With regard to the extension of credit there is a sectional division of opinion. New York and New England do not think that there is too much concentration of credit, whereas other sections, notably the West and the South, hold the contrary opinion. The positive suggestions that recur most frequently are, we are told, these three:

(1) A revision of the banking and currency laws. Many favor the plan of the Aldrich Commission, and no other plan is mentioned.

(2) Federal regulation of interstate corporations including supervision of their issues of securities.

(3) Most of all, get done with tariff-legislation. Many suggest a quick revision, others (fewer) wish the whole subject to be dropped. A majority think that this is the most disturbing influence of all.

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"A large number of positive suggestions are made by a few men, such as:

"Turn war-expense into internal development.

"Reduce pensions.

"Destroy the corporations' power in public life by direct legislation.

"Require publicity of the ownership of corporation stock—no dummies.

"Increase postal savings banks.

"But most of the suggestions are general or negative; and these two recur oftenest:

"(1) 'Let us alone,' business can take care of itself.

"(2) Demagogues (chiefly in Congress) are the cause of the trouble."

The deepest impression left after reading in detail the hundred or more letters, the editor of *The World Work* goes on to say, is the profound distrust that they express of public men. "As a banker," writes one correspondent, "I should like to ask how many bank presidents would loan \$1,000 to the average

member of Congress? And yet we send these people to control the expenditure of hundreds of millions." "Jawsmiths," "demagogues," "disturbers," "miserable office-seekers," "fools in Congress," "self-seeking men," "men of no business experience"—these and similar terms of reproach recur again and again.

"So far as these letters reveal the mind of the business world, it is disgusted with the law-makers and some are disgusted even with the judges. In a less degree, but still noticeably, a similar distrust is expressed of the newspapers and of the 'muck-raking magazines.'

"There is nothing to show in any letter whether the writer be a Republican or a Democrat. The presumption is that some belong to one party and some to the other. The prevailing criticism, therefore, of public men is not partizan—surely not dominantly partizan. It strikes too deep for that. It shows a general distrust that the business world feels of the political world; and there is no blinking this fact."

## THE PRICE, IN BLOOD, FOR INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

**I**F Mr. Arno Dosch, writing in *Everybody's Magazine*, is not straining the point, the price we pay in human lives for our industrial progress is indeed appalling. For nearly every floor of every sky-scraper that goes to make up Manhattan's picturesque sky-line, a man gives up his life. More definite figures, maintains the writer, are not obtainable. Ten times as many men might have been killed, and yet there would have been not only no authority to prevent the outrage, but no record to tell of it. When the Employer's Liability Commission, appointed by Governor Hughes, discovered these facts, it was aghast. "In all the large number of immense sky-scrappers erected in New York City," runs the Commission's statement, "not an accident or an injury that takes place is reported to any one, except the coroner's investigation of fatal cases, from the time the first shovelful of dirt is thrown out until the last slate is put on the roof. Nor can the number of the killed and injured in these trades be even approximated." Industry, it is generally recognized, must have its victims. But it is also being recognized that the victims must have protection. If the large sacrifice of human lives compels sufficient attention from the public to enforce some

form of industrial compensation, their blood will not have been shed in vain.

Most of the victims have been poor foreigners, Hungarians, "niggers," "dagos,"—"just wops," as they are known in the parlance of the trade. The efforts of the Italian and the Austrian governments to lend to their subjects living in this country such aid as seems to have been denied them by the United States, are responsible largely for the awakening of our industrial conscience. Unfortunately the law recently passed in New York for the protection of laborers was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State. Compensation laws have been passed, nearly all of them last winter, in California, Kansas, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Illinois, Maryland, Montana, Ohio, Massachusetts, and Washington. In California and Wisconsin, as John Mitchell explains in the *New Orleans Times Democrat*, the compensation laws are compulsory as to workmen for the State and the municipalities. Iowa, Pennsylvania, North Dakota and Texas have appointed commissions to consider the problem, and the American Federation of Labor has prepared a draft for a uniform law making compensation in dangerous occupations compulsory in all states. The question of constitutionality remains still to be tested in most



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

#### ONLY A ROPE BETWEEN THEM AND ETERNITY

This is a relief of the so-called "sand hogs." The work in these caissons is continued night and day, each shift working two hours.

states, but the feeling seems to be general that where the constitution interferes with just compensation laws, the constitution must be amended. Until a federal law enforces industrial compensation, industrial murder will continue to be both legal and profitable.

To this day, after four months of investigation, Mr. Dosch has been unable to obtain an estimate of the number of people killed in making the Erie cut.

"The cut is only ten minutes by tube from New York City, and yet there is no record worthy of the name. The nearest approach to adequate information I found in certain newspapers. In April, 1909, when completion was still a year distant, the *Hudson County Observer* published a partial list of the killed and injured. It filled

four columns. The total number of the dead can not even be estimated. I know of twenty-five. These were either killed instantly or died within a few days. Those who lingered and were carried away by friends were never scored against the cut, but were put in the list of miscellaneous injured, which contained hundreds of names."

Our eyes, the writer goes on to say, are dazzled by the smooth-running railroad, the towering building, all the polished exterior of civilization; we cannot see that they are "black with blood."

"There is the terminal being built for the New York Central in New York City. It is one of the wonders of the age. It has been in the course of construction for seven years, and the excavating is still going on. Years more will be necessary to complete it. But, in the end, the unsightly yards will give way to avenues and handsome buildings; the terminal will be completely below the surface, operated by electric engines, and no longer a scar across the face of the city. Moreover, it will be the last word in convenience and one of the most patent evidences that 'the world does move.'

"But does it? That hole has been a slaughterhouse. Rarely has a piece of excavating work been carried on in such defiance of humanity. When a coroner's jury censured the contracting company for its carelessness, the coroner pointed out that the toll of the dead and seriously injured was a man a day. Stop and consider that.

"In the very heart of the greatest American city, while throngs hurried by above and did not know or care, every twenty-four hours a man was needlessly sacrificed.

"And little good would it have done the throng if it had stopped and objected. Until last year there was no law that could reach the contractor. Even the police did not get a record of the accidents. Without breaking the law in any way, the company was able to hide many of the deaths it caused. For, under the rulings of the Public Service Commission, if a man is not killed instantly, or does not die within three days, it is only necessary to list him as 'injured.'

"Nothing was ever done to stop the slaughter at the Grand Central Station. A more humane company later took over the job, but that was a matter aside. Nothing is ever done in these cases. Even when the Erie cut had been turned into a shambles, no public notice was taken, and the terrible state of affairs that existed there might never have come to be known at all if one day a piece of rock had not been blown out of the cut and into a house, where it killed a woman."

Mr. Dosch cites a number of shocking cases in which ignorant immigrants have been cheated out of the indemnity due to them or



Photograph by Brown Brothers

#### MOLOCHS OF MODERN PROGRESS

Every floor of one of the New York sky-scrapers is said to cost a human life.

their survivors. The whole business of the casualty insurance companies, he asserts, is based on the slowness of the courts in bringing damage suits to trial. This, he says, is such a common scandal that even the "wops" know it, and when a casualty insurance agent comes to secure a release by offering money, his best argument is that the suit is hopeless.

"Figures that the casualty insurance companies furnish show how the case stands:

"The ten largest companies collected \$23,523,585 in premiums during the years 1906, 1907 and 1908, but paid to injured men and their widows only \$8,559,795, a little over one-third. In other words, injured workmen received, on the whole, one-third of what they would have received if their employers had distributed among them premiums paid to the insurance companies. The rest went to pay dividends, lawyers' fees, salaries of the wily claims-agents, and 'expenses.' The London Guarantee and Accident Company paid damages in only twelve per cent. of its cases; the Aetna Life Insurance Company paid 11.46 per cent., and the United States Casualty paid 7.75 per cent. It is quite obvious that these companies have good claims-agents."

Certain legal fictions, it seems, stand in the way of humane compensation laws in the United States. Both England and Germany have already successfully solved the problem from their point of view. In Germany, to quote again from Mr. John Mitchell's remarks on the subject, State, employer, and employed contribute by prescribed methods to the compensation funds of the industries. In England, employees make no direct payments, the employers generally acquitting themselves of their duty by bringing into service the insurance companies. But in the United States, Mr. Mitchell goes on to say, it has not been made certain that the fundamental law is adaptable to either of these two methods or to any yet proposed, if the relief of industry in general is contemplated.

"Among other propositions before the country, there is one for a Federal insurance tax, to be collected and disbursed by mutual associations, divided by trades, as in Germany. The iron and steel trades, for example, would by this method have employers and employees in one association, paying each year a tax equaling what would be

necessary to meet the benefits, plus a reasonable amount for reserve, continuously, as long as liability lasts, and during widowhood of wives and orphanage of children. Among the supporters of this system are lawyers and insurance men who assert their belief in its constitutionality. It would fall under that provision of the Federal Constitution which authorizes the collection of taxes 'to promote the general welfare.' This proposition is worthy of serious consideration. Its advocates affirm that it is framed on a study of the results to date of the existing German system.

"Meantime, while the States are proceeding separately, tentatively, and in uncertainty, the United States remains, for example, the only industrial nation on earth that maintains, as it does in perhaps 90 per cent. of its accident cases, the old system of liability based on negligence!

"Our wage-earners in general hold that industry should bear the burden of the pecuniary loss sustained by workmen through industrial accidents. Associated with many men of altruistic character who are not wage-workers, representative labor men are discussing the subject, their expectation being that finally a law, or a set of laws, will be evolved which will constitutionally afford to the victims of industrial accidents, or in case of death their dependent survivors, if not automatic compensation without cost, a system of insurance yielding all the benefits of such compensation and adding nothing to the burdens of the wage earners. Every good citizen would naturally desire to see the United States removed from the unenviable position it holds among the nations in this respect to-day. The task ought not to be beyond American ingenuity and statesmanship."

## THE MODEL DESK OF A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY



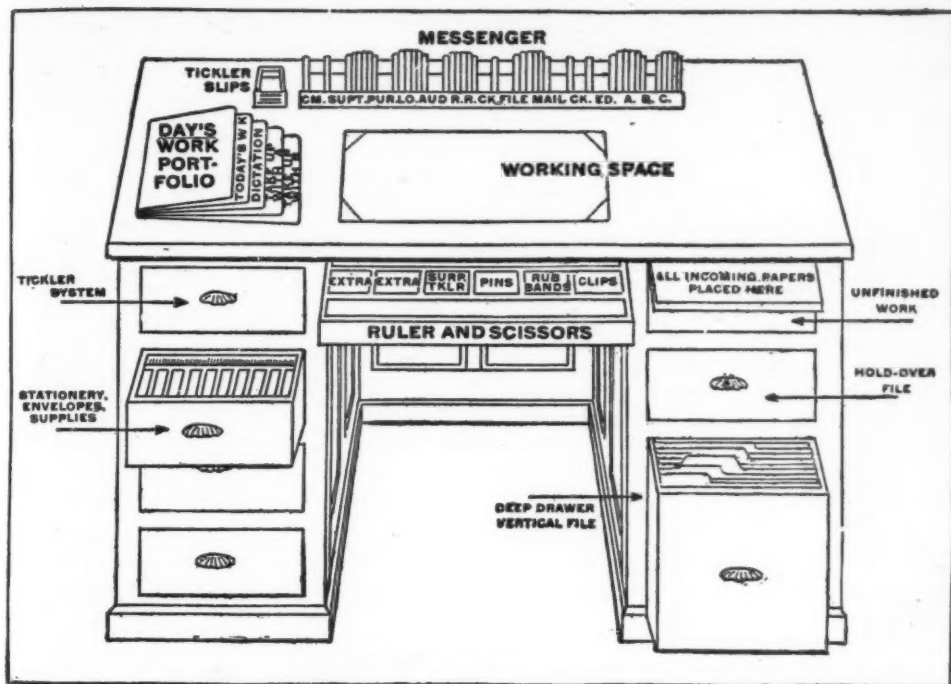
KEEP the deck cleared for action" is the first rule of a ship's captain in war. In business the same rule applies. The top of his desk is to the captain of industry what the bridge of his ship was to Dewey when he fought at Manila. If, insists Edward Mott Woolley in *System*, business were conducted on the same loose plan which prevails in the handling of the average desk, progress would lag a generation behind. As a rule, executives pride themselves on the arrangement and care of their papers, but order is not efficiency. The cluttered desk, despite the time-losses due to rummaging, is only one degree worse than the oversystemized desk, where efficiency smothers in detail. A large manufacturing concern recently put through an investigation resulting in a reorganization extending from the telephone switchboard at the elevator door to the private file in the President's office. To save time was, of course, the main object. The aim was to concentrate within easy reach of each man all the tools which his day's work demanded, unless they were such as others might also need to consult. The effort was to organize the storage capacity of the individual desk so that it would accommodate without crowding or confusion the greatest number of records. Swift, semi-automatic motion of the hand to the proper drawer was the thing desired and sought. Here experimental psychology comes into play.

The first physical change was the discarding of the roll-top desk, because it provided so

many places in which unclassified papers or things might be stowed. The idea was to cut down the number of different storage places and to expedite search by sub-classification sign-posts. The flat top with one plan of arrangement and one set of drawer designs was accepted for all executives. Two deep drawers were substituted for the three or four shallow drawers usually supplied. In the front of each of these, to quote again from Mr. Woolley's description, a vertical file ten inches high was fitted crosswise of the drawer with dividers of heavy fiber paper to mark the general classification of subjects.

"The upper drawer was assigned to records of immediate importance such as costs, collections, investigations, selling, stenographers, bookkeepers, cashiers and so on. Only records and memoranda of current affairs are kept in this file; as each matter is disposed of, the records are removed to the general file or destroyed. Each subject has its heavy manila folder or jacket indexed on a projecting flap. Swinging in his swivel chair, a single motion pulls out the drawer and the man faces his file, with its index lines to guide eye and hand to the folder he requires. Behind the file the space is reserved for those classes of blanks in most frequent use.

"The second drawer and file are devoted to records and papers of less immediate use and to those to which reference is made more rarely, but which may be called for at almost any minute—such records as expense and cost analyses, appropriation schedules, comparative tables and the like. The back space here is used for blanks in less common use. Thus the occupant of the desk has all his records and papers concentrated in two drawers under his right hand and so



THE FIGHTING DECK OF A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

This illustration, for which we are indebted to *System*, demonstrates how a desk must be arranged for the conduct of swift and exact business campaigns.

classified and indexed as to be instantly accessible."

The same general principles were applied to the arrangement of the stenographers' desks. All were furnished with disappearing machine-tables, with three drawers and a slide shelf on the right-hand side, affording ample room for stationery supplies. A shallow tray with compartments of various sizes for clips, rubber bands, oil cans, etc., occupied the front of the top drawer. In the space beneath were kept reserve stocks of these and rarely used supplies. The second drawer was assigned to the stenographer's personal use, his note books, envelopes, carbons, etc. The equipment of all desks is regulated by strictly enforced standards. The equipment of the executive or office manager's desk calls for a calendar, ink eradicator, ink eraser, pencil eraser, three pen-holders, out-desk basket, in-desk basket, ink-well, mucilage pot, pen tray, two glass cups, waste basket, ruler, scissors, and two paper weights.

"Twice a week, at times when there will be least interference, an office boy goes through the desks of the whole establishment and replenishes supplies. To guide him he has the list allotted for every class of desk, showing the minimum

and maximum quantity of each article. He keeps between these two figures. No boss or employee is allowed to make trips to the storeroom; everything needed comes automatically, unless it be some special requirement, and then a requisition must be made out and the article secured by a messenger.

"The advantages are obvious. No time is wasted over empty ink-wells or paste pots, exhausted stationery stock, or for any want that can be foreseen. Stenographers are supplied with just what they need, but no more; thus guarding against deterioration. Quantities of stationery were wasted in the past through carelessness and inefficiency. Now, however, a record is kept of the amount furnished each girl. Balanced with the record of the letters each has written, the comparison shows just how wasteful or just how economical each typist has been."

Considerable expense was incurred in making these changes, but they began to pay almost immediately, the outlay being more than made up the first year. "In too many business houses," the author concludes, "the immediate expense blinds the eyes to the drains which go on for years unchecked, reducing not dividends alone, but the fighting strength of the business."

## GETTING IN ON THE "GROUND FLOOR"



O "get in on the ground floor"—this is the dream of every investor. One-tenth of the net income of the American people, that is to say one-half billion dollars, is lost annually in the pursuit of this dream. Such at least, Dr. Sherwood Meade estimates, is the amount lost in bad investments, sunk in margins on the stock exchange, donated to mining and industrial schemes,—those innumerable daughters of the horse leech, whose promises are golden and whose performances are chaff and stubble; "invested in town lots in some thriving industrial suburb"; or even used to purchase the standard railway and industrial stocks which seem to advance only long enough to inflict the heaviest losses upon those who buy them for further gains. "These," he exclaims, "are the vast losses in the game of business hazard, where the dice are always loaded, and the cards are always marked."

The only way in which the ordinary investor may secure for himself, so to speak, a seat in the front row is to invest in bonds. A bond, Dr. Meade goes on to say (in *Lippincott's Magazine*), is a promissory note bearing interest at four, five or six per cent. and a contract to pay money secured by the property of the borrower, which can be sold for the lender's benefit in case of default. A share of stock is a certificate of part ownership in a corporation. The stockholder owns part of the company and the company owns the property. And as the stockholder does not individually own the property of his company, so he does not manage his company's business. The small stockholders have practically no influence upon the election of directors.

"So well is this powerlessness of the stockholder recognized that some of the largest railway systems in the United States are dominated, down to the last director and the last official, by men who own only a few shares of stock, but who can secure, in case of need, the cooperation of a sufficient number of stockholders by sending out requests for proxies, to enable them to control a disputed election. The late Henry O. Havemeyer, who was in absolute control of the American Sugar Refining Company to the day of his death, held about 2-100 per cent. of its stock when he passed away. Elections, however, are seldom disputed; stockholders are too widely scattered and too apathetic to take much interest in the way their company's affairs are conducted.

While they receive dividends they are content, and when dividends are reduced or suspended their dissatisfaction seldom arises above sleepy growls of irritation and disgust.

"The stockholder also has the right to participate in profits when, and only when, these are distributed by the Board of Directors. If the profits are not earned he receives no dividend, and even when large profits have been earned he cannot obtain any share in them unless the directors declare a dividend, and there is no power to force the directors to take such action. They can decide to pile up profits, and the stockholders, unless they are able to put the directors out, which seldom happens, are helpless to interfere. They own shares in the company, it is true, but oftentimes this does them little good.

"Of course there is a brighter side to the picture. Sometimes, in rare instances, profits are very large, and the stockholder gets large dividends; but he must always bear in mind that the bondholder's interest must first be paid, and that any losses which the company may sustain must first fall upon its owners. And how numerous those losses are! Within a few months in 1908 the United States plunged from prosperity into depression, and down went the dividends of many of the strongest railroads and industries, some of them suspended altogether, others seriously reduced.

"The stockholder has no assurance, moreover, that the amount of stock outstanding will remain where it is. He may be called upon to authorize a doubling of the capital, raising the number of shares from 100,000 to 200,000. The new stock may be issued for property or for money, and the investment may be profitable; but there are now twice as many claimants to share in profits, and the universal practice of increasing stock capital keeps down the dividend rates of the most prosperous companies to six or seven per cent."

Compared with the stockholder, the bondholder "gets in on the ground floor." Both are interested in the property and its profits. Here, Dr. Meade insists, the resemblance between the two investors ceases. The bondholder must be paid his interest regularly, or the company becomes bankrupt. Stock may be issued for "good will," often the "good will" of those who receive it; but there must be some tangible property back of the bonds. The bondholder moreover knows how much of a particular issue he owns, and he knows that the total amount of this debt may not be increased without his consent.

"The bondholder has a first claim upon earnings. In very few cases will they ever fall so far as to endanger his interest, and even in those cases where bonds of inferior security, or which

have been issued in excessive amounts, are purchased without proper investigation from bankers who valued immediate profits above the permanent confidence of satisfied customers—and most of these bankers belong to a past generation—and have been in default, the investor has seldom suffered any permanent damage if he has held on to his security. These companies have been reorganized, new bonds or preferred stock issued for the bonds in default, and in the great majority of cases all the losses have been regained, sometimes with a large profit. The stockholder, on the other hand, takes what is left after interest is paid, be that remainder much or little. He comes after the bondholder. He sits in the lowest room, eats at the second table, occupies a seat in the back row. Long before the bondholder's interest is reached, the stockholder's dividends are suspended, and the reorganization which passes lightly over the creditors falls upon the owners with crushing force.

"As a final difference, the value of a first-mortgage bond, because of all the advantages and points of superiority which have been mentioned, changes very little in comparison with the value of the stock of the same company. The stocks of even the safest and best managed companies show the most astonishing gyrations, the wildest fluctuations. They fall \$10, \$20, \$30, \$50 a share within a few months, while the bonds, securely protected by their position as first and fixed claimants to income, rise and fall very slowly and within very narrow limits. The bondowner can always be certain of realizing on his investment with but trifling loss.

"What the stockholder will get may depend on the honesty of some New York bank president, the digestion of a high government officer, or the success of the advertizing campaign of some stock-manipulator. To sell or to pledge as security for loans, bonds are conspicuously better than stocks."

## WHERE THE PUBLISHER MAKES HIS PROFITS



WHAT is the worst business in the world? General book publishing, confesses Robert Sterling Yard, one of the founders of Moffat, Yard & Co., in *The Saturday Evening Post*, is thought by many of those engaged in it to deserve this opprobrious application. "It will take you only two or three minutes to name over all the general publishers of America." It will take you only two or three seconds to name the publisher who got rich out of the general book publishing business alone; but it may take you two or three years—or forever—to discover him. For, as the countryman explained on seeing his first giraffe, "There ain't no sech critter!" Mr. Yard's revelations are charmingly frank, and we are cured of the illusion that "the best sellers" line his pocket with profits. The *Publisher's Weekly*, it seems, fully shares Mr. Yard's pessimistic conclusion.

General book publishing, as distinguished from subscription book and text-book publishing—two highly specialized modern businesses—is little changed from the beginning. The modern publisher, who sits at his desk discussing with a group of subordinates the selling chances of a manuscript which has been read by all of them, deals with precisely the same problems in much the same way as the printer of a century ago who gravely consulted his foreman as to the chances of making fifty pounds out of a little adventure in publishing, never dreaming that he was found-

ing a publishing house that would become famous in the generations. The problems of to-day bulk bigger and carry burdens of worry and complexity then undreamed of, but they are the same old problems. No business has changed so little as the publisher's.

Mr. Yard imagines a conversation between a prospective young publisher and a capitalist asked to invest his money in the publishing business. "What chance have we," queries the capitalist, "to earn twenty per cent. on our investment, for we must have a bait as good as that to tempt us to undertake the risks of starting a brand-new enterprise?"

"Well," said the young publisher, "I can satisfy you there. Mr. Ess takes eighty-five thousand a year out of his business in dividends, besides his salary, which must be handsome. Mr. Dee has built up in ten years a business of a million and a half a year. Mr. Bee does a business of four millions a year. Mr. Aitch has built up a business of four hundred thousand in a quarter of a century which is said to net a hundred thousand a year. I don't know any publisher of any account at all who isn't prosperous—except a couple of very conspicuous houses which came to grief by bad management in their second generations; but they were very prosperous under their founders and doubtless will be again, with their fine lists. Why don't you ask the publishers themselves?"

"The capitalists did so.

"General book-publishing?" asked Mr. Ess. "Financially speaking, it's the poorest business in the world."

"Well," said Mr. Dee reflectively, "if you've

got hold of a genius, go ahead. Every publishing business needs a genius. But why don't you try mining stocks?"

"Get big bulk and you'll make money," said Mr. Bee, 'provided you don't lose your boots trying to get your bulk. Pare expenses to the half-cent and never pay a twelve-hundred-dollar salary if you can hire for a thousand. Be your own axman, so you'll be sure. Otherwise there's nothing in books.'

"Trade books alone?" asked Mr. Aith. 'It's the worst business in the world. I hope you've got hogsheads of money. Better go into text-books. Fiction, did you say? Yes, there's money made in novels, they tell me. So there is in copper. I've heard of fortunes made in copper. But then, I'm no speculator. If I were I think I'd prefer copper.'

Yet all these men (easily identified as proprietors of well known publishing houses) are highly successful. If, however, we consider their cases individually, we shall find that Mr. Ess, for instance, is not only a distinguished general publisher, but also owns a highly profitable magazine, a highly profitable school-book business, a highly profitable subscription business, a retail business, a rare book business, and several other minor businesses in books "built up around his central publishing business and supporting it like chapels around the cathedral choir, each dovetailed into each other and into the central core, making a business edifice beautiful in proportions and a fortress for strength."

Mr. Dee owns three profitable magazines, besides a score of minor interests, imports books and publishes text-books on a large scale. Mr. Aitch concentrates his efforts on a highly specialized and developed business in higher text-books, only assisted by a general publishing department. The point becomes clear at once. The worst business in the world becomes one of the best in the world if it is propped up on every side by specialized departments sucking in profits from outlying markets, or when it is combined with periodical publishing.

The simplest general publishing business, we are told, requires about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars gross receipts; at two hundred thousand there will be a profit, and at four hundred thousand prosperity.

This prosperity seems to be rarely due to "best sellers" in fiction. One conservative publisher says that he cannot afford to handle them. If, he calculates, the "best seller" scores a hundred thousand in two years, the net profits of the publisher amount to scarcely

two thousand five hundred dollars. Mr. Yard does not altogether share this view. The frenzied advertizing of books for the sake of forced sales in vogue some years ago has been succeeded by saner business methods based on exact calculations. To-day the publisher's final figures for a "best seller" of one hundred thousand initial circulation would look something like this:

Cost of Manufacture.....	\$0.221
Royalty, at 20 per cent.....	.270
Cost of Doing Business, 28 per cent. of income.....	.224
	<hr/>
	\$0.715
Deduct from average price received	.800
	<hr/>
Leaves average net profit on each book .....	\$0.085
Net Profit on 100,000 sold.....	\$8,500
Cheap Edition, 50,000 copies, at 5 cents a book, less 28 per cent. for cost of doing business.....	1,800
Total net profit.....	\$10,300

The vast majority of novels are fortunate if they sell two or three thousand each and return their cash investment without interest. The real publishers' prizes, Mr. Yard assures us, are books you have never or scarcely heard of. They include that book on shade trees which your next-door neighbor bought and no one else in your whole acquaintance, and hundreds, yes, thousands, of books on every subject on earth apparently, and scarcely a score of whose titles you ever heard.

Commercially speaking, books are roughly divided into two classes: quick turnovers and backlog books. Gift books, novels, specialties, constitute the light infantry, the skirmishers, the supply-getters of the publisher's army. The so-called "list" books are the heavy infantry, the heavy artillery—in a word, the main body. They are drawn from the entire field of human thought, geography, history, sport, education, biography, and occasional classics of fiction. Their sales are scattered over several years, they entail fewer risks than the ordinary novel, they have less rapid sales and smaller royalties, they require little advertizing, and the price need not be held down to an obligatory standard, as in fiction. The publisher depends on his "list"—books that have developed into steady sellers—as the general on his army; but he may not neglect with impunity his quick turnovers any more than the general may neglect his own light-moving flanks.

# Science and Discovery

## A VINDICATION OF AMERICAN DENTISTRY



**ORAL SEPSIS**, as an unsuspected and serious menace to health, has derived a sensational importance from disparaging references to so-called "American dentistry" by the distinguished

Doctor William Hunter, physician and lecturer on pathology to the Charing Cross Hospital in London. "No one," Doctor Hunter said, in an address from which we quoted in our August number, "has probably had more reasons than I have had to admire the sheer ingenuity and mechanical skill constantly displayed by the dental surgeon. And no one has had more reason to appreciate the ghastly tragedies of oral sepsis which his misplaced ingenuity so often carries in its train." Now, according to *The Dental Summary* (Toledo), an authoritative organ of practical dentistry, if Dr. Hunter had been thoro in his diagnosis, even in many of the cases that have come under his observation, he would probably have found that the septic conditions were due more to irritation from salivary and serumal deposits on the roots of teeth above the metal attachments than from the adaptation of the crowns. To quote further:

"While we may see occasionally an irritation of the gum from an ill-fitted gold crown, it is the exception and not the rule. Properly constructed crowns and bridges are not the cause of chronic inflammation of the gums and septic conditions of the tooth sockets. Where there is one case where such conditions are caused from ill-fitting crowns or abutments, there are hundreds of cases where no irritation exists from the metal attachments, and a wholesale condemnation of crowns and bridges is an injustice to dentists and dentistry. . . .

"Unsanitary conditions of the mouth, gums and sockets arising from a disregard for oral hygiene are many, and it is to correct this that dentists have waged such a campaign for education of the public regarding the beneficial results of the systematic application of oral hygienic measures for the care of the teeth and mouth. It is true that we find dentists in the dental profession who are not doing the skilled

work that is expected of them, the same as we find unskilled surgeons in the medical profession; but the work of such men should not be taken as a type of the best work accomplished, nor be heralded to the world as the best that men of these professions can give."

The personal observation of that distinguished dentist Dr. C. M. Wright, who has an article on the subject in *The Dental Summary*, leads him to the conclusion—and his observation extends over many years—that physicians as a class are no better grounded in the principles of medicine than are dentists. As Doctor Wright amplifies this branch of the subject:

"Dentistry is a science and an art, as is surgery, and it rests securely and is built upon biology, through the branches of physiology, anatomy and chemistry. Dentistry has done fine work in special histology, embryology, physiology and surgery. I cannot see a difference in the primary professional education of the surgeons, the oculists, the orthopedists and the dentist excepting that the latter has special schools, where, in conjunction with his medical studies, he is given opportunities to acquire mechanical skill of a high and varied character. That he is only a skilled mechanic with no knowledge of general physiology or of fundamental medical subjects is a fixed idea in the minds of ignorant physicians. This idea was fixed years ago, and it was on account of its rigidity that the efforts on the part of Chapin A. Harris and other prominent and ambitious American dentists, three-quarters of a century ago, failed to effect arrangements with medical colleges for the establishment of dental departments in recognized medical schools. This was the reason for the inauguration of the Baltimore Dental College in 1840, for the Ohio College of Dental Surgery in 1845, and for the establishment of the hundreds of special dental schools and colleges throughout the civilized world on the American plan. Dentistry grew up as an independent profession—as a separate tree, but in the same field and from the same soil in which the medical school is planted. It is not a weed, but a flourishing, useful tree, with its roots deeply set in the science of biology, absorbing

nourishment from all the elements of this soil—with a fair and sturdy trunk, bearing branches which can be named morphology (anatomy and histology) and physiology (function) with the accompanying branch of pathology or morbid function and morphology of tissues and organs made up of living cells. When the first dental college was opened the cell doctrine of Schleiden and Schwann in morphology was very young, just opening the way, as it were, for Virchow's *omne cellula e cellula*. The microscope was not a familiar instrument and histology was not a branch taught in medical schools. It was nearly forty years later that medical and dental schools began to accept with caution the parasitic theory of the origin of disease, but the dentist kept abreast in the forward movement."

While evidence of the soundly scientific character of the training given the American dentist is thus accumulated by *The Dental Summary*, a point is made in another influential and competent organ of the profession, *The Dental Cosmos* (Philadelphia), with reference to Doctor Hunter's use of the term "American dentist." Each use of this phrase by him appears in quotation marks. Now, it is historically true, explains our expert contemporary, that modern crown and bridge work is mainly a development of American ingenuity. In its better expressions the work has been of such value in the restoration of the masticating mechanism and a consequent improvement in health that it has come to be recognized as a valuable restorative measure. Because of the attention which has been paid to it in this country the appellation of "American dentistry" or "American method" has been used to designate the particular class of work which has found universal acceptance:

"Unfortunately, however, Dr. Hunter in his enthusiasm for his cause has failed to make as plain as he should make it the distinction which he has clearly implied between such work skillfully executed and intelligently applied and the monstrous anatomical and physiological insults which are palmed off upon an ignorant public by equally ignorant charlatans under the general term of American crown and bridge work. Everyone knows or ought to know that throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world there are incompetent charlatans who are exploiting their ignorance and lack of mechanical skill in the production of ill-fitting dental mechanisms productive of exactly the conditions that Dr. Hunter describes, and that in order to catch the credulous these professional mountebanks advertize themselves as 'American dentists.' Every dental practitioner knows that untold suffering is inflicted upon humanity, disease is propagated

and death in many instances hastened by the evil effects of this class of work. We infer from a careful reading of Dr. Hunter's address that it is this particular class of practitioner and the damage which he inflicts upon humanity that has enlisted his interest and called forth his critical condemnation—in which cause we wish him God-speed and more power to his arm!

"Dr. Hunter's putting of the case would, however, have been more judicial, and withal more equitable, had he made it clearer that he had some practical knowledge from personal observation of what really good dental work means as a conservator of health. In so far as he expresses himself upon the effects of oral sepsis upon the general bodily health he speaks with authority, and none too strongly. On the other hand, when he endeavors to discuss both the pathology and the treatment of the local lesions involved in oral sepsis, he is evidently 'talking without his book' and dealing with a subject with which he is decidedly less familiar. That oral sepsis can be combated by swabbing the infected tissues occasionally with a one-in-sixty aqueous solution of carbolic acid, and the occasional 'tilting off' of a 'scab or crust' of tartar is a mode of dealing with the situation which all well-informed dental practitioners will regard as extremely primitive, to say the least."

It is evident, adds *The Dental Cosmos*, that Doctor Hunter has visited America; but that he has ever investigated the conditions of dental education in America or that he knows anything at all about what is really conservative American dentistry does not seem to our contemporary either to appear in his address or in any record he has left of his American visit.

"The only case whose history he cites at length in which any dentistry had been done is a case of septic gastritis in which the patient had been wearing 'a tooth-plate in his upper jaw which he had not removed for two and a half years, which he was told not to remove, and which even now he could only remove with difficulty and after persuasion.' As the record of the case states that the man 'was admitted,' we assume that he was admitted either to the Charing Cross Hospital or the London Fever Hospital, in both of which institutions Dr. Hunter is attending physician. Therefore in the only case which Dr. Hunter cites among his 'horrible examples' of oral sepsis in connection with constructive dental appliances it was probably not a case of American dentistry at all, nor probably was it an American dentist who told the patient 'not to remove his artificial plate,' but the case of a charity hospital patient who, as is typical of his class, had doubtless consulted a cheap advertizing quack, a 'so-called American dentist,' who had never seen America and of whose cult London is full."

## DELUSIONS OF THE EDUCATED RESPECTING PRIZE-FIGHTS



HE notion that boxing is an agonizing business originated, according to a competent authority vouched for by the *London Times*, in the highly colored accounts of prize-fights with the naked fists. These accounts first imparted to cultivated people their notion that the experiences of a pugilist in the ring, dealing and giving blows, must be physically painful. Endurance and the capacity to endure pain were unquestionably the old-fashioned prize-fighter's chief assets. The bare knuckles cut and bruised in a way quite impossible when the gloves are on. But it is by entering the mind of the prize-fighter in action, by considering the psychology of pugilism, that the common impression of pugilism as a prolonged ordeal of nerve-shattering pain—giving rise to a kind of homicidal mania in the breast of either combatant—is most effectively confuted. To quote from the article in the *London Times*:

"The writer, who has enjoyed many a strenuous bout with the gloves and, in a remote and adventurous youth, even took part in two glove fights in Western America (being knocked out in the first and winning the second on points), speaks from much-cherished personal experience when he says there is absolutely no truth in the impression. In the first place, even the pain of a very severe blow (provided it does not disturb the solar plexus—in which case the shock, tho it soon passes off, may mean taking the count) passes unnoticed in the exhilaration of the game. It is not the other fellow's hitting, but one's own and the perpetual motion which is the exhausting factor in the sport; there are times at the end of a particularly strenuous round when one has the feeling that the sprinter has in the last few yards of a sternly contested quarter-mile.

"The writer will never forget the penultimate round in a ten-round affair which he lost on the other side of the Atlantic through ducking carelessly into an upper-cut. It was a species of dream; everything in and about the ring seemed phantasmal and shadowy; the cries of the spectators, rejoicing in a sequence of swift exchanges, seemed to come from very far away—a weird, other-worldly ululation that really did not matter at all. The call of time was a joy in itself; to sit on a chair and be sponged and fanned was the sum of all possible and impossible luxuries. And the luxury of a minute's rest was emphasized by the remark of one of the seconds, a grim old fighter who gave one good advice in the intervals—"Say, you kept that English left

going in good shape; you nearly had him twice, but he's surely tough!"

The way out, proceeds this competent authority, was opened "silently, invisibly in the next bout." After the knock-out it was an awakening in a land of peace and pleasant fatigue. The winner came over and shook hands affectionately. The loser felt that he had never known a man so well in his life and never liked a man so much. As for two or three bruises and a cut lip—what did they matter?

"But they mattered a good deal; they were honorable marks, mementoes of an occasion when one had proved that a good physique is worth working for, that there is a moral factor in physical courage, that there is no such thing as a 'miserable body' unless one misuses it.

"Personal animosity simply does not exist in a contest between two boxers who have acquired the basis of their art—the ability to keep their temper unruffled in adversity. Their feelings are impersonal, as those of two chess players; it is the situation, not the adversary, which is the real objective of attack. Indeed, boxing is the chess of athletics; like that 'gymnasium of the mind' which is the finest of sedentary games, it matches what a man is against what he is not, as well as providing a drastic comparison of the physical, mental, and moral qualities of two individuals. To get in a good hit is, of course, a joyous bit of good fortune; not because it shakes the other man so much as because it is an artistic achievement. A good late cut or off-drive or a fine approach to a well-guarded hole gives one precisely the same thrill of pleasure. Really to hurt his antagonist is never the intention of a boxer in the English style.

"In a word, there is no more agony in a boxing bout than in a well-contested sprint or a wing three-quarter's run down the touch-line—not a particle more. Many famous boxers of whom the writer has inquired have ratified his impressions of the boxer in action. The difficulty in persuading the non-experienced of the truth thereof consists in the fact that they have not been through the mill. If they see a bout, they measure the effects of blows exchanged by thinking how they would feel if compelled to receive them. But, untrained as they so often are, and without a suitable physique for the game, they necessarily exaggerate the painfulness of it all. The physical pains of boxing—let an eleventh-hour convert to another personal pastime confess—are as nothing in comparison with the mental anguish and reiterated irritations of a beginner at golf. Yet who calls golf brutal and demoralizing?"

In these considerations, finally, lie the failure of all homilies against pugilism. The makers of such homilies reveal in every word that they know nothing about the thing they criticize by actual experience. The physical effects of the blows which one pugilist can legitimately deal another would never be per-

manently disabling. In any event, concludes the pugilist who writes thus in the British organ, recent outcries against the cruelty of the sport are "highly unscientific." The masses of the people are better informed upon this point than are the cultivated and refined.

## THE NEW WRIGHT GLIDE AND THE OLD BIRD FLAP IN AVIATION.



ANNOUNCEMENTS that the famous Wright brothers have produced a new type of aeroplane which, "instead of having fixed planes and being driven through the air by a propeller, has wings that flap like those of a bird," caused a world-wide sensation some weeks ago. The despatches told how Orville Wright with this new device had been able to rise in the air and hover there by his own muscular strength without the aid of any engines. Aviators generally supposed that Wilbur Wright had already definitely contradicted this "ornithopter theory," but in any case some experts abroad take leave to doubt it. Other accounts of the recent experiments in North Carolina suggest to the aeronautical expert of the *Manchester Guardian* that what the Wrights did is much less revolutionary. The two Wrights, he concedes, are past masters in the study of air currents and in the art of gliding; but the gliders with which they carried out their historical series of experiments a few years ago were planes with flexible tips, which they used as a gliding bird uses the tips of its wings, to control the direction of flight. In these latest experiments, Mr. Orville Wright appears from the most intelligible reports to have used a glider with rigid main planes and movable ailerons, or smaller supplementary planes, which can be inclined to any desired angle.

The most startling achievements that have resulted from this latest series of tests are, writes Grover Cleveland Loening in *The Scientific American*, briefly as follows:

"In a biplane glider similar in many respects to the model B Wright machine frame, but differing in the smaller size of the planes and the use of a larger rudder, and sitting upright with the usual control mechanism in his hands, the aviator has succeeded in making glides that far exceed anything done in this line before. He has attained greater heights, greater distances,

and stayed aloft a longer time. The general character of the glides, however, bears much resemblance to the 1903 experiments.

"A curious accident took place. Rising some twenty feet from the side of the hill, the heavy rear rudder appeared to become uncontrollable and to make the glider so 'tail heavy' that it began to turn over and start backward, whereupon Mr. Wright climbed to an upright position of safety on the overturning machine with such excellent judgment that when the apparatus struck the ground and smashed, Mr. Wright emerged unhurt. This experience suggests that many of the fatal accidents in aviation were avoidable by the same *sang-froid*.

"Of course the lighter loading would make the time of fall in such an emergency longer as well as render the shock lighter."

On the very next day a feat that has long been predicted and looked forward to was accomplished. With consummate skill, Orville Wright went aloft in the teeth of a fifty-mile gale and succeeded not only in soaring for a period of almost ten minutes, but in actually advancing into the wind. This great flight was made over the side of the hill facing the wind, so that the air currents must have had a decidedly upward trend. The distance covered by the flight was a quarter of a mile and the height attained estimated at two hundred feet above the surface.

"Tho the results are astonishing to many, those familiar with the nature of air currents expect even more startling performances at an altitude three or four times as great.

"It is hardly possible that, as reported, the object of these tests was to try out a device for automatic stability. There is not yet enough known of wind currents and their motions to enable a thoroly successful device of the sort to be even conceived. It may be definitely assumed that the purposes of Orville Wright's experiments are primarily to learn more of wind conditions. Many problems such as the avoiding of 'side slipping' still remain to be solved. Not until every possible vagary of the air cur-



Photo from Brown Brothers, New York

#### THE MOST SENSATIONAL OF THE WRIGHT ACHIEVEMENTS

From the brow of a hill the illustrious aviator launched his glider into space and, remaining in the air in the teeth of a gale, imitated with miraculous fidelity the movements of a bird. There were moments when the airship or glider seemed to poise itself upon the surface of a current like an eagle in flight above a lofty crag.

rents becomes known can a device for automatic stability be designed and be successful.

"It is due partly to the peculiar phenomenon often called 'Lilienthal's Tangential' that a glider with cambered planes can not only remain stationary, but in a wind of great enough upward trend can be made actually to advance without the exertion of any motive power whatsoever. This would appear offhand like perpetual motion, but it must be borne in mind that the huge energy of the rising current itself is the source of power. The phenomenon referred to is merely that, at certain angles, the total air pressure acting on a plane ceases to act in a line normal to the plane or its chord, and instead the line of action of this force takes a position well in front of the normal, the pressure thus materially acting in the dual rôle of a supporting and propelling force.

"Octave Chanute, early in 1909, pointed out in a masterly way the manner in which this problem of soaring could be solved and many experts since then who have investigated the problem are convinced that it is a feasible one, even tho it appears to defy physics."

So far, however, from rising into the air

by his own muscular strength, Mr. Wright, insists the aviation expert of the *Manchester Guardian*, was rushed along by assistants until the glider was traveling through the air fast enough to be lifted in the ordinary way by the pressure of the wind. The most that he achieved is, apparently, a flight of two hundred yards at a maximum height of thirty feet. Granted that he "hovered" in the air, the fact remains that to stay over the same spot of ground with a strong breeze blowing is not to remain stationary in the air—a thing that, this expert declares, no heavier-than-air machine will do.

"Wright, then, is emulating the gliding rather than the flying of birds, and like them he may be able to soar and glide (by finding rising currents of air) for considerable distances. But he will hardly waste his time in trying to substitute puny human muscles for heat engines as a means of overcoming gravity and giving speed through the air. That would be setting back the hands of the clock. It is in power that the key to aerial progress lies."

## HOW ALL MATTER HAS BECOME AN OBJECT OF SUSPICION TO THE PHYSICIST.

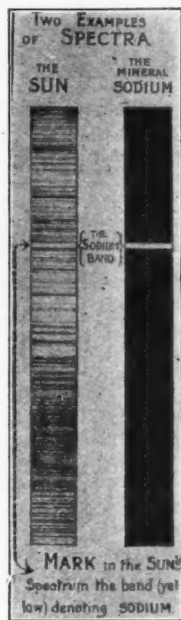
**R**ADIOACTIVE substances, were it not for their power of emitting rays, would, according to Dr. Robert Kennedy Duncan, the eminent student of industrial chemistry, be in no sense extraordinary or peculiar. Radium, for example, he says, is so like the common barium that the cost of radium is in large measure due to the difficulty of separating one from the other. Still they are queer substances. Had we nothing else to go upon, it would be quite unjustifiable to extend our deduction of their transiency to the ordinary forms of matter. But if we could prove that any one of these bizar substances decomposed into an element of the ordinary type, if we could prove that one of the commonest of elements was capable of a degradation into another equally common, if we could show that radioactive substances and ordinary substances alike held constituents in common, that radioactivity is a mere accident, that ordinary substances too seem to undergo widespread degenerative changes, then with each increase of evidence our suspicion would cumulatively build itself up into conviction and belief. This brings Doctor Kennedy to the elucidation of a momentous research, the details of which have not yet been published to the world, altho the conclusions have been announced in advance. The subject relates to what is known in the scientific studies of it as the degradation of copper.

Away back in what might be called "the medieval days of 1894," Lord Rayleigh discovered in the atmosphere a hitherto unsuspected element, argon. Sir William Ramsay subsequently and quickly followed this up with the discovery of four others.\*

"These new elements—helium, neon, argon, krypton, xenon, all of them won out of the hidden places of the air—are definite gases that since that time have been prepared many times by many men; they have become as elements an integral part of science.

\* SOME CHEMICAL PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.  
By Robert Kennedy Duncan. Harper & Bros.

They are all of one family, and are curious in this fact that, except at a white heat, they appear to be incapable of existing in chemical combination with any substance whatever. The very word argon, the name of one of them, means lazy; they were all of them seemingly useless. Still, Ramsay headed his paper on the extraction of these substances with the old significant words of Sir Thomas Browne: '*Natura nihil agit frustra*' (Nature does nothing in vain) is the only indisputable axiom in philosophy. There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces.' How prescient was this quotation will now appear. Not long after the isolation of these substances Dorn discovered that radium broke down or decayed into a substance which turned out to be a gas, and which has since been called the radium emanation. This gas out of radium belongs to the very family of rare gases in the air that Ramsay was so instrumental in discovering. This is shown in the fact that no matter to what drastic and powerful agents the radium emanation is subjected, it is impossible to destroy it or to alter it; in this fact it perfectly resembles these rare gases. Unlike them, however (and it is a strange thing to say, but perfectly true), while it is impossible to decompose it or to alter it, it is decomposing of itself."



### SPECTRUM

It is exactly parallel to that in the adjoining diagram (Spectrum of Sodium alone), every substance having definite and unalterable place (or places) common to all spectra in which it occurs.

Half of it has died some four days after its birth. During its short life it evolves nearly three million times as much heat proportionately as arises from any chemical action known to man. This, observes Doctor Duncan, is a tremendous fact, determined by strict experiment and quite apart from any theory. The radium emanation is the most potent substance in nature. Its enormous store of energy is given out through its decay. It decays into what? Into helium, the first of these curious, inert elements that Ramsay discovered. This was proved as far back as eight years ago by the brilliant physicist Soddy and Ramsay working more or less together. Since then their work has been verified by others. To-day there is simply no shadow of doubt regarding it.

This discovery that the gas known as the radium emanation breaks

down into helium initiates an epoch of which the layman as yet grasps neither the novelty nor the full significance. For this discovery takes us out of the radioactive substances—where the lay mind tends to linger—into a substance which is not radioactive at all and which is a well known element. The spectrum of the radium emanation had been mapped and the spectrum of helium was well known. Consequently, it was the first thoroging demonstration of the fact that one element could be changed into another that was common—that transmutation of matter was proceeding and that the alchemists were right.

"But the possession on the part of the radium emanation of so enormous a store of energy suggested to Sir William Ramsay that even tho it could be collected and handled only in the most minute quantity, it might be utilized, nevertheless, to bring about chemical changes in matter with which it was in contact; and so he placed it in—water. The results have shaken science the world over. First, something happens to the emanation: it appears that the emanation, instead of decaying into helium, as it does when dry, in the presence of liquid water decays into neon, the second of this interesting series of gases discovered in the air, and a form of matter wholly distinct from helium. Furthermore, when in the water containing the radium emanation there is dissolved some copper sulphate (blue vitriol) the resulting gas is neither helium nor neon, but the third member of this family, argon. It appears, then, that this gas, this radium emanation, which it must be said has a good claim to the name of element, decays

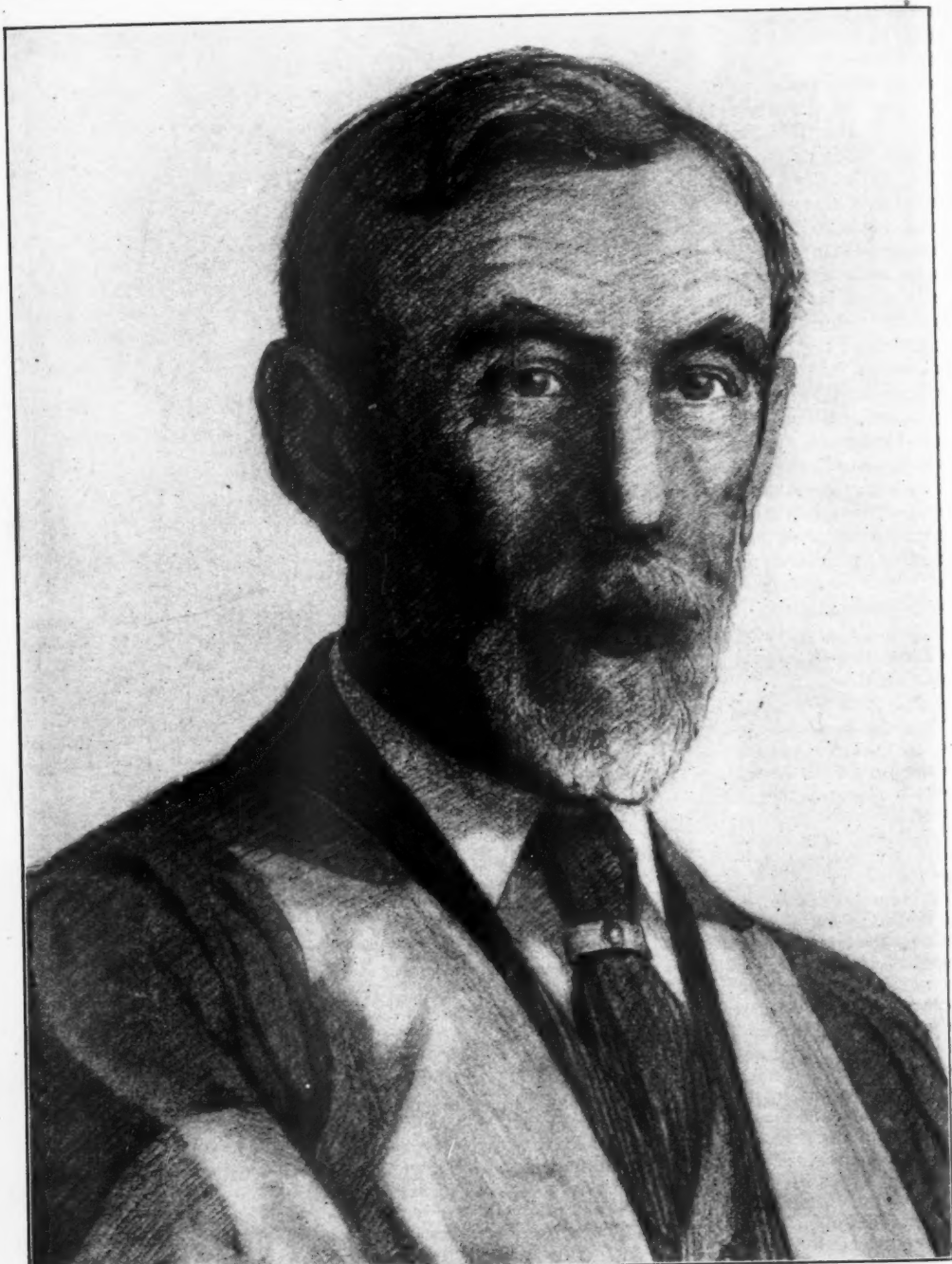


HOW WE KNOW WHAT THE SUN AND STARS ARE MADE OF

The soul of the spectroscope, says a writer in the *London Sphere* from which we copy the diagram above, is the prism. When a beam of sunlight passes through a prism it is refracted and resolved into a number of divergent rays, which form the oblong luminous colored image called the solar spectrum. On examination these colors resolve themselves into separate bands, divided by definite black lines, which practically are an index to the substances burning in the sun, and thus astronomers, by the comparison of celestial spectra with those of the vapors of various terrestrial metals and gases, have been able to prove with almost absolute certainty that the sun and earth, and most of the stars, contain many substances in common with each other, including iron, hydrogen, sodium (basis of salt and soda), copper, magnesium, barium, nickel, chromium, and many more, it being in some cases the discovery by the spectroscope of certain minerals in the sun first that has led to their subsequent recognition on the earth.

or becomes transmuted not into one other element, but into three, according to its surrounding circumstances.

"Matter is capable not only of transmutation, but of selective transmutation. Grass, as we all know, is capable of transmutation into sheep or cow or horse according to circumstances; but such a transmutation is a building process. The emanation transmutation is, on the contrary, a process of decay, and, infinitely more than this, it is the process of the decay of an element. It is interesting, and there is a dramatic consistency about it, too, that these substances cast



Drawn by Stuart Boyd for the *London Sphere*

#### BRITAIN'S SUPREME PHYSICIST

Sir William Ramsay is renowned for his investigations of new and unsuspected gases in the atmosphere, such as neon, krypton and argon. He has recently warned the scientific world against the danger of teaching the people to expect the development of sources of energy apart from coal.

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upon the flood of research before 1895 should, after these many days, return in this momentous manner to the discoverer's own hands."

The vagaries of this strange gas do not end with its decay. There is its effect upon the water. Everybody knows that water consists of two volumes of hydrogen combined with one of oxygen. Now water in the presence of the radium emanation breaks down into these constituents surely enough, but there is discovered in the resulting gas too much hydrogen. There is a greater amount of hydrogen in the gas than the water proportionately contains—sometimes from ten to twenty per cent. too much. Whence the excess? This is a mystery still to solve. It is an unquestionable fact that has been verified by several scientists and Doctor Duncan cites it as one of the remarkable recent developments in physical chemistry.

Again, there is the action of the emanation upon the water that contains, dissolved in it, the copper sulphate. One hesitates almost to state the result, but here it is:

"In the solution of copper sulphate in contact with the minute quantity of the gas from radium there appear both sodium and lithium. The sodium, it is barely possible, tho by no means probable, is derived from the substance of the glass-containing vessel, but the *lithium*, according to Ramsay, is undoubted. It is not in the glass, the air, the water, the emanation, or the copper, to begin with; and yet, to end with, there it is in small but indubitable quantities. The conclusion seems forced upon us that it is a product of the decay of the copper.

"If the degradation of the radium emanation into helium opened a new scene in the drama of the world's advance, the discovery of the degradation of copper opens a second, for it is the discovery that a common element of every-day experience can decay into another almost equally common. It leads us to ask whether the potent radium emanation may not simply accelerate, by catalysis, a process that is always and everywhere in operation—that copper is always decomposing—and that since copper is in no fashion a peculiar or esoteric element, whether what happens to copper may not be taking place with lead, carbon, sulphur, and every element known to man. It is particularly interesting in this connection to note that some of the uranium copper ores of Colorado contain minute traces of lithium."

It seems, and we did not know this before, that these little particles, shot out from whatever radio-substances there may be, are all alike, that their sole difference seems to be one of mere velocity—that no matter what

gun is shooting them, so to speak, the bullets are all of one caliber and one make. This is sufficiently interesting, for it leads us to see that there is a constituent common to all radioactive substances. If, now, we could prove that these same particles which, as we have said, are the evidence of elemental decay, occur as well in ordinary substance, our suspicion of universal decay would be just so much enforced.

The interest thus deepens and becomes highly significant when the fact is associated with the results of a research recently published by Professor J. J. Thompson, one of the world's great physicists. He has shown that in the intense electrical field generated in a Crookes tube, substances give off particles charged with positive electricity; that these particles are independent of the nature of the gas from which they originate and that they are of two kinds: one apparently identical with the hydrogen atom and the other with the "alpha" particles that are projected normally from radio-substances.

What is the teaching?

Substantially this: in plain terms, Professor Thompson means us to infer that all the elements with which he experimented broke down or were decomposed in part into the well-known element hydrogen. His work is thus not only just as wonderful in its nature as that of Ramsay, but, however different were his methods, it leads to the same conclusion—that the every-day ordinary elements of matter are capable of a transmuting devolution into simpler forms.

Furthermore, it is directly confirmatory of Ramsay's result. Ramsay found that pure water in contact with the radium emanation yielded an excess of hydrogen—the same element.

"But Thompson's research has a wider scope. He shows us that the ordinary forms of matter can emit, in addition, the very same particles (alpha rays) that were thought to be a constituent peculiar to radioactive substances. So far, then, as the possession of alpha particles is concerned there is nothing peculiar in radioactive substances; they are contained potentially in matter of every kind. But if they are the product and evidence of elemental decay, then, since they occur in ordinary matter, we should be justified surely in suspecting that this decay is universal. If, now, we could prove that matter of every kind not only contains them, but emits them, we should, in accordance with our present ideas, no longer suspect but *know* the universal degradation of matter. This to-day can be done only presumptively, but the presumption is strong."

## ARE BACTERIA PLANTS OR ANIMALS?



EATED as has been the controversy regarding the true nature of bacteria, science, in the light of the latest investigations, seems still unable to decide whether they are plants or animals. The bacteria, writes Dr. W. D. Frost, of Madison, Wisconsin, in "Microbiology," were first described as animalculæ. To the popular

complex. The sure and definite determination of species requires so much time, so much of acumen of eye and judgment, so much of perseverance and patience, that there is hardly anything else so difficult." And if some investigators have found it difficult to decide whether bacteria are plants or animals, others find a growing difficulty in classification. A great many systems have been proposed, but many of them are untenable.

Nevertheless, writes Doctor Frost,\* the form of bacteria is exceedingly simple. They are either spheres, straight rods or bent rods (spiral). In the spherical form they are known as "cocci" or micrococci. The straight rods are the famous "bacilli" and the bent rods are the "spirilla." The difference between these fundamental forms is frequently very

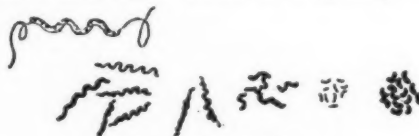


TYPES OF BACILLI

This drawing is after the noted expert Williams, as are the two other representations of fundamental form types.

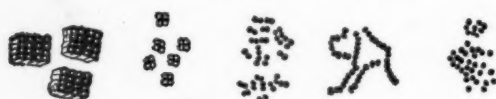
mind, he says, they are usually animals or "bugs." It is difficult to determine their exact relation to life in general. These difficulties are so great that some scientists, including Haeckel, would create a new kingdom, call it "Protista," and put in it some of the lower plants and animals which are difficult to classify, together with the bacteria. This view, however, is not a very popular one and the attempt is usually made to trace the relationship of bacteria to well known representatives of the plant and animal kingdoms.

complex. The sure and definite determination of species requires so much time, so much of acumen of eye and judgment, so much of perseverance and patience, that there is hardly anything else so difficult." And if some investigators have found it difficult to decide whether bacteria are plants or animals, others find a growing difficulty in classification. A great many systems have been proposed, but many of them are untenable.



TYPES OF SPIRILLA

The bent rod type is known as "spirilla," but the difference between these fundamental form types is frequently very slight.



TYPES OF MICROCOCCI

The form of bacteria is exceedingly simple. They are either spheres, straight rods or bent rods.

The bacteria are undoubtedly, this student of the subject says, more closely related to the blue-green algae than to any other forms of life. They resemble these organisms in form, method of reproduction and absence of definite nucleus. It is quite impossible to decide, moreover, whether some forms are blue-green algae or bacteria. On the other hand, there are some points of resemblance between the bacteria and the protozoa. Spore formation, similar to that among the bacteria, occurs among some of the protozoa. Yet physiologically the bacteria are quite closely related to the fungi. No wonder then that one of the renowned authorities upon bacteria, Mueller, said long ago: "The difficulties that beset the investigation of these microscopic animals are

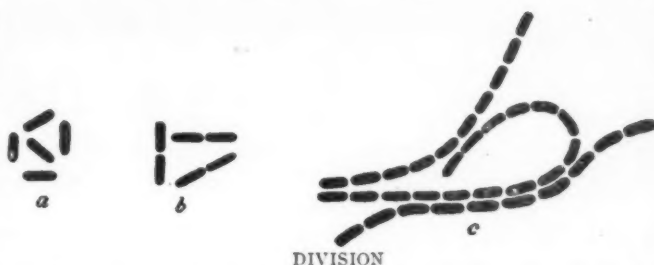
slight. It becomes a very difficult matter, for instance, to distinguish at times between the micrococcus and the bacillus. There is a number of bacteria that are described at one time by one investigator as micrococci and at another time or by another investigator as bacilli. The pneumonia germ is another illustration of an organism that occupies a dual position. The cholera organism has been described as a bacillus as well as a spirillum.

The form of bacteria is quite constant under normal conditions, but very frequently they show abnormal or bizarre forms. These are known as involution forms. It is sometimes suggested that these involution forms represent another stage in the developmental history of the organism. Upon this supposition certain bacteria which very regularly show these involution forms have been classified as belonging to quite a different order from that to which the bacteria belong. The ordinary view of the involution forms is that they are degeneration forms, that they correspond, in

\* MICROBIOLOGY. Edited by Charles E. Marshall, Professor of Bacteriology at Michigan Agricultural College. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Company.

other words, to the halt and maimed in society and are to be accounted for by the fact that they are deformed by their own by-products.

The bacteria were formerly spoken of as the smallest of living things, but since the recognition of the ultramicroscopic organisms, it is necessary to be somewhat more specific in characterizing their dimensions. The unit of measurement in microscopy is the micron or micromillimeter. This is approximately the one twenty-five-thousandth of an inch. Applying this unit to the bacteria, we find that the micrococci and the short diameter of the bacilli and spirilla average about one micron. The influenza bacterium is two microns wide and five microns long. Small as they are, bac-



These division forms of bacilli fall into the classifications: (a) single; (b) pairs, and (c) in threads.

or carmine and examining them under the microscope. This brownian movement is to be sharply differentiated from vital movement, which is possessed by some bacteria. This vital movement is of the utmost importance in the controversy as to whether the bacteria are plants or animals:

"Bacteria have the power of independent movement due to inherent vital power. Only a few of the micrococci are motile, while many of the bacilli and spirilla are. This movement is a change of position and is caused by certain protoplasmic processes which these bacteria possess, known as *cilia* or *flagella*. The fact of motility or non-motility of an organism is of

considerable value to the systematist. It is determined by examination in a hanging drop. At times, however, it varies so little from the brownian movement that it is difficult to tell whether a particular organism or culture does or does not possess vital movement. An opinion can be more definitely formed at times if some chemical producing an anesthetizing effect on the bacteria is introduced into the examining medium. In case the organism is actually motile its position will be changed, or at least in case it is merely a brownian movement there will be no change.

"The protoplasmic threads referred to as the organs of locomotion are known as *flagella*, or *cilia*. The difference between the cilium and



DIVISION FORMS

These division forms of micrococci are (a) diplococcus, perfect form with flattened opposed surface (gonococcus), lanceolate form (pneumococcus); (b) streptococcus; (c) consecutive fission, yielding a tetrad; (d) sarcina, form resulting from division of tetrad; (e) staphylococcus. (After Novy.)

teria, when viewed under the microscope in a living condition, are often seen to move. This movement may be one of two kinds. In some cases it is progressive. The individuals move about from one part of the field of the microscope to the other and change their relative positions. In other cases the movement is vibratory. They move back and forth, but do not progress or change their relative positions to any extent. This latter form of movement is known as brownian movement, because it was first described by the great Brown.

This movement is probably caused by the impact of the molecules of the suspending medium and for this reason is sometimes called molecular movement. It is not characteristic of bacteria or indeed of life, but is shared by all small microscopical objects when suspended in a fluid medium. Most beautiful examples of brownian movement can be seen by suspending granules of India ink



BINARY FISSION

The division of bacterial cells shown diagrammatically.



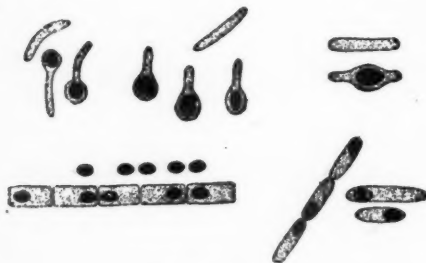
## SPORE GERMINATION

a, direct conversion of a spore into a bacillus without the shedding of a spore-wall (*B. leptosporus*); b, polar germination of *Bact. anthracis*; c, equatorial germination of *B. subtilis*; d, same of *B. megaterium*; e, same with "horseshoe" presentation. (After Novy.)

flagellum is the fact that a cilium has a simple curve, while a flagellum has a compound curve, like a whip lash. Most of the bacteria possess flagella rather than cilia. The size, arrangement, etc., of these flagella are constant and characteristic of a particular organism. . . .

"Different bacteria present different kinds of movement. Some dart forward with great rapidity, others move slowly; some move in straight lines, others wobble, but any particular character is quite constant and many of the bacteria may be recognized by their characteristic movements.

"The rate at which the bacteria travel when they possess vital movement varies greatly. Some of them move very fast, others very slowly. Many of them appear to move with wonderful rapidity. Leeuwenhoek, when he first saw these moving bacteria, said that they traveled with such great rapidity that they tore through one another, but it must be borne in mind that under the high powers of the microscope the rate of movement is magnified to the same extent as the object, and that in reality the rate of movement is not excessive. When compared to their size, the rate of movement is

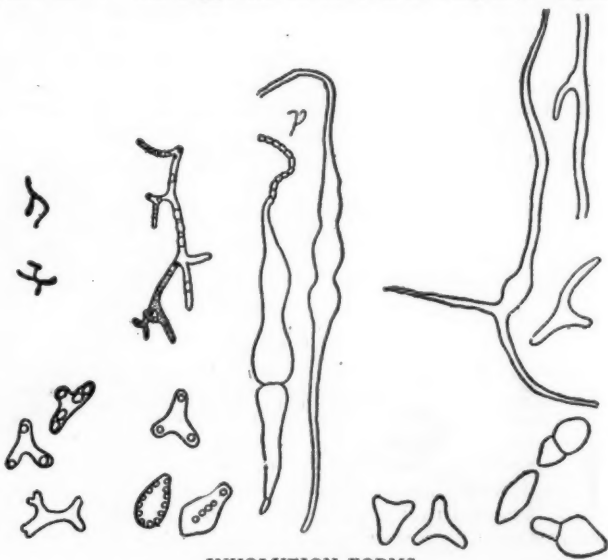


## LOCATION

This diagram shows spores and their location in bacterial cells.

probably little greater than that of a trotting horse and considerably less than that of a speeding automobile or a railroad train."

Great as is now the accumulated knowledge of the bacteria, the question of their allocation to the vegetable or to the animal kingdom grows constantly more complex. Unless the suggestion of Haeckel be adopted, it begins



## INVOLUTION FORMS

Here are exhibited unusual forms of bacterial life, including water bacteria and bacteroids from root nodules. This diagram, like the others here, is reproduced from "Microbiology," published by P. Blakiston's Son and Co., and are all late and authentic representations of the subject of bacterial life.

to look to some authorities on the whole subject as if the world of science must fundamentally modify its idea of the real difference between a man and a vegetable. It is along this last line that the discussion tends to prolong itself. The general advances which have been made of late years in the study of bacteria are emphasized in the brilliant article on the subject which appears in the latest (eleventh edition) of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. These organisms, says the article in question, were known only to a few experts in the middle of the nineteenth century. "They were then known under the name of animalculae and were confounded with all kinds of other small organisms."

# Religion and Ethics

## INGERSOLL STILL TROUBLING THE WORLD



HE oft-quoted utterance of Jesus about the fathers killing the prophets and the children garnishing their sepulchers might be applied almost literally, stretching the term prophet far beyond its conventional significance, to the case of Robert G. Ingersoll. It is true that Ingersoll was not killed, but he was and continues to be violently attacked, even as he himself violently attacked others. A statue to his memory is already a reality. It was unveiled a few weeks ago in Peoria, Illinois, the city in which he achieved success as a lawyer about the middle of the last century. Almost contemporaneously with the erection of the statue has been issued a remarkable biographical appreciation\* by Herman E. Kittredge.

Colonel Ingersoll was born in Dresden, New York, in 1833. Like many another radical, he represented a reaction from his environment. His father was a clergyman. As a young man Ingersoll taught school in Illinois; he fed on Shakespeare and Burns; his brain was burning with eager thoughts. In a group of ministers at Metropolis, Illinois, he was asked what he thought about baptism. He replied: "Well, I'll give you my opinion: with soap, baptism is a good thing." The irreverent thrust so shocked the community that Ingersoll had to give up his school. He took up the practice of law.

The slavery issue and the Civil War were soon convulsing the nation, and Ingersoll played his part in both controversies. In 1867 he was appointed attorney-general of Illinois. Had he kept silence on religion, he might have been Governor. Dr. Moncure D. Conway held that he might even have become President. But he could no more help thinking and speaking on religion than he could help breathing. The arguments of Volney, Paine, Voltaire and other free-thinking writers had become a veritable part of his constitution.

He was about forty years old when he began the series of anti-religious lectures in which his most distinctive work is contained. He spoke on "Superstition," "The Foundations of Faith," "The Holy Bible," "The Mistakes of Moses," "Why I am an Agnostic." The effect of his lectures was electrical. For a while free-thought seemed almost popular. Thousands came to hear him. "He was, first of all," Dr. Kittredge tells us, "an orator. By dint of the orator's power and prestige did he lay claim upon contemporaries; and under the orator's almost fateful disadvantages must he lay claim upon posterity."

In controversy, Ingersoll shone. He could hold his own against all comers. On being asked whether he was afraid to meet certain of the clergy, he replied he would like to meet them all together. Single-handed he waged a magazine battle with Gladstone, Cardinal Manning and the Rev. Henry M. Field. "That the debate settled anything," comments the *New York Evening Post*, "will hardly be claimed. Ingersoll, for whom the rest were no match in swift, peppery dialectic, laid down brilliantly the orthodox dogma of agnosticism; the others variously stood by the Augustinian dialectic or took refuge in evasions that have since become usual." Of Gladstone's ponderous apologia, Huxley wrote to Ingersoll: "Gladstone's attack on you is one of the best things he has written. I do not think there is more than 50 per cent. more verbiage than necessary, nor any sentence with more than two meanings. If he goes on improving at this rate, he will be an English classic by the time he is ninety."

Throughout his remaining years, Ingersoll was the same valiant crusader. Humanitarian causes seldom appealed to him in vain. He spoke at the grave-sides of his friends. His "Testimonial to Walt Whitman," in 1890, enabled the latter to realize nearly nine hundred dollars. Worn out by his labors, he died smiling in 1899, in his sixty-seventh year. No man of his time, it has well been said, was better loved or more hated.

\* INGERSOLL: A BIOGRAPHICAL APPRECIATION. By Herman E. Kittredge. The Dresden Publishing Company, New York.

In the judgment of *The Evening Post*, Ingersoll just missed being first-rate. "Of the complexity of religious belief," it intimates, "he had no inkling. Creeds he regarded as deliberate impositions or frauds. Of what may be called the natural history of religion he had no conception. All this grew chiefly out of a defective historic sense and training." The same paper continues:

"His habit was to look at the past, barring a few heroes of the intellect, as simply wrong, regrettable, negligible. The unconscious processes that make manner, faith, patriotism, he neither understood nor even admitted. Error to him was always definite and personal, the offence of a given bigot, priest, or council. He never saw or admitted the inevitableness of much that outrages isolated common sense. Even more, the whole unconscious casuistry of religious profession was obscure to him. He could not see that it might actually be creditable to a man to hold,



THE NEW INGERSOLL STATUE

This monument to the noted agnostic, recently unveiled in Peoria, Illinois, in the presence of his widow, two daughters, and two grandsons, was designed by Fritz Triebel and paid for by donations from every State in the Union.

say, the Nicean creed with greater leniency than he himself held the latest dogmas of materialism. It is strange that so sympathetic and humorous a man should not have understood how cleverly life saves itself from the literal cruelty of creeds. When we say 'he that believeth not shall be damned,' we mean, of course, vague, distant, unbelievers, not kinsfolk, friends, fellow-townsmen. To the normal religious mind God is too great a gentleman to enforce his own laws with pedantic accuracy. Most of Ingersoll's polemic, in short, applied not to the average believer, but to the exceptional fanatic.

"Nor was his own position devoid of fanaticism. He stood on the doctrine of the conservation of energy and the indestructibility of matter. These ultimate verities, he felt, forbade all theological assumptions. That these dogmas of science failed to explain so primal a fact of experience as human consciousness and the significance of that default, he never really perceived. He simply tried to impose upon the world his own tough-minded and easy skepticism."

The New York *Times* takes a much less favorable view of Ingersoll. "He was a popular orator," it says, "but not of a high type. His main purpose was to undermine the religious beliefs of the people among whom he lived, and this he did in the name of 'Freedom.' The crusade in which he engaged was 'as big a piece of humbug as our history affords.'" *America*, the Roman Catholic weekly, comments in the same spirit:

"There was lately published in *The Evening Post* an appreciation of Robert Ingersoll that must have given pain to many of that paper's Christian readers. A eulogist of this noisy unbeliever credits him, for instance, with winning a victory over Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, and the Rev. Henry M. Field, by means of 'his swift, peppery dialectic,' which is at least a 'sentiment open to doubt'; but nothing is said of the late Father Lambert's effective use of the same weapon against Ingersoll himself. . . .

"Had Colonel Ingersoll kept to himself his rejection of all dogma, as many an unbeliever quite as sincere as he has done, he would have been of real service to his country; but this talented infidel proclaimed from the housetops, in season and out, his hostility to revealed religion. He even made his atheism pay. For multitudes bought tickets to hear his blasphemies and to laugh at his mockery of all that is most sacred.

"By destroying their belief in Christianity, Ingersoll did thousands of his fellow-citizens an irreparable wrong and seriously imperiled his country's future, for a nation of unbelievers can never be a great or an enduring nation."

Thus Ingersoll still troubles the world. And while the papers have been quarreling

over his memory, a publicist of national reputation, Senator La Follette, the insurgent Republican, has been paying Ingersoll a glowing tribute as one of the idols of his youth. In the campaign of 1876, he tells us, in his autobiographical story in *The American Magazine*, quoted in our pages last month, "Bob" Ingersoll came to Madison, Wisconsin, to speak. Young La Follette had heard of him for years. When he was a boy on a farm a relative had testified in a case in which Ingersoll had appeared as an attorney and had told vivid stories of the plea that Ingersoll had made. Then in the Spring of 1876 Ingersoll had delivered the Memorial Day address at Indianapolis. "It was widely printed shortly after it was delivered," says Senator La Follette, "and it startled and enthralled the whole country." He goes on to say:

"I remember that it was printed on a poster as large as a door and hung in the post-office at Madison. I can scarcely convey now, or even understand, the emotional effect the reading of it produced upon me. Oblivious of my surroundings, I read it with tears streaming down my face. It began, I remember:

"The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers."

"I was fairly entranced. He pictured the recruiting of the troops, the husbands and fathers with their families on the last evening, the lovers under the trees and the stars; then the beat of drums, the waving flags, the marching away; the wife at the turn of the lane holds her baby aloft in her arms—a wave of the hand and he has gone; then you see him again in the heat of the charge. It was wonderful, how it seized upon my youthful imagination."

When Ingersoll came to Madison, Senator La Follette crowded himself into the assembly chamber to hear him. He says he would not have missed that speech for every worldly thing he possessed. And he was not disappointed.

"Ingersoll possessed in high degree all the arts of the old-time oratory. He was witty, he was droll, he was eloquent: he was as full of sentiment as an old violin.

"A large, handsome man of perfect build, a face as round as a child's and a perfectly irresistible smile. Often, while speaking, he would pause, break into a smile, and the audience, in anticipation of what was to come, would follow

him in irresistible peals of laughter. I cannot remember much that he said, but the impression he made upon me was indelible.

"After that I got Ingersoll's books and never afterward lost an opportunity to hear him speak. He was the greatest orator, I think, that I ever heard; and the greatest of his lectures, I have always thought, was the one on 'Shakespeare.'

"Ingersoll had a tremendous influence upon me, as indeed he had upon many young men of that time. It was not that he changed my beliefs, but that he liberated my mind. Freedom was what he preached; he wanted the shackles off everywhere. He wanted men to think boldly about all things: he demanded intellectual and moral courage. He wanted men to follow wherever truth might lead them. He took a powerful hold upon my imagination; he was a rare, bold, heroic figure."

With this tribute of Senator La Follette's should be linked the appreciations of Thomas A. Edison, Andrew Carnegie, Andrew D. White and Thaddeus B. Wakeman, sent to the Ingersoll Monument Committee and printed in the *New York Truth Seeker*. "Some day, when the veil of superstition is lifted," says Edison, "Ingersoll will stand out as a great personality." Mr. Carnegie declares: "He was one of the most original characters I have ever had the privilege of knowing well, ranking even with Lincoln in some ways. He was certainly the greatest public orator I have ever heard." The former President of Cornell University writes:

"Tho differing from Colonel Ingersoll on various minor matters, I still retain respect and admiration for him as one who fought a great and good and brilliant fight for the rights of conscience, of free thought and free speech. . . . The unveiling of the statue is a noble and well-deserved tribute, and very glad was I to see in a recent number of *The Evening Post* the merits of that great man appreciated and spread before a large number of our fellow citizens who, a few years since, abhorred him."

Prof. Thaddeus B. Wakeman, for two generations a leader of the free-thought movement in America and a delegate to the recent Monist Congress in Hamburg, comments:

"This unveiling should reveal Ingersoll to the people of America and the world as the first great philosopher who sought to practically base a true and modern human life upon the true, real, Monistic universe of science. Thus as the herald and champion of the truth, which is almighty and must prevail, he became our last prophet, savior, and leader towards man's real 'heaven'—the earthly paradise he is to make on this planet."

## OUR NEW AMERICAN CARDINALS



HE creation of two new American cardinals, or of three, if the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, Mgr. Diomedé Falconio, be counted as American, clearly shows that while Americanism may be in the ascendant in the Vatican, Modernism is not. The two Archbishops honored,—Farley, of New York, and O'Connell, of Boston,—are both conservatives. Archbishop Ireland, who is known to be somewhat liberal and whom *The Independent* calls "the ablest and wisest of our archbishops," is passed by. All this betokens, in the judgment of one of Archbishop O'Connell's associates, "a crushing defeat for Modernism in this country, which has used as one of its specious arguments that American Catholic interests are

not understood or are ignored by the Vatican."

The Modernist element in Roman Catholicism has never revealed much strength in the United States, in spite of the fact that Protestantism is fermenting with radical ideas. "Modernism," Archbishop O'Connell declared not long ago, "has few if any open advocates in America." He added, however, a word of warning against "the school of perverse or misguided men who, arrogantly assuming a right not theirs, would reconcile the Catholic Church with what they imagine the modern age demands; who would reconcile at any cost Catholic philosophy with the principles of a realistic and rationalistic age; who would bend the inflexible truths of God to the spirit of an age that threatens to become godless; who would compromise Catholic spiritual and moral ideals to a 'matter-of-fact' age which demands tangible proof for even what transcends the power of the senses."

The consistently conservative course to which Roman Catholicism in America has held is felt to be one of the main sources of its strength. The church is credited with having instilled reverence for law, purity of life and respect for the sanctity of the marriage bond. When Cardinal Gibbons celebrated last June his golden jubilee as priest and his silver jubilee as cardinal, President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, ex-President Roosevelt, and many of the most distinguished men of the nation went to Baltimore to greet him. A new biography\* of Cardinal Gibbons by Allen S. Will is being sympathetically reviewed on all sides.

In no country, the *St. Louis Mirror* reminds us, has Roman Catholicism prospered as in the United States. And nothing, in the opinion of *The Mirror*, has helped the Church in the New World more than its dogma, its sense of certainty. "A rudderless quasi-intellectualism drifts into shelter of the Church authority against a fearsomely discerned storm of democracy erstwhile defeated of its rights and intentions, and a crass Materialism sees its hope of continuance in power, in the Church that dares to say the world is to be saved by men being good themselves rather than in making other people good. Rome knows what it wants. No other creed appears to



A PRINCE AMONG ECCLESIASTICAL ADMINISTRATORS

Churches, schools and institutions for the propagation of the faith have grown up in the archdiocese over which His Eminence John Murphy Farley presides—New York—at a rate proving to the whole Catholic world his genius for organization and his zeal for the Church.

\* LIFE OF JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. By Allen S. Will, A.M., Litt.D. John Murphy Company, Baltimore and New York.

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A PAPAL DIPLOMATIST WHOSE FAME ECLIPSES ANTONELLI'S

His Eminence Diomede Falconio proves by his skill in negotiation that the great days of Vatican diplomacy are not permanently past. As representative of the Pope in Washington he won all hearts with his charm and all praise with his tact.

know." *The Mirror* goes on to speak of the future of Roman Catholicism in these terms:

"Rome's concern is for souls hereafter and Materialism will let Rome have such souls as it can save, provided Materialism can have the corn and wine and oil. That essentially the Roman idea is at war with Materialism, we may admit. It asserts that it is difficult for the rich man to enter heaven—difficult, but presumably not impossible—but the rich man wants all he can get here and Rome sets its face against his dispossession by any means other than the power of grace working in his own heart. Materialism will wait for grace, not seek it. Therefore the Catholic Church has come to stand, in the opinion of the 'best people'—in their own opinion—as their only hope of security against broadening democracy and the determination of the many to distribute a little more of heaven here and now. These best people do not exactly understand the Church. There is in her a core of democracy, a certain well-defined sympathy with the human heart, an adaptability to conditions that not seldom has manifested itself in rebuke of the worldly powers. These things in the spirit of the Church may have their play in the solution of the social question and not on the side of the

materialists. . . . With four [American] cardinals and maybe more, there will probably be transmitted to Rome a wider synthesis of view upon public questions here, as a result of which our proposed reforms shall not be misunderstood as projected revolutions. The cardinals concerned for the glory of their Church are not going to prejudice its cause by opposition to the will of the people in the orderly expression thereof. The Church here will not go into politics when it has had such recent unpleasant experience of its identification with politics in France, in Spain, in Portugal. Its ablest men seek no union of Church and State. They seek, the best of them, 'the greater honor and glory of God,' and their political expressions, when they make any, are their own and not those of the Church. The recent reform in the scheme of parish incorporations is an incident indicating anything but a dangerous tendency away from democratization. The new cardinals give the United States more representation in the college. They will leaven that body with Americanism, which is distinct from Modernism, not as to theological matters, but as to the relations of the Church to a great government in which political authority comes from the people and from the people only."



A GREAT LIVING CHURCHMAN OF THE PIOUS SCHOOL

The new cardinal whose see is Boston and whose name is William H. O'Connell, belongs to that type of anti-Modernist ecclesiastics whom Pius X. finds so precious.

## THE QUESTIONABLE METHODS OF TRADE-UNIONISM

**T**WO main charges have been constantly made against trade-unionism: first, that it encourages violence in labor disputes, and, second, that by its efforts to force "the closed shop" in factories it tends to make industrial freedom in any real sense impossible. Mr. Clarence Darrow, attorney for the MacNamara brothers now on trial in Los Angeles, and a life-long champion of the labor cause, has lately had something to say on both of these points. In an interview with a representative of the *New York World*, he seems almost to defend the use of violent methods. "Suppose," he says, "they do arrest a few more labor leaders and that they are all convicted, and the prosecution gets its feast of blood—what then? Will that remove the causes of the trouble?" "But if a criminal conspiracy to do violence in industrial disputes has existed," Mr. Darrow was asked, "would you not put a check on it?" He responded: "Certainly I would, but how? Is there no cause for such conditions if they exist? Find that cause, and remove it. Men are only men now and always. They act, generally, as circumstances compel them to act, and no great wrong was ever righted simply by killing men." He continued:

"This MacNamara affair, even under the theory of the State, the Moyer-Haywood affair, the violence charged in the great Pennsylvania coal strike, are, on final analysis, only incidents. You cannot avoid them in the struggles of hundreds of thousands of men. And because there are violent acts committed is no reason for condemning the efforts of the organizations that are fighting honestly to improve the conditions of men.

"Why, you might as well say that the murders and excesses of the religious wars, done in the name of the church, were committed by Christianity!

"There is, it is true, a popular impression that in the trial of this case union labor is being tried. In the case of James B. McNamara, he is simply a bubble on the sea, an insignificant incident thrown up by great events.

"Back of him—I do not mean responsible for him—stands his brother, awaiting trial. With him you have the question whether one officer of one labor organization is or is not guilty of countenancing and encouraging violence and murder.

"If he should be proved guilty, do you suppose for an instant that the carpenters or the blacksmiths or any other organization of workingmen

would disband, or even the structural iron workers themselves? A conviction might have a temporary effect upon a movement (which itself is only an incident in the adjustment of industrial relations), but not a serious effect, nor for long."

Mr. Darrow takes up the matter of "the closed shop" in an article in *The American Magazine*, and says that he regards it as the most vital issue of trade-unionism at the present time. "It is around this issue," he remarks, "that capital and labor have gradually closed in. Wages, hours, trade agreements have been fought for and won; the outer fortifications in the struggle between capital and labor conceded; but the closed shop is the master's final citadel of refuge, its possession most eagerly desired, most violently opposed."

No one, Mr. Darrow concedes, can maintain that the closed shop is ideally right. Few institutions, if any, are ideally conceived; they are only right or wrong in relation to the times which brought them forth and the conditions of life which surround them. The argument proceeds:

"The employer says he will employ union men, but he must have the right to employ non-union men as well. He says, shall a man be deprived of the right to work because he does not belong to a union?

"On the face of it, this position of the employer seems fair and right, and under an ideal system of society or method of business which did not control employers and workmen alike, no employer would be justified in asking whether a man was a member of a union any more than he can ask to-day whether he is a member of a church. But this question, like all others, must be examined in the light of conditions, and whether the demand is reasonable on the part of the union depends entirely upon the industrial life under which workingmen live.

"Theoretically there is nothing but words in the statement that a man has the right to work whether he belongs to a union or not. This statement is generally strengthened by adding the word 'inalienable'—which sounds well when found in the Declaration of Independence, but really means nothing there or anywhere else. An inalienable right is one which cannot be taken away, and it is plain that under the present conditions of work no such right exists; for a man's work can be taken away. This inalienable right to work is insisted upon by those who have appropriated all the coal, ore and lumber, who control all the factories and railroads, and who have left the workman with nothing but his hands. And yet men cannot labor with-

out an opportunity to apply their hands to these very bounties of nature; to these same materials from which things are made. Neither can there be an inalienable right to work without a place to work. Neither the Government nor those who declaim the loudest or insist the most have ever furnished the workmen an inalienable place to work. The inalienable right to work means simply the inalienable right of the employer, without let or hindrance, to go into the open market and bid for labor on the hardest terms."

If the employer has a right to get his workmen on the terms most profitable to him, then the worker, Mr. Darrow argues, has a right to determine how he will work and whom he will work with. The reasons that appeal to a union man for not working with a non-union man are obvious, but "were it prejudice and nothing else," Mr. Darrow contends, "he would have a right to indulge his prejudice, provided he was able to make terms with the employer, or should refuse to work for any employer who would not recognize his claim. Men instinctively love the society of others of their kind whether in work or in play, and the man who desires the society of his companions must arrange his life so that his associates are content to live with him." Mr. Darrow goes on to say:

"In this world men are crucified not because they are good or because they are bad, but because they differ from their fellows. Trade-unionists have for centuries believed they were upholding the rights of men, protecting the welfare of their class and promoting the interests of their homes; that without the union shop their liberty and their independence would be gone. They have come to regard non-union men not only as the enemies of their homes, the destroyers of their families, but as traitors to their class; as men who seek to undermine and destroy the organization which protects them, and therefore in the nature of things there is a constant feud between them. This is not a fact in trade-unionism alone, but a deep abiding fact in human life. In its last analysis it is the law of self-defense; and the employers have exactly the same feeling toward one of their members who gives his influence to the other side. Both feel that the offending man is disloyal to his class, and, tho in both instances the offenders may be acting from the highest motives, they must pay the penalty of disloyalty. They must be regarded as traitors. And just so long as industry is carried on by two classes in hostile camps this feeling must continue with both."

The history of trade-unionism, Mr. Darrow concludes, is the history of the progress of the common people toward the comparative in-

dependence they now enjoy; it is one long tale of struggles, defeats and victories, and every step in their progress has been fought against stubborn and powerful opposition, and at the greatest human cost. To-day "the demand for the closed shop is the only means that experience has shown to be essential to protect the liberty workingmen have already won, and to give them some chance for the other triumphs yet to be theirs."

"The open shop furnishes, and always has furnished, the best possible means of destroying the organization of the men. The closed shops are the only sure protection for the trade agreements and for the defense of the individual. When the master is left to hire or discharge either union or non-union men as he sees fit, he naturally discharges the man that he thinks most hostile to his business and employs the one that will be subservient to his will. This does not come from the inherent or natural hardness of the master, but from the hard facts of life. The master naturally discharges those who are most active in the unions, who interfere the most with his business, who are ever agitating for higher wages, who are insisting on better conditions and shorter hours. He does this for his own protection, and he naturally employs those who are most complaisant, those who have given the most hostages to fortune and who cannot afford to lose their jobs; those whom he can bring to be dependent upon his will. The business officer, the agitator, the walking delegate, is the last to be chosen. And when times are hard and some one must go, such men must walk the plank; while the complaisant man, the ready tool, the non-union man is kept. In every employment there are always reasons for dismissal. In the management of complex affairs, accidents and mistakes occur. Under the open shop it is easy to find reasons for discharging the union man, to fix the blame for mistakes upon him, and it is likewise easy to find reasons for replacing him with a non-union man.

"In reality the open shop means only the open door through which the union man goes out and the non-union man comes in to take his place."

Mr. Darrow's article has been widely discussed, and appeals to *The California Outlook* as a notable document—"clear, condensed and stirring." At the same time, this California paper avers, if the closed shop is essential to unionism, then unionism is anti-social, dangerous and intrinsically wrong.

*The Boston Transcript* is of the same mind, and finds the weak point in Mr. Darrow's argument in his failure to take account of the obvious rights of the non-union men in the premises, and of the evident danger from the

union monopoly of the labor supply. It comments:

"The right of the non-unionist to hold aloof from the organization of his class for any reason whatever must be respected and defended. Coercive tactics to promote the spread of trade-unionism cannot be tolerated in a free country. Moreover, no organization, however beneficent, can hope to become all-inclusive in its membership. The Church, the State and the family are fundamental social institutions, yet there will always be non-Churchmen and non-voters, and bachelors and spinsters. Similarly, there will always be non-unionists. Indeed, the presence of a body of non-union workers outside the ranks

of organized labor is desirable, in order to keep the latter on its good behavior.

"The general establishment of a closed shop régime throughout the field of industry would mean arbitrary control of the right to labor by irresponsible private associations. The success of the closed shop campaign would bring about an intolerable industrial monopoly. If restriction is to be placed upon the right to take employment, this should be done through the agency of the State, and not through that of organized labor. The most practical suggestion thus far offered toward the solution of this troublesome difficulty of the open versus the closed shop is the preferential shop recently proposed by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis."

## JANE ADDAMS' CALL TO A NEW CRUSADE.



HAT a great moral movement, no less significant than the agitation against slavery, is now being born in this country, is the conviction of Jane Addams.

The new crusade is directed against the so-called "social evil," and finds expression in articles, pamphlets and novels, as well as in such notable reports as that\* of the Chicago Vice Commission. This last-named document was for a while excluded from transmission through the mails, but the official blunder was later corrected. Reginald Wright Kauffman, author of "The House of Bondage," regards the report as the greatest work of its kind ever published. He says:

"My hope [in this problem] is better wages for women. It is all we can do; all that will help in any way. Arrest for the woman is futile. Prosecution of the property owner is rarely of any value, and court records show that it is seldom had. Inevitably these women and girls are driven to the easiest way. Society looks the other way and refuses to discuss the question, and England is the only place I have been in the civilized world where it may even be spoken of by intelligent people. There it is now discussed just as is disease, and this is the great awakening."

The attitude of the Vice Commission is conveyed in the words:

"We may enact laws; we may appoint commissions; we may abuse civic administrations for

their handling of the problem; but the problem will remain just as long as the public conscience is dead to the issue or is indifferent to its solution. . . .

"Commissions may be appointed. However valuable their findings and recommendations may be, unless the public insist no changes in the situation will obtain.

"The social evil in its worst phases may be repressed. So long as there is lust in the hearts of men, it will seek out some method of expression. Until the hearts of men are changed we can hope for no absolute annihilation of the social evil. Religion and education alone can correct the greatest curse which to-day rests upon mankind. For this there is a mighty work for agencies and institutions of righteousness in our land."

The analogy between the present movement and the movement for the abolition of slavery holds good, Miss Addams feels, at many points. In the first place, she points out that long before slavery was finally declared illegal there were international regulations of its traffic, State and federal legislation concerning its extension, and many extra-legal attempts to control its abuses; quite as we have the international regulations concerning the "white slave" traffic, the State and interstate legislation for its repression, and an extra-legal power in connection with it, so universally given to the municipal police that the possession of this power has become one of the great sources of corruption in every American city. In the days of the campaign against slavery, private individuals acted independently of the State in establishing the underground railroad and in helping individual slaves; just as now persons philanthropic-

\* THE SOCIAL EVIL IN CHICAGO. A Study of Existing Conditions with Recommendations by the Vice Commission of Chicago, a Municipal Body appointed by the Mayor and the City Council of the City of Chicago and Submitted as its Report to the Mayor and City Council of Chicago. Chairman: Dean Walter T. Sumner, 117 North Peoria Street, Chicago.

ally inclined found "rescue homes" and preventive associations. Before the Civil War broke out, an army of reformers, lecturers and writers set forth the enormity of slavery in a never-ceasing flow of invective and appeal. To-day Miss Addams discerns the scouts and outposts of a similar army advancing against the existing evil—physicians and sanitarians who look at the question from a medical point of view; teachers and lecturers who are appealing to the moral natures of thousands of young people; a growing literature, not only biological and didactic, but of a popular type more closely approaching "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Three groups stand out among those who are newly aroused to action in regard to the social evil. There are many who would endeavor to regulate it and believe they can minimize its action. Still larger numbers would eliminate all trafficking of unwilling victims in connection with it. Yet others believe that as a quasi-legal institution it may be absolutely abolished. Miss Addams writes (in *McClure's Magazine*):

"Perhaps the analogy to the abolition of slavery is most striking in that these groups, in their varying points of view, are like those earlier associations which differed widely in regard to chattel slavery. Only the so-called extremists, in the first instance, stood for abolition, and they were continually told that what they proposed was clearly impossible. The legal and commercial obstacles, bulked large, were placed before them, and it was confidently asserted that the blame for the historic existence of slavery lay deep within human nature itself. Yet gradually all of these associations reached the point of view of the abolitionist, and before the war was over even the most lukewarm unionists saw no other solution of the nation's difficulty. Some such gradual conversion to the point of view of abolition is the experience of every society or group of people who seriously face the difficulties and complications of the social evil. Certainly the national organizations, such as the National Vigilance Committee, the American Purity Federation, and the American Alliance for the Suppression and Prevention of the White Slave Traffic, stand for the final abolition of commercialized vice. Local vice commissions, such as the able one recently appointed in Chicago, altho composed of members of varying beliefs in regard to the possibility of control and regulation, united, in the end, in recommending a law enforcement looking toward final abolition. Even the most skeptical of Chicago citizens, after reading the fearless document, shared the hope of the commission that 'the city, when aroused to the truth, would instantly rebel against the social evil in all its phases.' A similar recommendation

of ultimate abolition was recently made unanimous by the Minneapolis Vice Commission, after the conversion of many of its members. Certainly all of the national societies have before them a task only less gigantic than that faced by those earlier associations in America for the suppression of slavery, altho it may be legitimate to remind them that the best-known anti-slavery society in America was organized by the New England abolitionists in 1836, and only thirty-six years later, in 1872, was formally disbanded because its object had been accomplished. The long struggle ahead of these newer associations may also claim its martyrs and its heroes. Few righteous causes have escaped baptism with blood, and, if one may paraphrase Lincoln's speech, if blood were exacted drop by drop in measure to the tears of anguished mothers and enslaved girls, the nation would still be obliged to go into the struggle."

In the fact that the mere contemplation of the social evil throws the more sensitive men and women among our contemporaries into a state of indignant revolt, Miss Addams finds one of the most striking signs of an awakening moral consciousness. "It is doubtless an instinctive shrinking from this emotion," she says, "and an unconscious dread that this modern sensitiveness will be outraged, which justifies to themselves so many moral men and women in their persistent ignorance of the subject." The next step is to direct this moral indignation into proper channels.

At the present time, almost everyone agrees that, first and foremost, the organized traffic in what has come to be called "white slaves" must be suppressed, and that those traffickers who procure their victims for purely commercial purposes must be arrested and prosecuted. In Chicago, systematic work along this line has been carried on for years. Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney, and Clifford Roe, his assistant and successor, have investigated hundreds of cases and have successfully prosecuted a great number of white slave traders. In 1908 Illinois passed the first pandering law in this country, changing the offense from disorderly conduct to a misdemeanor and greatly increasing the penalty.

Throughout recent discussions in Congress of the white slave traffic, beginning with the Howell-Bennett act in 1907, it has been evident that the subject was closely allied to immigration; and when the Immigration Commission made a partial report to Congress in 1909 upon the "importation and harboring of women for immoral purposes," their finding only emphasized the earlier report of the

Commissioner-General of Immigration. He had traced the international traffic directly to New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, New Orleans, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, Ogden and Butte. "As the list of cities was comparatively small," Miss Addams comments, "it seemed not unreasonable to hope that the international traffic might be rigorously prosecuted, with the prospect of finally doing away with it, in spite of its subtle methods, its multiplied ramifications and its financial resources." She continues:

"Only officials of vigorous conscience can deal with this traffic, but one certainly can imagine no nobler service for federal and State officers to undertake than this protection of immigrant girls. It is obvious that a foreign girl who speaks no English, who has not the remotest idea in what part of the city her fellow countrymen live, who does not know the police station or any agency to which she may apply, is almost as valuable to a white slave trafficker as a girl imported directly for the trade. The cadet makes every effort to intercept such a girl before she can communicate with her relatives. Altho great care is taken at Ellis Island, and a girl's destination is carefully indicated upon her ticket and her friends communicated with, after she boards the train the governmental protection is withdrawn, and many untoward experiences may befall a girl between New York and her final destination. Only this year, a Polish mother of the Hull-House neighborhood failed to find her daughter on a New York train upon which she had been notified to expect her, because the girl had been induced to leave the train at South Chicago, where she was met by two young men, one of them a clever cadet well known to the police, and the other a young Pole purporting to have been sent by the girl's mother."

Miss Addams goes on to cite a number of instances of girls swept almost to ruin by reason of their ignorance and ingenuousness. There was Marie, a French girl, who came to this country under the impression that she was a member of a theatrical troupe. There was Olga, a Swedish girl, who was unfortunate enough to be both beautiful and friendless. There was a Milwaukee factory girl who longed for a home and who came to Chicago to marry a man who had made, as she thought, an honorable proposal, but who actually intended to deliver her into a "house of bondage." It is strange, Miss Addams thinks, that "we are so slow to learn that no one can safely live without companionship and affection, that the individual who tries the hazardous experiment of going without at least one

of them is prone to be swamped by a black mood from within. It is as if we had to build little islands of affection in the vast sea of impersonal forces, lest we be overwhelmed by them. Yet we know that in every large city there are hundreds of men whose business it is to discover girls thus hard pressed by loneliness and despair, to urge upon them the old excuse that 'no one will care what you do,' to fill them with cheap cynicism concerning the value of virtue, all to the end that a business profit may be secured."

The bulk of the white slave traffic, Miss Addams tells us, is drawn from the youth of the community; the social evil, ancient tho it may be, must be renewed in our generation through its younger members. "It is safe to predict," she says, "that in time the lives and temptations of these boyish victims, as well as those of the girls, will be placed before the public by that group of vigorous writers who have begun to investigate the white slave traffic." She concludes:

"These investigators of the social evil, these pioneers in a new field of corruption, make it clear that the white slave market is being extended not only in the direction of supply, but also in that of demand; that procured girls represent a risked capital upon which it is necessary to induce men, by every possible means, to spend money, that a satisfactory rate of interest may be secured. The writing upon this subject in America is at present in the pamphleteering stage, altho an ever-increasing number of short stories and novels deal with it, some of them approximating the plays through which Bernard Shaw constantly places the truth before the public in England, as Brieux is doing for the public in France. Both playwrights produce in the spectators a disquieting sense that society is involved in commercialized vice and must speedily find a way out. Such writing is like the roll of the drum which announces the approach of the troops ready for action. Since the death of Ibsen, Tolstoy and Zola, the Germans alone seem able to incorporate the theme into genuine literature. Certainly Sudermann, Helene Böhlau and Elsa Gerusalem have forever rescued the so-called 'fallen' woman from the false sentimental-ity of an impossible Camille."

"Some of the writers who are performing this valiant service are related to those great artists who, in every age, enter into a long struggle with existing social conditions, until after many years they change the outlook upon life for at least a handful of their contemporaries. Their readers find themselves no longer mere bewildered spectators of a social wrong, but conscious of their own hypocrisy in regard to it, participants in a hidden horror which had come to seem normal."

## MR. BALFOUR'S OBJECTIONS TO BERGSON'S PHILOSOPHY



WHEN a former Prime Minister of England is in controversy with the leading philosophic thinker of our day over the deepest questions of human life and destiny, it behooves all the world to listen. From such discussion, if from any, truth should proceed. Mr. Balfour's essay on "Creative Evolution and Philosophic Doubt" in the current *Hibbert Journal* is his latest effort in a field that has engaged his attention for upward of thirty years. M. Bergson's entry into the philosophic domain is recent and more dramatic, but already gives promise of exerting permanent influence.

As a defender of "philosophic doubt," in 1879, Mr. Balfour's voice was first heard. What he meant to convey by that phrase was not doubt in the religious sense, but doubt in regard to the value of the agnostic philosophy then being promulgated by "naturalistic" thinkers of the type of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. He pointed out the logical difficulties of his opponents, and in "Foundations of Belief" furnished arguments that defenders of religion were quick to appropriate. He felt that naturalism was but a half-truth. With philosophical idealism, the foe of naturalism, he has grown increasingly sympathetic, yet, he tells us, he is not an idealist. He has what the *London Spectator* calls "a curious businesslike standpoint in thought." Science, he urges, rests on many unprovable postulates, which we accept not for their logic, but for their "values." Why not grant the same privilege to speculation which looks beyond the material world? He offers no system, but only a suggestion toward a provisional explanation—an explanation, be it noted, not so much of things themselves as of our modes of thought. Mr. Balfour is always a humanist.

So much it is necessary to understand in order to appreciate the mental attitude in which the ex-Premier approaches Bergson. The two thinkers have points of resemblance and also of great difference. They are both the products of the same time-spirit. They have both worked their way through naturalism and idealism. They would both deny, that is to say, that the world can be explained either on the basis of its material phenomena or on the hypothesis that it is the expression of Infinite Spirit. But at this point the paths

of the two seem to diverge. Mr. Balfour remains a great deal of a critic and a skeptic. Bergson has gone on to more positive conclusions.

According to Bergson, the key to the world-riddle is the phrase "creative evolution." The French thinker believes in a God, a "Super-Consciousness," an *élan vital*; but his God is limited by matter. He tries to show that creation is going on all the time. This creative process, he says, is apprehended by intuition, rather than by reason, and, in the very nature of things, it is *free*. No one can tell what will come of it.

Mr. Balfour, while acknowledging the immense suggestiveness of this point of view and the skill with which it is presented, has two serious objections to raise. Where, he asks, does Bergson get his "Super-Consciousness" in the first place, and why is this Super-Consciousness conceived as creating without plan or purpose?

The writing of Bergson, Mr. Balfour complains, has all the charms and audacities, as well as the faults, of a work of art. We are never quite sure whether he is reasoning like a scientist or dreaming like a mystic. He postulates, for instance, consciousness as the *prius*, or inevitable antecedent, of all that is, both physical and mental. But how does he reach this conclusion? "Even if it be granted," says Mr. Balfour, "and by naturalistic thinkers it will not be granted, that life always carries with it a trace of freedom or contingency, and that this grows greater as organisms develop, why should we therefore suppose that life existed before its first humble beginnings on this earth, why should we call in super-consciousness?" Mr. Balfour continues:

"M. Bergson regards matter as the dam which keeps back the rush of life. Organize it a little (as in the Protozoa)—i. e., slightly raise the sluice—and a little life will squeeze through. Organize it elaborately (as in man)—i. e., raise the sluice a good deal—and much life will squeeze through. Now this may be a very plausible opinion if the flood of life be really there, beating against matter till it forces an entry through the narrow slit of undifferentiated protoplasm. But is it there? Science modestly professing ignorance, can stumble along without it; and I question whether philosophy, with only scientific data to work upon, can establish its reality.

"In truth, when we consider the manner in

which M. Bergson uses his science to support his metaphysic, we are reminded of the familiar theistic argument from design, save that most of the design is left out. Theologians were wont to point to the marvelous adjustments with which the organic world abounds, and ask whether such intelligent contrivances did not compel belief in an intelligent contriver. The argument evidently proceeds on the principle that when all imaginable physical explanations fail, appeal may properly be made to an explanation which is metaphysical. Now, I do not say that this is either bad logic or bad philosophy; but I do say that it supplies no solid or immutable basis for a metaphysic. Particular applications of it are always at the mercy of new scientific discovery. Applications of the greatest possible plausibility were, as we all know, made meaningless by Darwin's discovery. Adaptations which seemed to supply conclusive proofs of design were found to be explicable, at least in the first instance, by natural selection. What has happened before may happen again. . . . We feel the peril of basing our beliefs upon a kind of ignorance which may at any moment be diminished or removed."

The second criticism pierces just as deep. Bergson's interpretation of the universe is essentially spiritual. It is even religious in the sense in which Mr. Balfour defines a religious system, namely, that it is one in which "God, or whatever in the system corresponds to God," takes sides. But what is the purpose of Bergson's God? Mr. Balfour writes:

"My difficulty is increased by the reflection that free consciousness pursues no final end, it follows no predetermined design. It struggles, it expends itself in effort, it stretches ever towards completer freedom, but it has no plans. Now, when we are dealing with a fragment of this consciousness embodied in a human being, we regard ourselves as having 'explained' his action when we have obtained a rough idea of his objects and of his opportunities. We know, of course, that our explanation must be imperfect; we know ourselves to be ignorant of innumerable elements required for a full comprehension of the problem. But we are content with the best that can be got—and this 'best,' be it observed, is practically the same whether we believe in determinism or believe in free will. Of primordial consciousness, however, we know neither the objects nor the opportunities. It follows no designs, it obeys no laws."

Bergson intimates that the motives of Super-Consciousness are a desire to promote greater efficiency and the joy of creation. Are there no other "values," Mr. Balfour asks, in addition to these quasi-esthetic and quasi-moral qualities? Creative will, he goes on to argue,

must be the will to do something; greater efficiency means a more perfect adaptation to something. The naturalist and the idealist both have a right to make this objection, the former in the interest of logical consistency, the latter for the sake of a richer human content. Mr. Balfour concludes:

"In Bergson's philosophy super-consciousness is so indeterminate that it is not permitted to hamper itself with any purpose more definite than that of self-augmentation. It is ignorant not only of its course but of its goal; and for the sufficient reason that, in M. Bergson's view, these things are not only unknown but unknowable. But is there not a certain incongruity between the substance of such a philosophy and the sentiments associated with it by its author? Creation, freedom, will—these doubtless are great things; but we cannot lastingly admire them unless we know their drift. We cannot, I submit, rest satisfied with what differs so little from the haphazard; joy is no fitting consequent of efforts which are so nearly aimless. If values are to be taken into account, it is surely better to invoke God with a purpose than super-consciousness with none."

The London *Spectator* reports this vital controversy without committing itself to either side of the argument. The London *Nation* takes up the cudgels in behalf of Bergson. Mr. Balfour's article, it says, shows his agile tenuity of thought to perfection. "Here the philosophic doubter claims to come out of his cave, greeting with lively welcome the great liberator of our time, accepting his main doctrine of the *élan vital*, the free creative activity, moulding all organic life, incomprehensible by science and amenable only to immediate intuition. Delicately poisoning himself between naturalism and idealism, he takes in his hands the fine fruitful hypothesis of Bergson, and putting it back upon the inclined plane of intellectualism from which its author has so carefully removed it, gently pushes it over a precipice of thought and leaves it broken at the bottom—professing all the while to foster and befriend it."

When Mr. Balfour complains that Bergson's God is not sufficiently "purposive," he misses, according to *The Nation*, the very feature that gives the philosophy of creative evolution its significance and its fascination. For Bergson is nothing if he is not fluid; his banner bears the device: "All life is novelty." *The Nation* continues:

"A freely creative energy does not satisfy the demands of Mr. Balfour. He, therefore, seeks to destroy the whole significance of M. Bergson's

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speculation by inviting us to push it into the regions of teleology, i. e., to cripple the creative spontaneity of the *élan vital* by tying a 'plan' to its tail. He complains that the 'free consciousness' of M. Bergson's vital energy 'pursues no final end, it follows no predetermined design.' It ought, he thinks, to have a 'goal.' But this philosophy of the football field negates the whole meaning of M. Bergson's thought. To prescribe a goal, a definite plan, is to cancel the freedom of the creative art. When the goal is reached, the design executed, what then? Moreover, in the detailed execution of a plan the freedom of creation disappears. In taking the analogy of art and applying it to the 'urge of the world,' M. Bergson is rightly concerned, not with the execution, but with the creative process. In the art of creation an artist or poet cannot be conceived as carrying out some clearly preconceived plan or design; it is the design or form that is the very subject of his creative energy; each step in its creation is a movement of his soul in free response to the current inspiration of the moment.

"It follows no designs, it obeys no laws," says Mr. Balfour. The latter criticism, however, is untrue of creative evolution; it does obey the laws of its own creative nature. It does not 'follow' a design, because it makes the design as it goes along. Mr. Balfour apparently thinks by pressing creative evolution into the mould of personality to buttress up some cause of theological orthodoxy. But all he would achieve, by his goal, plan, or design, is the restoration of the old Calvinistic tyranny of a predestination which would shove us back into the grip of a determinism not less rigorous and ethically more degrading than that of the scientific naturalism which he abhors. If evolution be the execution of a pre-conceived design (it matters not by whom or what), science once more assumes her unchallenged sway over the whole area of organic life and conduct, promising by patient research to discover every law, and so to explain the complete design of the Creative Spirit. Mr. Balfour, even from his standpoint of orthodoxy or reaction, would have done better to have left alone this central thesis of M. Bergson."

## THE SECRET OF INFLUENCE

**N**O ONE can go through life, James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, has lately observed, without noticing that there are persons whose gift for attracting and influencing others is greater than their power of intellect or force of will seems to account for. So, too, no one can read history without becoming aware of the fact that brilliancy and commanding personality have often been outstripped by gifts of a much less showy sort. Something other than striking intellect and strong will would seem to go to the making of the thing we call influence. What is it?

In answering this question, Mr. Bryce begins by admitting that in the case of many of those who have been foremost in the sphere of action or in that of thought, intellectual force, coupled with force of character, or even perhaps taken alone, sufficiently explains the ascendancy they have exercised. "When a man appears," he says, "so conspicuously fit to lead and rule that he succeeds in all he undertakes, a man like Trajan, or Constantine, or Richelieu, or Cromwell, or George Washington, or Bismarck, not to speak of such extraordinary beings as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, the mere fact that he has been successful and that he actually exerts immense power dazzles the eyes and subjugates the wills of other men, whether or not

they come into direct contact with him. They are ready not only to obey him, but to believe that what he does is right and that what he says is true, just because he says it and does it. Such is the prestige of success." So also a great thinker whose ideas penetrate and stir men's hearts becomes, when he is widely read and discussed, a shining figure and a guiding force to many who know little or nothing of him as a person. He has given the impression of greatness, and "greatness is so rare, and the average man is so glad to get some sort of leading, that he is ready to accept what his leader of thought tells him, merely on the *ipse dixit* of the leader." Luther, Calvin, Rousseau, Mazzini and Leo Tolstoy are cited as men who exercised this sort of power. They cast a spell over humanity quite irrespective of their own personal characters. Persons so unlike one another as Saint Thomas Aquinas, Thomas Carlyle and Dr. Phillips Brooks moved by their written or printed words persons ignorant of the lives, characters and careers of each of them. "Their virtues or their failings," Mr. Bryce remarks, "made no difference. It was the voice, not the man; and the thoughts were their own best credentials." Mr. Bryce continues (in *Chambers's Journal*):

"When the thinker or prophet is also a leader whose own life illustrates and justifies his words, the effect he produces is both more widespread

and more intensified. This is especially the case with the great religious teachers or reformers. They must be, if they are to succeed, men who live up to their ideas. They must be seen to be penetrated by their convictions, and to have such faith in them as to face danger and even death for their sake. The prophet who blanches in the moment of supreme trial is lost. If Luther had submitted at the Diet of Worms, his arguments would have remained just what they were before, but his personal influence would have vanished. The death of Socrates consecrated him to posterity, and the unparalleled stimulus he gave to philosophy and to morality derived its force not merely from the profundity of his thought, but also from the example of his whole career and his constancy to the end."

Turning from the great luminaries of history to ordinary life and daily experience, Mr. Bryce points out that there are at least four elements that give a man a direct personal influence among his neighbors in city or country. The first is intellectual independence and initiative. The second is tenacity of purpose. The third is sound judgment. The last is sympathy. No one of these qualities, Mr. Bryce reminds us, is rare. Each of them may be possessed by persons little above the average. But they are rare in combination, and "it is the combination of the power of inspiring personal attachment with the power of diffusing the impression of independent force that especially makes a man the center of a group or a multitude that is ready to think and feel and act with him." Mr. Bryce proceeds:

"We have all known such persons. Sometimes their sphere may be a narrow one, yet the qualities which made others gather to them are just as visible in the small as they would have been in a larger area. I remember two instances in two English cities, instances dissimilar in some ways, but both illustrative of the springs of authority and attraction. One was a person of singular firmness and sagacity, a man of few words, but kindly in his quiet way, and ready to help those who sought either counsel or any other help from him. He had no ambition, and refused all the honors and all the posts of prominence that were offered to him. But everybody who was anybody knew him and trusted him, and to quote his opinion was in that city better than to quote the views of all the officials and all the newspapers. That he said a thing was enough. The other was a lady who had devoted herself to philanthropic work with an inexhaustible ardor and tenderness. Her judgment was sometimes at fault, but the charm of her earnestness and the atmosphere of fervid aspiration which she diffused drew disciples and followers around her, eager to hang on her words and do her bidding.

Unselfish ideality and zeal, coupled with sympathy, were the spring of influence in this instance, as wisdom and force, coupled with uprightness, were in the other."

In bringing his inquiry to an end, Mr. Bryce reverts to the cases of great men and notes how the same qualities found operative among ordinary people operate on a large scale to give power to famous leaders. He names, in American history, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The first had the influence which belongs to the man that stands out as the most clear and cogent creator and expounder of a logical body of doctrine which a great party embraces and fights for. The second had the influence which follows a majestic intellect, a striking countenance and a splendid gift of oratory. But "neither of these men," Mr. Bryce comments, "exerted that special kind of influence which wins devotion from the followers and makes them rejoice to follow." Henry Clay stood intellectually beneath Calhoun and Webster, but he had the gift they lacked. He drew people by a personal quality that was irrespective either of will or of intelligence; he possessed the genius of personal magnetism.

Among the illustrious ones of the distant past who possessed the same sort of power, Mr. Bryce mentions Ignatius Loyola and Saint Francis of Assisi. Ignatius was a man of such intense conviction that he energized all with whom he came in contact. In Saint Francis, religious and humanitarian emotion swelled into so full a tide that it overflowed into the souls of others. There is no more remarkable instance of the power of personality than that exerted by Giuseppe Mazzini. He had the temperament of the prophet, an intense faith in his own beliefs, an unselfish devotion to his own ideals, a fortitude nothing could daunt; and he kept the light of Italian patriotism alive through twenty years of trial, discouragement and repeated failure. Mr. Bryce concludes:

"Force, fervor, intensity—these are the qualities which have given their power to great leaders in all the movements by which the world has been swayed. Sometimes they have been present in men who left so little written memorial or whose efforts were so foiled by adverse circumstance that we can note only the fact that they must have been remarkable because their contemporaries admired and followed them. They possessed the secret of influence, tho we cannot tell how they manifested it. They are among the riddles of history."

# Music and Drama

## "DISRAELI"—LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER'S THRILLING PLAY OF EMPIRE AND INTRIGUE

**T**HE puzzling figure of Disraeli, the Sphinx of the Victorian Era, combined with the thrilling dramatic recital of a chapter in the history of the Suez Canal, largely accounts for the

startling success of Louis Napoleon Parker's latest play of international intrigue. The fact that so skilful an actor as Arliss lends his peculiar temperament to the portrayal of the titular hero, completes the playgoer's fascination. Mr. Parker, if success makes the playwright, walks certainly well at the head of the dramatic profession. Maude Adams still plays in his adaptation of "Chanticleer"; "Pomander Walk," after a prolonged run in the Eastern metropolis, continues to charm on the road, Viola Allen is rehearsing another play from his fertile pen, and his literary bag is by no means empty of tricks. In spite of gross errors of judgment and technique, in spite, moreover, of ludicrous contortions of circumstance to suit the playwright's needs—faults as evident in "Disraeli" as they were in "Pomander Walk"—Mr. Parker possesses certain winning human qualities as an author which, in the minds of the public, balance his artistic transgressions. The present play,\* which we reprint by permission of the publishers from advance sheets, bears on its fly-leaf the endorsement of the Drama League of America and is dedicated to Arliss. The author insists in a little introductory note that "Disraeli" is not an historical play, but only an attempt to show a picture of the days—not so very long ago—in which Disraeli lived, and some of the racial, social and political prejudices he fought against and conquered. Having thus disarmed the historian, Mr. Parker at once embarks upon the high seas of imperial politics.

The first act takes place at the home of the Duke of Glastonbury at a week-end party.

\* DISRAELI. A play by Louis Napoleon Parker. Copyright, 1911, by John Lane Company.

Lady Beaconsfield and Disraeli, still better known as "Dizzy"; Sir Michael Probert, Governor of the Bank of England; a mysterious lady by the name of Mrs. Noël Travers, and Charles, Viscount Deeford, are among the Duke's guests. The young Viscount, a somewhat pedantic Englishman more interested in the Parish than in the Empire, is in love with Clarissa, Lady Pevensy, a vivacious young woman who is enthralled by the large vision and exotic temperament of Disraeli. The latter shocks the assembled members of the nobility by actually sending for Sir Probert, the Governor of the Bank of England, requesting a private interview. Probert answers the summons, but observes icily: "Mr. Disraeli, I am very busy this morning." "Then," remarks Disraeli, "how grateful you must be for this interruption!"

PROBERT. Now, Mr. Disraeli—

DISRAELI. One moment. (*He crosses to the door, which he closes, then he closes the case-ment of the center window and then the French window on the left.*)

PROBERT. (*Watching him in wonderment.*) Good Heavens! Isn't it warm enough?

DISRAELI. Extraordinary how voices travel.

PROBERT. Eh?

DISRAELI. And how pretty ears come halfway to meet them.

PROBERT. Do you suggest—?

DISRAELI. Nothing. Sit down, Probert. Sit down!

PROBERT. (*Sitting unwillingly.*) I am unusually busy!

DISRAELI. I am usually busy. Now tell me. You arrived last night after we had all gone to bed, but you found a note from me awaiting you.

PROBERT. Ha! ha! That was not meant to be taken in earnest.

DISRAELI. Pardon me, in dead earnest.

PROBERT. Do you seriously mean you are thinking of purchasing the Suez Canal?

DISRAELI. I have seldom meant anything half so seriously.

PROBERT. But it's not for sale.

DISRAELI. It is for sale. Ismail is dying to sell.

PROBERT. How do you know?

DISRAELI. How doesn't matter.

PROBERT. And you ask the Bank of England to back you?

DISRAELI. Temporarily. Until Parliament meets.

PROBERT. On this vague knowledge which you will not even explain.

DISRAELI. I will explain when the time comes. All I want now is your assent on principle.

PROBERT. Then let me tell you at once, sir, you shall never have that assent. Never, sir! (*About to rise.*)

DISRAELI. (*Stopping him.*) Wait a moment!

PROBERT. (*Sitting again.*) No, sir. There is nothing to wait for. I am a serious man. I shall not allow the Bank to play at ducks and drakes with the money entrusted to its keeping. Ducks and drakes, sir, on an Egyptian ditch.

DISRAELI. Egyptian ditch? That's rather neat. Only it's not ducks and drakes, because the Government will be at your back.

PROBERT. How do I know that?

DISRAELI. (*With a flash.*) I say so.

PROBERT. Suppose the government fall?

DISRAELI. (*Turning on him.*) My dear man, it's always falling. What difference does that make? Don't the Conservatives invariably go on just where the Radicals left off, and vice versa? Besides, in this case, it hasn't time to fall. This thing must be done within the next three weeks: long before Parliament meets—

(*Mrs. Travers appears outside on the lawn, close to the casement.*)

PROBERT. Why in such a hurry?

DISRAELI. Because Russia—

PROBERT. (*Interrupting him with a snort.*) Oh! that ancient bugbear!

DISRAELI. That ever-present peril!—knows of this opportunity to purchase the highroad to India.

PROBERT. Then why hasn't she purchased it?

DISRAELI. She's not ready, she has no fleet; but she is watching us. She is watching me.

(*Mrs. Travers opens the center casement and listens.*)

PROBERT. Ha! The spy mania!

DISRAELI. And if she sees the slightest move on my part, she will snap up the canal, fleet or no fleet!

PROBERT. (*Turning to him.*) But my dear sir! (*He sees Mrs. Travers. She is innocently plucking a flower from a bush outside window.*) By Jove, what a pretty woman! (*She holds the flower in her hand, looks in at them, nods pleasantly, and passes on.*)

DISRAELI. (*Turns as Probert speaks. Waits until she begins to move on, then turns to Probert.*) Yes. (*Watches her going, then turns to Probert again.*) Such pretty ears! (*Closes the casement, stands there, thinking a moment; then*

*dismisses the incident and comes down to Probert, who has resumed his seat.*) Well, sir, after that delightful interlude—

PROBERT. No, sir, in my opinion your scheme is hare-brained. Moreover it is (*with great emphasis*) unconstitutional; and the Bank will be no party to your high-handed methods.

DISRAELI. (*Impatiently.*) I tell you there is no time—

PROBERT. (*Waving him aside.*) You exaggerate the importance of the thing. You have the Eastern imagination. Because this canal runs through a desert, you see it in a dream—in a mirage—!

DISRAELI. (*Sitting.*) Neat again. (*With a whimsical glance at him.*) Ah, we poets!

PROBERT. The canal is a confessed failure.

DISRAELI. Oh?

PROBERT. Whatever doesn't pay is a failure. The tonnage that passed through it last year—

DISRAELI. (*Interrupting him impatiently.*) Oh, please, please!

PROBERT. And it's silting up, sir; silting up! Soon the only ship sailing on it will be the ship of the desert. I mean the camel, sir!

DISRAELI. (*Innocently.*) I thought you meant the camel.

PROBERT. Beware of the East. Don't touch it or you will go under. Remember Pharaoh, sir! Remember Pharaoh!

DISRAELI. Yes; but what about Moses?

PROBERT. He was a Jew—hum—he was privileged.

DISRAELI. In short—?

PROBERT. In short—(*Rising*)—I disapprove of your imperialistic ideas, Mr. Disraeli, and the Bank shall not stir a finger to further them. (*Disraeli moves away, mastering his anger, and opens the windows.*) Why are you—?

DISRAELI. I feared you were getting too warm.

PROBERT. Ha! I rejoice to think I have made this rash enterprise impossible.

DISRAELI. (*Looking out at window left.*) Oh, but you haven't.

PROBERT. What! Where will you go for the money?

DISRAELI. (*Turning to him and coming down slowly.*) Where Pharaoh went. Where all Christians go. I shall go to Moses.

While international events thus throw their shadow, Cupid, never idle, prompts the young Viscount to propose to Clarissa. Pompously he "adumbrates" his hope that Clarissa will be his duchess. He outlines pleasing prospects of social reform among his people and eloquently dwells on the advantage of a model cottage with sanitary appliances for the poor. "Is this," asks Clarissa, "really an offer of marriage?"

CHARLES. I hoped I had made that clear without offensive plainness of speech.

CLARISSA. (*Staring at him.*) How wonderful!

CHARLES. (*Kindly.*) Oh! You have the right to expect a high matrimonial alliance.

CLARISSA. (*After a humorous glance at him.*) But I mean the manner of your proposal.

CHARLES. Surely—

CLARISSA. You are a young man of twenty-five, and I am a girl of nineteen, and you come with an essay on political economy!

CHARLES. I am a man with heavy responsibilities; not a hero of romance. You will enter a family not one of the women of which has ever been talked about, and of which the men have never done anything to be ashamed of.

CLARISSA. Have they ever done anything?

CHARLES. Nothing, thank God, to attract attention. (*Rising.*) Well! I think the next thing is to announce our betrothal.

CLARISSA. (*Also rising.*) Not quite the next thing. I am very much honored, Lord Deeford, but I must decline the responsibilities—and the privileges.

CHARLES. (*Taken aback.*) I beg your pardon?

CLARISSA. (*With a great outburst.*) O, Charles, Charles! You've made a horrible hash of the whole thing! (*Charles is horrified.*) Yes! for pity's sake, let me talk slang, or I shall have hysterics! I did like you; I liked you very much. You are entirely and spotlessly correct. But I am not. (*Defiantly.*) I don't like King Arthur. Galahad bores me to tears. Charles! Ruskin bores me to death! I should die at Dunelm Castle. Your women, who have never been talked about, and your men, who have never done anything, would make me scream. Your model cottages leave me cold, because I know the laborer wants bread, not bricks; and oh! those model children! I want flesh and blood children, who tear their pinafores and smear their faces with jam!

CHARLES. But—Lady Clarissa—!

CLARISSA. If ever I marry, and I hope I shall! my husband will be a man who has got himself into dreadful tangles, so that I may sympathize with him and get him out of them. And he must be *doing* things all the time! I am sorry for you, Charles. It is dreadful to begin life, handicapped with a title and a ready-made position. But I want a husband who is at the bottom, and is climbing, climbing on hands and knees, bleeding hands and bleeding knees, with his eyes fixed on the summit. Never mind if he never gets there; I can help him to climb, and, if he falls, I can fall with him.

Charles, ascribing his rejection to the spell of Disraeli, makes a point of being disagreeable to the Prime Minister. Dizzy undertakes to arouse his parochial spirit by dwelling upon the urgent political needs of the Empire. Charles speaks contemptuously of the con-

tinental nations. "Is that how you talked to Clarissa?" Disraeli inquires.

CHARLES. I do not discuss politics with women.

DISRAELI. I do. (*He takes Charles by the arm and forces him down beside him on the ottoman.*) See man! See! England is as isolated as a ship lying off the coast. Her crew know nothing of what they call the land-lubbers. They go on shore now and then for a debauch; and as they only hunt out the vice, they come back with a headache, and righteously thank God they are not as other men! I tell you a ferment is at work all over the world. Titanic forces are unchained in America; forces you have no conception of. The spirit of nationality has awakened in France, in Germany, in Italy. New wine has been poured into the old bottles, and an explosion must follow sooner or later. I shall not live to see it, but I hear the seething of the yeast! But you—! My God, what things you will witness! Take care you are not asleep! All the nations must expand, and everywhere our empire is in their way—Russia, for instance. Now, while England stands alone, while France is crippled, and before Germany has recovered—now is Russia's opportunity to snatch at India. With India lost, the whole fabric crumbles; and England sinks into insignificance: a Belgium at sea! (*Rising.*) Now do you see why Clarissa refused you? These are the things I have shown her. Do you wonder she wants a man of action? Do you wonder she will not be content with being a mere Duke's wife?

CHARLES. (*Deeply impressed.*) I see—(*Rising.*) But what can I do? What can any one man do?

DISRAELI. What one man has already done!

CHARLES. (*Coming to him.*) You, sir? But how can I hope to emulate you?

DISRAELI. You can learn. Will you learn?

CHARLES. (*Eagerly.*) Will you teach me, sir?

DISRAELI. Yes.

CHARLES. How can I begin?

DISRAELI. Leave your small ideals; or, better still, grow from small ideals to greater. You have begun—well; you are setting your house in order. Now pass on! Pass from the Parish to the Empire!

CHARLES. The parish! How small it seems! And everything I've done in politics how utterly insignificant!

DISRAELI. In politics nothing is insignificant.

CHARLES. (*Laughing bitterly.*) Contrast it with this question of India?

DISRAELI. Whether we hold it or lose it?

CHARLES. Yes! Yes! What is the solution—war?

DISRAELI. War is never a solution;—war is an aggravation.

CHARLES. (*Eagerly.*) What, then, is the solution?

DISRAELI. (*Turns and looks at him steadily*

a while as if deciding whether he is fit to be told, then comes close to him, and speaks almost in a whisper.) A very small thing; a thing men are laughing at.

CHARLES. What, sir, what?

DISRAELI. A ditch. A ditch dug in sand.

CHARLES. (*Puzzled.*) A ditch?

DISRAELI. A ditch, dug in shifting sand.

CHARLES. You mean the—! (*Disraeli swiftly motions him to silence, and slowly approaches the door on the left.*)

CHARLES. (*Watching him with amazement.*) Why, sir? Surely, this secluded room in a nobleman's house is, of all places, the most secure. (*Disraeli opens the door. Mrs. Travers follows the opening door with her hand on the handle.*)

DISRAELI. (*Apologizing profusely.*) I beg your pardon!

MRS. TRAVERS. (*Quite unperturbed.*) Thank you so much. Dear Clarissa left her book—

DISRAELI. A fortunate circumstance for us. What was the book?

MRS. TRAVERS. Sybil. (*She makes a pretence of looking for the book.*)

DISRAELI. I have heard of it. Now, where can it be? (*He makes a great show of looking for it, but keeps an eye on her.*) Do help us, Deeford. Remember, a ditch in sand gives the best soil for celery. (*To Mrs. Travers while they are all ostensibly hunting.*) We were in the thick of a very interesting discussion. Some people say loam—

MRS. TRAVERS. Really?

DISRAELI. And some advocate a fertilizer. (*Mrs. Travers taking a book from under her wrap, turns and seeing Disraeli's back towards her, slips it behind a piece of furniture. Disraeli sees her.*) But I say sand.

MRS. TRAVERS. (*Still looking for the book.*) Sand?

(*During the thick of the hunt, enter the Duke followed by Lady Beaconsfield, Lord and Lady Cudworth, Lord and Lady Brooke and Clarissa.*)

DUKE. (*Cheerfully.*) What are you all playing? Hide and seek?

DISRAELI. Something like it, Duke. (*He finds the book.*) Ah! There it is! Now isn't that remarkable? (*He stoops to pick it up.*)

LADY BEACONSFIELD. Now, Dizzy, you know you are not to stoop.

DISRAELI. Ah, but to pick up things one must. (*To Mrs. Travers, handing her the book.*) Mustn't one? (*She looks at him, in a half-smiling, puzzled way.*)

The next act takes us to Disraeli's private office in Downing Street. Even here intrigue follows the Prime-Minister in the shape of Mr. Foljambe, a clerk who is evidently a spy in the pay of Russia. The monumental interview between Disraeli and Meyers has ended to the satisfaction of Disraeli. The money

needed for the purchase of the canal is on its way from Argentina. Dizzy seems to take special delight in mystifying Foljambe and Mrs. Travers. Unfortunately Foljambe gathers the upshot of Dizzy's negotiations with Meyers from the undiplomatic behavior of the guileless Charles, who has accepted a secretaryship from Disraeli. For a moment Mrs. Travers is alone in the Prime-Minister's room where she has accompanied Clarissa. She makes a preconcerted signal by beating a tattoo with a paper knife on the table. Foljambe enters with papers. Disraeli, entering unnoticed, overhears part of their conversation.

MRS. TRAVERS. Oh, thank you, thank you. Good-bye, Mr. Disraeli, good-bye. (*He shows her out graciously, closes the door and stands there thinking—he mutters "Ostend," "Ostend." He comes slowly to his table, behind it, and inspects it closely to see if anything has been disarranged. Finding nothing, he picks up a paper knife, and, sitting down, begins thinking again. While he is in deep thought he abstractedly beats a tattoo on the table with the paper knife.*)

FOLJAMBE. (*Quickly opens his door, but starts back on seeing Disraeli.*) Oh, I—I—beg your pardon, sir. I thought you called. (*Closes the door again.*)

(*Disraeli has turned slowly to him; then looking at the paper knife in his hand he realizes the use it has been put to, and that Foljambe and Mrs. Travers have had a meeting. He throws the knife down in disgust and calls Charles.*)

DISRAELI. Charles. (*Charles and Clarissa come in from the balcony.*) (*To Clarissa.*) Sorry to interrupt you. (*To Charles.*) Did Foljambe ever bring those papers?

CHARLES. (*Going to his table and sitting with his back to the room.*) Oh yes! Long ago.

DISRAELI. (*Rising.*) Ah! Why didn't you send him in with them.

CHARLES. I thought you would not like to be disturbed.

DISRAELI. (*Coming over to Charles.*) Quite right. Did he say anything?

CHARLES. I thought him rather impertinent.

DISRAELI. (*Carelessly.*) Oh! How?

CLARISSA. Shall I go?

DISRAELI. No, my dear. Well?

CHARLES. He asked questions.

DISRAELI. Yes?

CHARLES. (*Turning.*) But I snubbed him. Finally he had the impertinence to say you were seeing Meyers about— (*He looks at Clarissa and stops.*)

DISRAELI. (*Impatiently.*) Well?

CHARLES. Am I to speak in Lady Pevensey's presence?

DISRAELI. Yes, yes! Go on!

CHARLES. About the Suez Canal.

DISRAELI. And what did you say?

CHARLES. Not a word, of course.  
DISRAELI. Oh? (*After a pause.*) Then how did you snub him?

CHARLES. (*Suited the action to the word.*) I merely stood up—and looked at him.

DISRAELI. (*Throwing up his hands in horror.*) Oh—! (*He strides angrily across the room and turns.*)

CHARLES. (*Amazed.*) What?

DISRAELI. What more could you have told him if you had talked an hour?

CHARLES. (*Hotly.*) Do you accuse me of speaking?

DISRAELI. (*Sternly.*) No, sir. I accuse you of holding your tongue too eloquently.

CHARLES. Oh, well! He is easily muzzled.

DISRAELI. How?

CHARLES. Put him on his parole. I will fetch him. (*Going quickly towards Foljambe's door.*)

DISRAELI. (*Ring bell.*) Ah! Capital! Fetch him by all means. (*Charles goes into the office.*) Mr. Tearle! Mr. Tearle! (*Tearle appears.*) Send for the Senior Queen's messenger at once. (*Tearle exits.*)

(*Disraeli comes down.*)

CLARISSA. (*Who has been watching intently.*) Has Charles made a mistake?

DISRAELI. A horrible one. (*To Charles who reenters.*) Well? He's not there?

CHARLES. (*Almost frightened.*) He is not in his room, sir.

DISRAELI. No? Shall I tell you where he is? He is at Victoria Station catching the ten-thirty express on his way to Ostend, to Trieste, and so to Alexandria.

CHARLES. (*Alarmed.*) For God's sake, sir, who is he?

DISRAELI. He is Mrs. Travers' husband. (*Clarissa and Charles utter a cry of amazement.*) Yes. He and she are agents—spies—Russia has sent here to discover—what you have told them.

CHARLES. Have him arrested!

DISRAELI. On what grounds? What has he done?

CHARLES. But why did you employ him, knowing he was a spy?

DISRAELI. (*Coming over towards Charles.*) Because I knew it! Because I wanted to have him under my own eye! For weeks he has been prying about in this room secretly. I knew it. (*Passing up to the back of the table and indicating papers on it.*) I've laid traps for him, letters for him to read. I had him on a false scent when you—

CHARLES. (*Miserably.*) When I blundered!

DISRAELI. When you lost control of your features.

CHARLES. Is there nothing I can say or do?

DISRAELI. I fear not.

CLARISSA. Will you tell us why silence is so important—?

DISRAELI. Oh, now it's of no importance



THE SUN OF HIS AUSTERLITZ STILL SHINES

Louis Napoleon Parker has won many theatrical battles. He has won his Marengo and his Austerlitz in "Chanticleer," "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli," "L'Aiglon." Viola Allen and Mme. Simone, the French actress, will appear in plays bearing his imprint. Unlike the great Frenchman, who appears in his middle name, he has not met his Waterloo.

whatever. (*Clarissa sits in Disraeli's chair behind the table despairingly.*) Yes. (*To Charles.*) You ought to know, so that in future—

CHARLES. (*Miserably.*) Future! What future is there for me?

DISRAELI. So that in future you may control your features as well as your tongue. Sit down! (*Charles sits on Clarissa's right. Disraeli stands on her left. Clarissa and Charles listen to him intently.*) Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, is under the impression he is Rameses the Great; but the only Pyramid he has raised is a pyramid of debt. Egypt is a dry bone, out of which he has sucked the last ounce of marrow. The last assets he has are the controlling shares in the Suez Canal, and these he is dying to sell to the highest bidder. France built the canal, but is too poor to buy it. Russia covets it as a means of snatching India; England, as a means of defending it. Both pretend the purchase is the last thing they are thinking of; both are watching

each other like cats; and Ismail sits and waits for the cat to jump. (*With emphasis.*) Those shares I mean to have!—

CLARISSA AND CHARLES. (*Exchange a look.*) Ah!

DISRAELI. The Bank of England refused to back me; but to-day Meyers has given me a blank check. I thought the thing was done. But now Foljambe knows—Russia knows. In a week Foljambe will be in Cairo, and whatever sum I offer he will double. Now do you see the importance of it? (*Sits in the chair on Clarissa's left, sunk in thought.*)

Ten minutes later the young Viscount is on his way to Egypt. The admiration of Clarissa follows him on his dangerous mission. The next act is at Hugheden in Disraeli's study. Both Disraeli and Clarissa are extremely nervous because no word from Charles has been received, when a message, "The celery is ripe to cut" proclaims his success. At this moment Meyers is announced. Lady Beaconsfield and Clarissa leave the Banker and the Prime-Minister to themselves. Meyers is evidently in great mental distress.

MEYERS. I—I—Mr. Disraeli—I am bankrupt.

DISRAELI. What? I didn't catch—

MEYERS. My house is bankrupt.

DISRAELI. (*Stunned.*) Bankrupt—Meyers bankrupt—! Are you mad?

MEYERS. I wish to God I were!

DISRAELI. You mean you are temporarily pressed, you are in temporary difficulties?

MEYERS. I mean we are bankrupt.

DISRAELI. But—but! Oh! the thing is impossible!

MEYERS. It is the truth.

DISRAELI. But how? A house like yours, an historical firm? Why, you might as well say the Bank of England—

MEYERS. So I should have thought—

DISRAELI. (*Rising and standing over him. With an outburst of rage.*) Why, what have you been doing? what—

MEYERS. Stop! Stop! It's not our fault.

DISRAELI. (*Mastering himself.*) Well! Explain. I am waiting.

MEYERS. First, the ship with the bullion from the Argentine—

DISRAELI. Yes?

MEYERS. Gone down.

DISRAELI. Wrecked?

MEYERS. *Scuttled!*

DISRAELI. You mean?

MEYERS. I mean purposely and criminally sunk, all the crew *saved*, a conspiracy! It will take weeks, months, to get the insurance. And that is not all.

DISRAELI. What else?

MEYERS. For a long time, ever since our interview in Downing Street, rumors affecting my

credit have been spread abroad, and now this mysterious wreck. I am being pressed.

DISRAELI. (*Beginning to see the working of Mrs. Travers and Russia.*) I see, I see—

MEYERS. Some enormous power has been at work in the dark. My liabilities have been bought up— (*Disraeli gives a fierce exclamation—"Ah!"*) Ah! be as angry as you like. You are justified. I have been an honest man all my life, and now I stand before you in the light of a common cheat!

DISRAELI. (*Coming slowly to him and offering his hand.*) Mr. Meyers, I know you, sir. (*Meyers shakes his hand, but cannot speak.*)

DISRAELI. (*Mastering himself.*) Tell me, you say some power is behind, active in this. Whom do you mean?

MEYERS. (*Pulling himself together.*) I don't know. They have acted through an agent.

DISRAELI. Well! Who is that?

MEYERS. Samuel Lewin.

DISRAELI. The great solicitor?

MEYERS. Yes.

DISRAELI. Does anybody else know?

MEYERS. Not a living soul. I have come to you first, because of course we cannot carry out the Canal contract. Thank Heaven I am in time! Thank Heaven that has not gone through!

(*Disraeli picks up the telegram he was about to send Meyers and holds it out to him. Meyers takes it, looking inquiringly at Disraeli; reads it, and then stands horror-stricken.*)

MEYERS. Good God!

DISRAELI. When will it be known, Meyers? When will it be known?

MEYERS. (*Voiceless.*) To-night. To-morrow morning.

DISRAELI. (*Breaking out.*) By the Lord it shall not! Get back to town! Quickly! Get to your office. Stay there! Stay there! I must know you are there! Don't budge if I keep you there all night.

MEYERS. But!

DISRAELI. And don't breathe a word! Don't let anyone else. Don't give the slightest hint of anything unusual. Treat the wreck lightly. Watch your words; watch your looks. Something may happen. Something *shall* happen!

MEYERS. (*With a touch of hope.*) What, sir? what?

DISRAELI. God knows! God knows!

In the midst of this trouble Mrs. Travers arrives. In a remarkable scene between her and Dizzy both permit the masks to slip from their faces. Dizzy bluntly informs her that she is a spy, but adds that her labor has been in vain and that the Suez Canal is his. Mrs. Travers, sure of the success of her machinations, now insinuates that Meyers is bankrupt. She snaps her fingers at Dizzy. "I am a child in your hands" is his rejoinder as he rises to

greet Sir Probert, for whom he has sent under the pretence of being seriously ill. Both Mrs. Travers and Clarissa are present at the following thrilling, if improbable, interview:

PROBERT. Why have you sent for me?

DISRAELI. I told you I might send for you.

PROBERT. When? What do you mean?

DISRAELI. When we had that delightful interview at Glastonbury Towers.

PROBERT. Ha! I thought as much. Your hare-brained scheme. Moses has failed you and you had to give it up. Well, it's no use appealing to me.

DISRAELI. Moses has not failed me. I have carried the scheme through.

PROBERT. What? Do you mean to tell me you have purchased the Suez Canal?

DISRAELI. The power and the glory of my country were at stake. I had to act quickly and I had to act on my own responsibility.

PROBERT. (*Sternly.*) Then let me tell you, sir, you have committed a crime.

DISRAELI. As Parliament was not sitting to vote the money I had to seek it elsewhere. Five million sterling. You refused.

PROBERT. I did and I am proud of it.

DISRAELI. So I went to the wealthiest private firm—to Hugh Meyers.

PROBERT. Ha! A Jew!

DISRAELI. Meyers not being a Party-man but a Patriot, saw the greatness of the idea and stood by me, I sent Deeford to Ismail. Spies had got wind of what I was doing and Russia knew; so Deeford had to go in a hurry: a race for an Empire! He has succeeded! Understand me. I put the matter quite simply. Deeford has bought the Canal and has paid for it with Meyers' cheque drawn on the Bank of England. (*Probert starts.*) Wait! Meanwhile Russia has been at work by the intermediary (*Bows to Mrs. Travers*) of one of the most fascinating women of my acquaintance. Meyers is bankrupt.

PROBERT. What?

DISRAELI. Russia has ruined him.

PROBERT. Mr. Disraeli, I warned you of this. I foresaw it. Your high-handed action has landed you just where I said it would. You must get out of it as best you can. It is no use appealing to me. (*Rising.*)

DISRAELI. No? Then I will not appeal. I will command!

PROBERT. What!

DISRAELI. (*Going to the table.*) You will sign this note giving Meyers unlimited credit.

PROBERT. I? Are you mad?

DISRAELI. I was never so sane in my life. Meyers' position is saved if he can gain time. The Bank of England must give him unlimited credit, to-day. Now!

PROBERT. You don't know what you are saying. You don't know to whom you are speaking. I refuse! (*Movement to go.*)

DISRAELI. (*Intercepting him.*) You can't!

PROBERT. I refuse emphatically. You have mistaken your man. I am an Englishman; the head of a great national institution. I am not to be ordered about by an—by an alien Jew. (*Lady Beaconsfield rises.*)

DISRAELI. (*Calmly.*) Ah, but the alien Jew happens to be the better citizen; moreover, he happens to be Prime Minister.

PROBERT. Do you threaten me?

DISRAELI. Yes, if you force me to.

PROBERT. Empty threats!

DISRAELI. Do you think so? You say the Bank is a national institution. What becomes of that title if it refuses to save the nation? What becomes of you?

PROBERT. Mr. Disraeli!

DISRAELI. When it is known that the lack of patriotism of one man has placed our country in the position of a person who is trying to pass a fraudulent cheque; exposed the nation to the ridicule of the world; lost the Canal; lost India; baffled England; beaten her, disgraced her, dragged her through the mud, what becomes of the Bank?

PROBERT. (*Violently.*) You cannot touch the Bank!

DISRAELI. I'll smash the Bank! (*Mrs. Travers and Clarissa rise.*) Parliament granted the Bank its charter; Parliament can withdraw it.

PROBERT. Good God!

DISRAELI. And shall withdraw it at my bidding! Your board of directors will be swept away; your shareholders bankrupt, the Bank ruined and you disgraced. I am Prime Minister! I can do this, and if you don't sign, by God, I will! (*Pointing imperiously to the paper.*) Now!

PROBERT. (*After some hesitation, crosses to the table and signs.*) There, take your paper. I have signed it. I've signed it to save the Bank. (*He staggers to the door. Just as he is going.*) It is outrageous that a man like you should have such power! (*Exit.*)

(*Disraeli comes to the table and hands Mrs. Travers her lace scarf. She takes it and slowly goes to the door; then, turning, she smiles at him, nods her head pleasantly, and exits. Disraeli comes to the center with the paper.*)

CLARISSA. (*Coming to him with joyous enthusiasm.*) Oh, Mr. Disraeli, thank God you have such power!

DISRAELI. (*Whimsically.*) I haven't, dear child; but he doesn't know that.

In the last act the conquering hero returns into the arms of his adoring Clarissa, both Meyers and Sir Probert are recipients of peerages, and as the curtain falls Benjamin Disraeli, with Lady Beaconsfield, goes out to meet the Queen, upon whose forehead he can now plant the imperial crown of India.

## ARTHUR SCHNITZLER, DRAMATIST OF THE TWILIGHT<sup>1</sup> SOUL



WE ARE accustomed to look upon Austria culturally as a German province. This opinion is decidedly unjust, for at the same time with the decline of political power of the Hapsburg monarchy, Vienna has seen a renaissance of literature, especially of the drama. Not only Merry Widows and Kiss Waltzes have come to us from the jocund capital of Francis Joseph, but also the rugged strength of Schoenherr, author of "Faith and Fireside," the uncannily beautiful marriage of hectic modernity and classic austerity shadowed forth in the works of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the chiseled art of Stephan George, the German pre-Raphaelite, and the cynical genius, half sad, half gay, of Arthur Schnitzler, who invades with the weapon of psychology the twilight of the soul.

Arthur Schnitzler has stood for more than one decade at the head of the Austrian school of playwrights, he ranks as a veteran of the German stage and is a favorite in Berlin, yet he is almost unknown in English-speaking countries. Every few years he is rediscovered by some English admirer in a magazine article, or an isolated play of his lives through occasional American production. The essential genius of the man, his curious psychology, his subtle, brilliant, yet melancholy gift of analysis—these remain beyond our grasp. Like Maupassant he is obsessed with sex, yet is without illusion. Like Maupassant he is enamored of death. His phrases, like Maupassant's, are polished and piquant. Even in his own land he is considered more French than German. France is beginning to appreciate him, and London recently saw his "Anatol," a series of one-act plays just published in this country by Mitchell Kennerley in Granville Barker's excellent translation. His latest work, "The Young Medardus," was the sensation of the Burg-Theater of Vienna. In short, Arthur Schnitzler may undoubtedly be called one of the few world-figures in modern drama.

From early youth a poet and student of psychology, Schnitzler became a practicing physician. In the hospitals he watched many die, and always with the same shudder in face of the unknown moment that follows the last. He trusts his scientific knowledge no more than any religious belief. Schnitzler is too

much of a psychologist not to know how unsure is the apparently surest possession of life, the ego. As the same writer shows, hypnosis, dual personality, dreams, have always interested him so much that he questions which is the real man, the waking or the sleeping; where the boundary between reality and dream. This very haziness of outline gives his best work its peculiar charm, and while it shuts out him and his heroes from clear and complete joy, gives to these "twilight souls," as he calls them, a curious beauty. Schnitzler himself, in his novel "Der Weg ins Freie," blames his Jewish heritage for his self-divided, brooding nature, that can never be naïve. However, living in Vienna makes it equally impossible to be gloomy, and his Viennese gayety is the trait by which the general public best knows him.

"Anatol," Schnitzler's most characteristic work, is a study of passion in a series of one-act plays. The playwright portrays his hero's endless quest for happiness in love. Anatol, as *Pan*, an esthetic Berlin weekly, remarks, is "the cheerful great-grandson of Childe Harold, an always busy idler, a life-lusty, world-sick youth, at once enhungered and satiated of kisses." One of the Anatol playlets, "The Farewell Supper," was produced in French in New York by Charlotte Wiehe in 1907. The scene is laid in the *cabinet particulier* of a Viennese restaurant, where Anatol describes to his friend Max the inconveniences arising from letting two love-affairs overlap. He is, for example, ruining his digestion by eating two suppers every night. This, however, is to be the last, tho Anna, the old love, does not yet know that. They have an agreement to part whenever affection wanes, and during the repast he will gracefully break the news to her. But Anna comes in from the theater too hungry to open such a subject at once, and by the end of the oysters she has broken the news to him—there is someone else in her life too. Max explodes into laughter; Anatol's speech comes just too late to be effective, or even to be believed. His appetite is gone, and the curtain falls on Anna carrying off the supper to her waiting adorer.

Another play, "Question to Fate," is built on the old question, "Does she love me truly and me only?" Anatol will hypnotize Cora and learn from her the truth. But at the last moment, Cora fast in a trance, he must be

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alone for the supreme question. Max leaves the room. Anatol opens his mouth and shuts it again. Some questions are better left unasked. He recalls Max and tells him that he has been perfectly satisfied. But the awakened Cora shows a curious anxiety as to just what she said.

Sparkling and piquant tho the dialog is and audacious tho the situations are, only the most casual reader misses the undertone of sadness, one that is always sounded in Schnitzler's most brilliant work. For Anatol's search for happiness is endless because of the dual nature that he shares with his creator. As Victor Klemperer points out in *Bühne und Welt*, Schnitzler is always, even in his gayest moments, at heart a tragedian. If his humor is usually free from satire, it is because his capitulation before the sadness of life is too complete to leave him the satirist's desire to sting life to better things. For one idea never leaves him—the image of death. "Why do you talk of dying?" asks someone in "The Lonely Way," and the reply is, "Is there a reasonable creature that at the bottom of his soul, in any good hour, thinks of anything else?" His passion is like Rossetti's ideal, always "to feel the first kiss and forebode the last."

After his first period—dialogs, for which his nature, always seeing both sides, especially fits him—he entered upon a series of problem plays. The most celebrated of these was "Freiwild," an attack on the duel, that received enormous advertizing from the strange coincidence that, while the play was in rehearsal, Lieut. von Brüsewitz, by the brutal killing of a civilian in a Carlsruhe restaurant, vindicated his "military honor" exactly as the play had foretold an officer would be obliged to do. The excitement over the Carlsruhe incident rushed the play to such a huge popularity that one of the German comic papers showed a cartoon of Manager Brahm, of the Deutsches Theater, paying out royalties to the leading playwrights of the season, when Lieut. Brüsewitz enters saying: "I've come for my share of the royalties on 'Freiwild!'" "The Legacy," which appears in English in the current number of *Poet-Lore*, has perhaps the finest first act in Schnitzler's theater.

"Liebelei," produced in America a decade since by the Progressive Stage Society and later by Katherine Grey, is probably Schnitzler's best-known play, for it is not only a repertory piece all over Europe, but has been given in England. It is his point of departure

from the "Thesis-play," for tho it is based on the problem of the middle-class girl with a refinement above her power to satisfy, it contains in old Weiring the most beautiful single character in Schnitzler's work. Of late the playwright has devoted himself, not to questions, which he cannot present with the vigor of partisanship, but to the portrayal of individuals. "Literature," a farce very popular in Germany and often given at the German Irving Place Theater in New York, is of this class. A popular lady-novelist is about to celebrate her betrothal with a banker, who does not like the idea of sharing his adored with an ink-bottle. The lady is really ready to give up her career—she is older than she looks, and some former emotional experiments have made her appreciate the prospect of married repose; but her very last book is on the press and she does want to see it on the stalls. It is a love-story of a somewhat hectic nature, and based on fact, for with commendable thrift she has kept carbons of all her love-letters to one of the "experiments," and, becoming lazy in the course of seven years, has made a book by the simple process of chronological arrangement, with names changed. This, of course, the betrothed knows not; and she has not even read the book as yet, and the lady's plight can be imagined when her former correspondent turns up to congratulate her upon her betrothal and present her with a copy of his new book, for he, being also possessed of a literary sense, has kept carbons and made use of them. The two will exactly dove-tail. At this anguished moment reenters the fiancé with the announcement that he will put the devotion of his betrothed to a supreme test. He has bought out the entire edition; may he have it withdrawn from circulation? He is delighted to find that he may. But he has a little surprise: he has reserved one copy that they are to read together beside the fire. Here it is in his pocket. "My own," says the heroic lady, "my sacrifice shall be complete," and the book goes into the fire as she falls into his arms.

Yet the same Schnitzler has evolved the noble definition: "Love means, to be in the world for the sake of another," and in *The Lonely Way* has made his men and women who love for anything else than the sake of loving and giving the followers of a life-path that will always be lonely. This is a long way from Anatol. Indeed, with all his up-to-date sparkle, Anatol is really behind the times; he is a *fin-de-siècle* product, a document from



THE STORM CENTER OF INTERNATIONAL  
DRAMATIC CRITICISM

Mme. Simone, the gifted and beautiful Gallic actress, is responsible for a heated controversy between the critics of Paris and New York as to her merits.

a decade already old-fashioned. That twilight-time was the only one in which Schnitzler's moderns could feel at home; and so he leaves the sharp light of to-day to find in his latest works a more congenial atmosphere in

the past, where the outlines of history soon begin to dim into fable. Such works are the poetic play that most critics consider his literary masterpiece, "The Veil of Beatrice," "The Green Cockatoo" (familiar to the American public through Mrs. Fiske's recent production) and his latest drama, "The Young Medardus."

The last named seems at first sight a complete departure from Schnitzler's other work, for instead of short plays condensed to the burning point he gives us five acts with a prolog, using nearly sixty speaking parts and taking five hours to produce. It would have taken seven but that the author worked a year to shorten it. Yet it has the same complex psychology, the same power of evoking the past, and Medardus is another "twilight soul," very different from his historical prototype, who was executed at Schönbrunn in 1809 for refusing to give up his attempts to kill Napoleon. The play is laid in Vienna just before Wagram. There is a certain Duc de Valois—not historic—who is represented as the legitimate successor to the French throne, but able to win to his side only a few Viennese conspirators. Even his son takes his possible throne so little seriously as to fall in love with a working girl, Agatha Klahr, and, on the refusal of his parents to sanction a marriage, to drown himself with her. The bodies are washed to the feet of Agatha's brother, Medardus, who is drilling to resist the advance of Napoleon, on whom he has vowed to avenge the death of his father. Now he turns to the punishment of the Valois family for the death of his sister, and plans to humiliate the sister, Helene, whose lover he comes to be. But he has over-estimated both his baseness and his powers of resistance. He falls desperately in love with Helene, and when he learns that she is in favor with Napoleon he stabs her from purely personal reasons. Meantime Helene is found to have been cultivating the usurper's favor for homicidal purposes; Medardus finds that he has unwittingly saved the life of his enemy. He is commended and released, but disclaims all intention of protecting the Emperor, avows eternal enmity, and is consequently shot.

Schnitzler's greatest play, it is generally agreed, has not yet been written. He is still in the prime of years and his mental power shows no sign of waning. No other dramatist, the London *Quarterly Review* remarks of him, has written tragedy with so light a hand or comedy with so ironically pathetic a smile.

## WHY MME. SIMONE FAILS TO ROUSE THE HEART

**T**HO admittedly a consummate artist, Mme. Simone, the darling of Paris, failed to arouse the heart of America. After her first performance in "The Thief" her lack of success was attributed to the absence of emotional force. Yet in her second play, "The Whirlwind," she displayed both fury and passion. It was also believed that her use of a foreign tongue may have handicapped her histrionic performance, but we learn from the *New York Times* that at the early age of three she arranged with her family to supply her with an English governess. She speaks English like a native except for a slight difference in inflection and timbre. Yet the fact remains that Broadway was unstirred. The fault may lie with Broadway or with the actress. Here is a question calling for international arbitration. For the Paris critics took New York to task for its lack of appreciation.

M. Pierre Veber, one of the leading dramatic critics of the French metropolis, expresses "intense astonishment" that Americans should blame Mme. Simone for "lack of emotion." There is, as the *New York Herald* remarks, a delicious note of superiority in M. Veber's criticism of the critics. He rather thinks that dramatic art is not yet sufficiently cultivated in the United States to permit a full appreciation of Mme. Simone's naturalistic talents. Mme. Simone's temperament, he admits, is perhaps somewhat rebellious to tenderness and grace, but he insists that the actress is "gifted in a very high degree with the qualities of strength, intensity and power."

"She acts with absolute truth and conviction. Not alone does she put her soul into her work, but in a measure she dominates her part. She acts with abandon and I do not understand how the *Herald* critic can say of the woman who created 'The Thief' that she is not 'a great interpreter of passion.'"

"The *World* refuses to place Mme. Simone by the side of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. There is no need to do so. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is an actress of the romantic, unreal school; Mme. Simone is a comedienne of life as we live it to-day, and no comparison is possible. The same critic denies emotion to our compatriot. That again depends on what we mean by emotion."

"The *Tribune* critic is more severe. He says she lacks 'supreme art.' I hold that Mme. Simone's art, compounded of sincerity, exactness and intelligence, is an art altogether French and epitomizes the perfection of our teaching."

"The *Times* critic says that 'disappointment came in the second act—that of the confession.' At Paris this was the act which won success."

"The *Morning Telegraph* critic seems to me to be more just. He says Mme. Simone 'must be seen in a variety of parts.'"

"This is also the opinion of the *Sun* critic, who observes that Bernstein's heroines are remarkable for qualities other than those of tenderness and love for the ideal."

"It is strange that the press of New York concedes to Mme. Simone 'perfect taste in dress.' Now, the only reproach that I should be tempted to make regarding Mme. Simone would have to deal with just that point. She displays less simplicity in her dress than in her acting."

Mr. Klauber of the *New York Times* even went so far as to declare Mme. Simone's performance in "The Thief" a belated triumph for Margaret Illington. The *Evening Post*, perhaps more justly, observes that the gifted Frenchwoman was under the particular disadvantage of appearing in a character familiarized to American audiences by an actress who approached it from a different viewpoint, and played it with an emotional robustness which she herself could not emulate. "Moreover," the writer goes on to say, "in these latter days American audiences have been wont to calculate the power of stage emotion from the volume of its sound and the violence of its external manifestations, in which they have been encouraged, it must be confessed, by no less an offender than Sarah Bernhardt herself, whose declamatory outbursts often exceed all bounds of artistic discretion."

"She has helped to make ranting popular and has, by the right of her genius, been able to confer upon it a sort of authority. The method has been adopted here, and elsewhere, simply because physical effort is so much simpler than mental. There are no Clara Morris now, who know how to make despairing silence more poignant than the loudest outcry. There can be no question that so far as the outward denotements of the wilder storms of feminine emotion were concerned the Marie Voysin of Margaret Illington was more impressive, perhaps more eloquent, than that of Madame Simone, but it was not equal to it in the art of theatrical design."

Mme. Simone in an interview published in *The Herald* defends her art against critical onslaughts. "The author wrote the play for me; he saw it rehearsed; I have done what he asked me to do." Naturalistic art in France,



A SOURCE OF TROUBLE IN TWO CONTINENTS

This is a stirring scene from Synge's "Playboy of the Western World," the part of the boy being taken by Fred O'Donovan. The play caused a theatrical scandal of a week's duration in Ireland, and here the players coming to us, under the guidance of William B. Yeats, from the Dublin Abbey Theater, have met in every American city with the spirited opposition of the Irish-Americans.

she explains, presents a play in conformity with the realities of life.

"The action on the stage is conducted as tho by some chance unknown to the persons of the drama the front wall of the room were removed and incidents of their private life were suddenly disclosed to strange witnesses with whose presence they remain quite unconcerned.

"Thus, in the first act of 'The Thief,' when the detective makes his report, the little woman who has committed the theft hides her emotion and manifests unconcern, her one object being to hide her guilt from those about her. How, then, could she possibly, in a natural manner, disclose her agitation to the public? It would degenerate into something like a game of hide and seek.

"Marie Louise is not a sympathetic woman. She is, shall I say, a little animal, a beast—she is not a heroine. She is only a creature of instincts lost in the love for her husband, by whom

she is hypnotized. This especially appears in the confession. 'Forgive me?' she asks her husband. She makes no plea for forgiveness to the woman from whom she stole thousands of francs that she might buy finery. She asks for no forgiveness from the infatuated boy accused of the theft which she herself committed.

"When her husband thinks she is unfaithful to him she does express feeling—the strong feeling of a woman of small nature, but never the emotion of a great soul. Had she been a great soul she would not have done as she did."

In "The Whirlwind" Madame displayed what Louis Sherwin in the New York *Globe* termed pyrotechnical gifts. "Her wild tirade of fury," we are told, "was almost literally a whirlwind." Yet, as the *World* critic, Louis DeFoe, pointed out, "she does not sound the deep human note. Her technical ability is re-

markable. She is a dramatic virtuoso, but, he adds, it is very doubtful if she touches the hearts of her hearers.

"This much, however, is to be said in extenuation of her method. It is flawlessly adjusted to the kind of plays in which she appears. If she wishes to become eminent as a naturalistic star she should find dramas other than the machine-made, theatric pieces of Bernstein, who is Sardou's disciple, not at that great mechanic's best, but at almost his worst. His plays are racks for the display of hysterical emotion, not pictures of life. It would be very interesting to see how Mme. Simone would impersonate a real woman. She might succeed, but thus far she has not tried."

Alan Dale remarks that cablegrams from Paris to assure us of Mme. Simone's art are not needed. New York, he thinks, is not going to see a finer actress in many moons. The general feeling, however, still seems to be that both Madame's acting and her vehicles are "stunners," not art, human and appealing, as we understand it.

So far Mme. Simone's triumphs have been won chiefly in Bernstein's plays. She is to Henri Bernstein what Maude Adams is to Barry. Barry, as a recent writer points out, never achieves a profound success in this country except when Maude Adams impersonates his heroines or his heroes. A similar mystic relationship seems to exist between the French playwright and Mme. Simone. Before "Le Detour," one of Bernstein's earliest plays, was produced, a fortune-teller told Mme. Simone that she would appear in a play written by a tall blonde young man, that she would act in nine of his plays, and that he



THE MOTHER OF THE IRISH DRAMA

If William Butler Yeats is the father of the Gaelic revival in the drama, Lady Gregory, stage director and author, may appropriately be called its mother.

would never have a success without her. The recent theatric history of France has verified this prediction.

## THE STORMY DÉBUT OF THE IRISH PLAYERS

**R**IOTS have marked the career of the Irish Players from the beginning. Dublin knows of theatrical battles that lasted for weeks, and now that the Abbey Theatre Company has come to us, protest and scandal have greeted them wherever they went. George Moore who attempted to smoothe their way, said of them: "There may be no high road to Parnassus; the boreen will take us there. Boreen is the Irish for a little road or by-way and Yeats and his company have reached Olympus by following the boreen, that is to say, the dialect. The Abbey Theatre Company are going to America and they will bring with them

the fragrance of bog-land and of meadow-land and also of public house-land. They will reveal the hard lot of the Irish peasant on a scant farm better than Jean François Millet ever did in his pictures. I am glad they are going, for the sake of the American public."

In spite of this enthusiastic announcement the reception of the little group of players has been marked by violent protests emanating chiefly from the Irish themselves. The opposition of the Irish to the Irish players who, we are told, misrepresent Ireland, turns to white-hot rage in their comments on "The Playboy of the Western World" by the late J. M. Synge, which Yeats declares to be "the most original piece of stage literature that has

been written since Elizabethan times, exceeding Sheridan and Goldsmith, for those were but echoes of Wicherly and Congreve, whereas Synge in "The Playboy" is himself and nothing but himself. The objection to the play and the players are both religious and national. Religious because the play and the players are pagan; national because the Irish, like the Jews, are, as Yeats points out, extremely sensitive about their racial characteristics. "For centuries the Irish have been overwhelmed politically by the English, and the Jews have been persecuted by almost every other nation. It is only natural that both should be sensitive. But if Ireland is to have a literature the Irish must allow themselves to be dealt with as freely as any other nation in the world."

Irish opposition to Synge and his plays is not, however, without justification. The author, avers Tuatha da Danaan in the *St. Louis Mirror*, is much overrated. He invented a form of dialect which has no resemblance to the common speech of the people, and he attributed to them ideas with which they are not familiar.

"In the 'Playboy' a man who believes that he has murdered his father becomes for the nonce a hero among his associates, especially among the women, who positively struggle for his notice. Now the Irish societies need not fear that the world at large will regard this fact as an indictment of the Irish people or that it will create any general impression that parricide is habitual in Ireland. The whole situation is one which might be paralleled, but not duplicated, anywhere. If anyone had written an American play based on the worship of romantic criminals here, showing men who had murdered women, surrounded by admiring females who send them flowers to brighten their cells and dainties to relieve the monotony of prison fare, no one would have put down the circumstances as an evidence of American sympathy with crime in general or murder in particular. There are in all communities people whose own humdrum existence creates in them a morbid reaction toward the unusual and the startling. The Richeson-Linnell tragedy in Massachusetts is a new proof. Thousands of people thronged the streets and filled the windows to see a young minister on his way to gaol, accused of a most dastardly crime. The psychology of such crowds would make an interesting and repulsive study."

The unwholesome sentiment which Synge ascribes to a little Irish village is world-wide, but, the writer goes on to say, coarseness of thought and language form the whole texture of the play. No one seems shocked at the

crime, and when it turns out that the father has only been wounded, there is general disappointment. The atmosphere created, Mr. Danaan thinks, is so redolent of degeneracy that it is repugnant to any right-thinking person whether Irish or not.

Father Kenny, speaking in *The Morning Telegraph* of Synge's Parisian training, likewise denies the Irish quality of Synge's genius. "A Trinity College graduate of literary tastes, he went to the Paris Latin Quarter to develop them. There he made a study of the decadent French writers, particularly Baudelaire, and having failed to accomplish anything remarkable under such tutelage, he betook him, by advice of Yeats, to the Arran Isles to exploit the ideas he had imbibed in a new and sensational setting."

"The device of using the pure and simple peasantry of Arran as a framework for the denizens of the Quartier Latin was sufficiently startling, and quite Baudelairean. Baudelaire would try to astonish folk by opening a conversation with such a phrase as, 'After assassinating my poor father this morning,' and Synge told how he appeared once in green hair, and grew angry when advised to try sky-blue if he would startle folk. The disciple improved on the master. Synge sky-blued the Connacht peasants and made his best known hero heroic solely by having him kill his poor father.

"The Playboy of the Western World' is a dramatization of the freak of Baudelaire. Nor is the form and tone less foreign than the substance."

The author, in a preface to his play\* claims that his language is realistic and that the play is based on facts. The tale, he says, was related to him by an old man on the Aran Islands who began the story with the words: "If any gentleman has done a crime, we'll hide him. There was a gentleman that killed his father, and I had him in my own house for six months, till he got away to America." *The Outlook* ascribes the Irish opposition to the play to misunderstanding:

"If the literal-minded Irish who denounced this play before they took time to understand it had caught sight of the meaning of 'The Playboy of the Western World,' they would have seen in it one of the deepest instincts of the Celtic nature—personal loyalty; the instinct of the clansman to follow his leader and ask no questions; the feeling that law is a kind of conventional tyranny from which the man who has broken it ought to be protected. This attitude makes the Irishman one of the most interesting figures in the world. It also explains Tammany Hall!"

\* John W. Luce Company.

# Literature and Art

## RODIN'S MESSAGE TO POSTERITY



**D**URING two centuries," wrote Stendhal in 1817, "a false policy proscribed the strong passions, and it ended, by force of curbing them, in annihilating them; they were no more to be found except in the villages. The nineteenth century is going to restore their rights. If a Michael Angelo should be given us in our day of light, where would he not go? What a torrent of new sensations and joys would he not pour upon a public so well prepared by the drama and the novel! Perhaps he would create a modern sculpture, perhaps he would force the sculptural art to express the passions, provided, of course, it is suited to the passions. At any rate, he would make it express states of soul. . . . And thus Antiquity would drop to second place."

Had the author of "Le Rouge et le Noir" foreseen the advent of Auguste Rodin, he could not better have characterized his art. Not that the sculpture of the Greeks has dropped to second place—Rodin himself, who affirms that no sculptor will ever surpass Phidias, would be the first to resent the fulsome flattery of such a claim; but the author of "Le Baiser," "Le Printemps," "Le Penseur" and "L'Appel Suprême" has achieved such mastery as an exponent of states of soul and even of the passions that he has created a new sculpture and is playing in the world of art precisely the rôle described above. He has now attained an age (seventy-one) when it is eminently natural and fitting that he should desire to provide for the conservation of the ideas that lie closest to his heart, to make his last artistic will and testament, so to speak, to deliver a sort of farewell message to the world. And, because he is distrustful of his own talents as a writer, he has cast this message into the form of dialogs between himself and his friend Paul Gsell, confiding to the latter the care of preparing them for the press.\*

In an introductory chapter, Rodin defines art and incidentally has his fling at the crass materialism of the time in which he lives:

"To-day, artists and those who love artists produce the effect of fossil animals. Imagine a megatherium or a diplodocus sauntering in the streets of Paris. This is the impression we must produce upon our contemporaries.

"Our epoch is an epoch of engineers and manufacturers, not of artists. Modern life seeks utility, strains to ameliorate existence materially: every day science invents new processes for feeding, clothing or transporting men; it fabricates bad products economically in order to give to the greatest number adulterated pleasures; it is true that it also brings real improvements for the satisfaction of all our needs. But of the spirit, of thought, of reverie there is no more question. Art is dead.

"Art is contemplation. It is the pleasure of the spirit that penetrates nature and that divines the spirit with which nature is animated. It is the joy of the intelligence which sees clear in the universe and which recreates it by illuminating it with consciousness. Art is the sublimest mission of man, for it is the exercise of thought which seeks to understand the world and to make it understood. . . .

"Art, again, is taste. It is the reflection of the heart of the artist upon all the objects he fashions. It is the smile of the human soul upon the house and upon its furniture. It is the charm of thought and of sentiment incorporated into everything men use. But how many of our contemporaries feel the necessity of housing themselves and furnishing their homes with taste? Formerly, in ancient France, art was everywhere. The least of the bourgeois, the peasants even, used only objects agreeable to the eye. Their chairs, their tables, their pots, their jugs were comely. To-day art is banished from daily life. What is useful, we say, does not need to be beautiful. Everything is ugly, everything is fabricated hastily and gracelessly by stupid machines. Artists are enemies."

Rodin employs steadily several models whose business it is to move about his studio freely, in a state of nature. By watching them constantly, he has familiarized him-

\* L'ART. By Auguste Rodin. Entretiens Réunis par Paul Gsell. Paris: Bernard Grasset.



RODIN WITH HIS SWANS

This picture shows the greatest master of modern sculpture as he walks in the privacy of his garden.

self with the spectacle of muscles in motion. The naked body which the ancient Greeks were wont to contemplate in the exercises of the palestra, but which most modern sculptors are able to observe only during the brief posings of their models, is for Rodin an habitual vision. Like the Greeks, he knows the rôle played by every part of the body in the expression of sentiment, and he thus speaks, as naturally as they, the language of the nude. The following dialog throws a great deal of light upon his unique method of work:

"M. GSELL: 'What astonishes me in you is that you proceed altogether differently from your fellow-sculptors. I know many of them and I have seen them at work. They make the model mount a pedestal which they call *the fable* and they order him to take this or that pose. More often than not, they bend or stretch his arms and legs and adjust his trunk and his head to suit their fancy, quite as if he were a jointed lay-figure.'

"You, on the other hand, wait until your models assume of themselves interesting attitudes before beginning work. In fact you seem to be under their orders rather than they under yours.'

"RODIN: 'I am not at their disposition, but at the disposition of Nature.'

"My colleagues have their reasons, no doubt, for proceeding in the manner you have just described. But, in thus doing violence to Nature

and in treating human beings like puppets, they risk producing artificial and dead works. As for me, hunter of truth and observer of life, I refrain from imitating their example. I seize upon the movements I observe, but it is not I who impose these movements. Even when the subject I am treating constrains me to ask a model for a definite attitude, I suggest it to him, but I carefully avoid laying hands on him to pose him, for I want to represent only that which reality offers me spontaneously. In everything I obey Nature, and never do I pretend to command her. To be servilely faithful to Nature is my sole ambition.'

"M. GSELL: 'But the Nature you evoke in your works is not Nature precisely as she is.'

"RODIN: 'Yes, it is Nature precisely as she is.'

"M. GSELL: 'You are obliged to make changes.'

"RODIN: 'I'd be damned first!'

"M. GSELL: 'But the proof that you make changes is that a mould would not give the same impression

as your work.'

"RODIN: 'There you are right. But this is because a mould is less true than my sculpture. For a model could not keep a living attitude during all the time it would take to mould him; while I keep in mind the whole pose and constantly urge the model to conform thereto.'

"Better still. A mould reproduces only the exterior; I reproduce the spirit, which is also a part of Nature.'

"I see all the truth and not alone that of the surface.'

Time and again, in the course of these conversations, Rodin insists that he never takes liberties with Nature, that he merely copies, that he reproduces exactly what he sees. Time and again, until it comes to be a sort of refrain, he repeats that there is no receipt for embellishing Nature, that to copy what one sees is the only principle in art. The test comes, then, in the seeing. The mediocre artist, like the ordinary man, does not really see. The genuine artist, the great artist, on the other hand, really sees.

The vulgar herd would forbid the artist to represent everything in Nature that displeases or offends them. They are wrong, for that in Nature which is commonly called ugliness may become surpassingly beautiful in art. In art only that which possesses character is beautiful. But, for the genuine artist, every-



RODIN'S LAST IMPORTANT WORK

"The Broken Lily," exhibited at the Champ de Mars Salon in Paris last Spring, illustrates one of Rodin's most characteristic moods. The figure seems to palpitate with life.



RODIN'S HOME AT VAL-FLEURY

The residence and workshop of Auguste Rodin, near Meudon, stand on a cliff overlooking all Paris.

thing in Nature possesses character. Ergo, for the genuine artist, everything in Nature is beautiful. Rodin, setting out from this theme, chants a veritable hymn to Life and Nature:

"For the artist worthy of the name, everything is beautiful in Nature because his eyes, accepting intrepidly all exterior beauty, easily read therein, as in an open book, all inner beauty.

"He has only to look at a human visage to decipher a soul; no feature deceives him, hypocrisy is as transparent for him as sincerity; the inclination of a forehead, the slightest contraction of an eyebrow, an evasive look reveal to him the secrets of the heart.

"He scrutinizes the dim mind of the animal. He perceives all the humble life of the beast—incipient sentiments and thoughts, dull comprehension, rudimentary tenderness,—in his looks and in his movements.

"He is likewise the confidant of insensible Nature. The trees, the plants talk to him like friends.

"The ancient gnarled oaks tell him their benevolence for the humanity they protect with their spreading branches.

"The flowers converse with him by the gracious curves of their stems, by the harmonious shadings of their petals; every corolla in the grass is an affectionate word addressed to him by Nature.

"For him, life is infinite enjoyment, perpetual enchantment, supreme intoxication.

"Not that everything appears to him good, for the suffering which so often attacks him and those whom he cherishes would cruelly belie this optimism. But, for him, everything is beautiful, because he always walks in the light of spiritual truth.

"Yes, even in suffering, even in the death of loved ones and even in the treason of a friend,

the great artist, and I understand by this word the poet as well as the painter or the sculptor, finds the tragic voluptuousness of admiration.

"His heart is sometimes on the rack, but, more keenly than his pain, he feels the fierce joy of comprehending and of expressing. In everything he discerns clearly the intentions of Destiny. Upon his own anguish, upon his cruelest wounds he fixes the enthusiastic gaze of the man who has divined the decrees of fate. Deceived by a creature he loves, he staggers under the blow, then, recovering himself, he contemplates the traitor as a fine example of turpitude, he salutes his ingratitude as an experience that enriches his soul. At

times his ecstasy is terrifying, but it is still happiness because it is the continual adoration of truth.

"When he perceives human beings destroying one another, all youth fading, all vigor declining, all genius being extinguished, when he sees face to face the will which decreed all these somber laws, more than ever he joys in knowing and, glutted with truth, he is formidably happy."

In chapters which should prove infinitely precious to young sculptors, but which are rather too technical to be summarized for the general reader, Rodin tells how to model so as to create an impression of "depth" ("to make the verity of figures develop from within out, like life itself"), how to bestow color, in the sense in which engravers use the word, upon sculpture, and how to produce the illusion of movement so perfectly as to represent not only passing gestures but long action. He also defines the function of drawing, which is one of his favorite pastimes, appreciates the great artists of ancient and modern times, compares the physique of the modern with the physique of the Greek, explains the nature of portraiture, and expounds the rôle of mystery and of symbolism in art. Furthermore, he takes great pains to demonstrate the injustice of the current charge that he is in rebellion against the traditions of the classics, which, in reality, he adores:

"I have oscillated my life long between the two great tendencies of the art of statuary, between the conception of Phidias and that of Michael Angelo.

"I set out from the Antique; but, when I went to Italy, I suddenly became enamored of the great Florentine master and my works were surely influenced by this passion.

"Since then, of late years especially, I have returned to the Antique.

"The favorite themes of Michael Angelo—the profundity of the human soul, the sanctity of effort and of suffering—possess austere grandeur.

"But I do not approve his scorn of life.

"Terrestrial activity, however imperfect it may be, is still good and beautiful.

"Let us love life for the very effort it permits us to deploy.

"As for me, I never cease trying to render calmer my vision of Nature. We should tend toward serenity. We shall always retain enough of Christian anxiety in the presence of mystery."

Finally, Rodin takes the public into his confidence regarding his attitude to religion:

"If by a religious man is meant one who binds himself to certain practices, who bows before certain dogmas, evidently I am not a religious man. Who is in our epoch? Who can abdicate his critical spirit and his reason?

"But, to my thinking, religion is something other than the stammering of a *credo*. It is the sentiment of everything that is unexplained and, undoubtedly, inexplicable in the world. It is the adoration of the unknown force which main-

tains universal laws and which conserves the types of beings; it is the suspicion of all that in Nature which does not fall under our senses, of the immense domain of the things which neither the eyes of our body nor those of our spirit are capable of seeing; it is also the soaring of our consciousness toward the infinite, the eternal, toward limitless knowledge and love, promises which are illusory, perhaps, but which, even in this life, set our thought palpitating as if it had felt its wings.

"In this sense I am religious. . . .

"If religion did not exist, I should be obliged to invent it.

"True artists are, in sum, the most religious of mortals. People believe that we live only by our senses and that the world of appearances suffices us. They take us for children who intoxicate themselves with chatoyant colors and who amuse themselves with forms as with puppets. They do not understand us. Lines and hues are for us only the signs of hidden realities. Our gaze plunges beneath the surface into the spirit, and when we reproduce contours we enrich them with the spiritual contents they envelop. . . . We will do well to remember, however, that the first commandment of this religion, for those who wish to practice it, is to know how to model an arm, a trunk, or a thigh."

## BRET HARTE AS THE CLASSIC INTERPRETER OF CALIFORNIA'S HEROIC AGE

**I**T IS as an American classic that Mr. Henry Childs Merwin considers Bret Harte in his new biography.\* The book, moreover, is an exhaustive defense of this famous story-writer against the popular charge of "perverse romanticism." Harte has been bitterly accused of misrepresenting pioneer society. "It is strange," writes Mr. Merwin, "that Californians themselves should have been so anxious to strip from their State the distinction which Bret Harte conferred upon it, so anxious to prove that its heroic age never existed, that life in California has always been just as commonplace, respectable and uninteresting as it is anywhere else in the world. But, be this as it may, the diaries, letters and narratives written by pioneers themselves, and, most important of all, the daily newspapers published in San Francisco and elsewhere from 1849 to 1855, fully corroborate Bret Harte's assertion that he described only what actually occurred."

Admitting all his defects and limitations, Harte at his best, Mr. Merwin maintains, was a realist and dramatic poet, with an almost impeccable style. His stories are epochal; "Tennessee's Partner" being as "historical" as Robinson Crusoe."

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, New York, in 1836, of English-Hebrew-Dutch parentage. He was a precocious boy, contributing a poem, "Autumnal Musings," to the New York *Sunday Atlas* when he was only eleven years old. But the significant event in Harte's youth was his emigration to California in 1854, where his mother, a poor widow, had remarried happily and prosperously. "No guns were fired; no band played," says his biographer; "but the youth of eighteen who thus slipped unnoticed into California was the one person, out of the many thousands arriving in those early years, whose coming was a fact of importance."

For the next year or two, Harte wandered about the State, unconsciously gathering his literary material. He occupied at one time the dangerous position of express messenger

\* THE LIFE OF BRET HARTE. Houghton Mifflin Company.

for the Wells Fargo Company, his predecessor having been shot through the arm by a highwayman, and his successor being killed. Here he encountered those pioneer stage-drivers whose type he preserved in the character of Yuba Bill. "Any political news from below, Bill?" he [the important Judge Beeswinger] asked, as the latter slowly descended from his lofty perch, without, however, any perceptible coming down of mien or manner. 'Not much,' said Bill, with deliberate gravity. 'The President o' the United States hezn't been hisself sens you refoosed that seat in the Cabinet. The gin'ral feelin' in perlitical circles is one o' regret.'" "To be rebuked thus," comments G. K. Chesterton, "is like being rebuked by the pyramids or by the starry heavens. There is about Yuba Bill this air of a pugnacious calm, a stepping back to get his distance for a shattering blow, which is like that of Dr. Johnson at his best. And the effect is inexpressibly increased by the background and the whole picture which Bret Harte paints so powerfully,—the stormy skies, the somber gorge, the rocking and spinning coach, and high above the feverish passengers the huge, dark form of Yuba Bill, a silent mountain of human."

Bret Harte taught school in the course of his wanderings; he learned the printer's trade; and he acted as clerk in a drug store, with what qualifications he himself tells us in the following autobiographical passage, taken from that extraordinary story with the ordinary name, "How Reuben Allen Saw Life in San Francisco":

"A slight knowledge of Latin as a written language, an American schoolboy's acquaintance with chemistry and natural philosophy, were deemed sufficient by his partner, a regular physician, for practical cooperation in the vending of drugs and putting up of prescriptions. He knew the difference between acids and alkalis and the peculiar results which attended their incautious combination. But he was excessively deliberate, painstaking and cautious. There was no danger of his poisoning anybody through haste or carelessness, but it was possible that an urgent 'case' might have succumbed to the disease while he was putting up the remedy."

There is evidence, tho not conclusive, that Harte tried his luck at gold-seeking; and he ended his adventures as compositor, printer's devil, and assistant editor of the *Northern Californian*, published at Eureka in Humboldt County. His connection with this paper was cut short, however, by an exciting event.

"During a temporary absence of the editor," writes Mr. Merwin, "Bret Harte was entrusted with the conduct of the paper, and about that time a cowardly massacre of Indians was perpetrated by some Americans in the vicinity. . . . Nobody hated injustice or cruelty more than Bret Harte, and in his editorial capacity he scathingly condemned the murder. . . . The article excited the anger of the community, and a mob was collected for the avowed purpose of wrecking the newspaper office and hanging or otherwise maltreating the youthful writer. Bret Harte, armed with two pistols, awaited their coming during an evening which was probably the longest of his life. But the timely arrival of a few United States cavalrymen, sent for by some peace-lovers in the town, averted the danger; and the young journalist suffered no harm beyond an abrupt dismissal upon the hasty return of the editor."

Bret Harte finally settled in San Francisco at the age of twenty-two as type-setter and occasional contributor in the office of the *Golden Era*. Soon, he was promoted to the editorial room; and this pioneer publication contains most of his early work, including "Condensed Novels" and "M'liss" in its first and best form. While working on the *Golden Era*, Harte married; and shortly after, he was appointed secretary of the California Mint, a sinecure which he continued to hold until he left the State six years later. The position did not interfere with his literary and editorial ventures which now began to assume a national importance.

It was as first editor of the *Overland Monthly*, founded in July, 1868, by Anton Roman, a San Francisco book-seller, that Harte originated and developed what he himself styled later "a peculiarly characteristic Western American literature." He selected the name of the new magazine, and the success of the historic bear on its cover was due to one of his inspirations. As first designed, there was no railroad track in the vignette, only the symbolic grizzly. "As a bear, he was a success," wrote Mark Twain to Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "he was a good bear.—But then, it was objected, that he was an *objectless* bear—a bear that *meant* nothing in particular, signified nothing,—simply stood there snarling over his shoulder at nothing—and was painfully and manifestly a boorish and ill-natured intruder upon the fair page. All hands said that—none were satisfied. They hated badly to give him up, and yet they hated as much

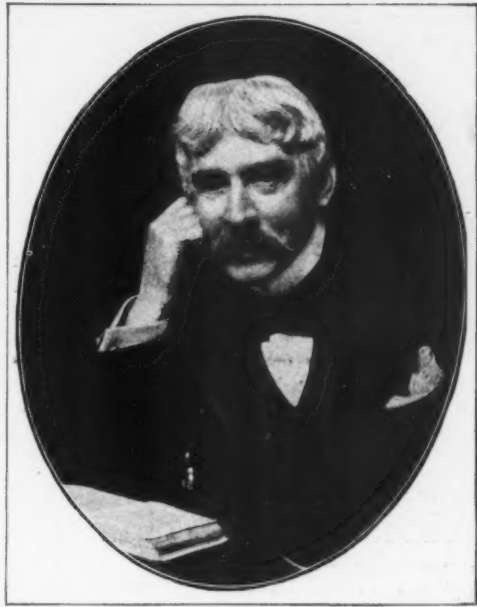
to have him there when there was no point to him. But presently Harte took a pencil and drew these two simple lines under his feet and behold he was a magnificent success!—the ancient symbol of Californian savagery snarling at the approaching type of high and progressive Civilization, the first Overland locomotive!"

Mr. Merwin thus recounts Harte's first national success in fiction:

"The opening number of the *Overland* had contained no 'distinctive Californian romance,' as Harte expressed it, and none such being offered for the second number, the editor supplied the omission with 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' But the printer, instead of sending the proof-sheets to the writer of the story, as would have been the ordinary course, submitted them to the publisher, with a statement that the matter was so 'indecent, irreligious and improper' that his proof-reader, a young lady, had with difficulty been induced to read it. Then followed many consultations between author, publisher and various high literary authorities whose judgment had been invoked. Opinions differed, but the weight of opinion was against the tale, and the expediency of printing it. Nevertheless, the author—conceiving that his fitness as editor was now in question—stood to his guns; the publisher, though fearful of the result, stood by him; and the tale was published without the alteration of a word. It was received very coldly by the secular press in California, its 'singularity' being especially pointed out; and it was bitterly denounced by the religious press as being immoral and unchristian. But there was a wider public to hear from. The return mail from the East brought newspapers and reviews 'welcoming the little foundling of Californian literature with an enthusiasm that half frightened its author.'"

It was not a story, however, but his poem, "The Heathen Chinee," originally entitled "Plain Language from Truthful James," and printed in the *Overland* for September, 1870, which first brought Harte international fame. Yet the author himself, it is interesting to note, never valued the poem highly. He thought it unworthy a place in the *Overland*, and hesitated several months before printing it even on the advice of Ambrose Bierce.

Bret Harte, to a very remarkable degree, differentiated his functions as editor and as contributor; and he was equally exacting in both capacities. Six months elapsed before he permitted himself to follow up the success of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" with "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Mr. Howells writes: "When it came to literature, all the gay im-



HIS PAGES SUM UP AN EPOCH

A new biographer of Bret Harte predicts that the time will come when California, "now strangely unappreciative," will look back upon her pioneers and the writer who made them immortal "as the modern Greek looks back upon Sparta and Athens."

providence of life forsook him, and he became a stern, rigorous, exacting self-master, who spared himself nothing to achieve the perfection at which he aimed. He was of the order of literary men like Goldsmith and De Quincey and Sterne and Steele, in his relations with the outer world, but in his relations with the inner world, he was one of the most duteous and exemplary citizens." Mark Twain pays the following tribute: "Bret Harte trimmed and trained and schooled me patiently until he changed me from an awkward utterer of coarse grotesqueness to a writer of paragraphs and chapters that have found a certain favor in the eyes of even some of the very decentest people in the land."

In California, Bret Harte was honored, altho he was never fully understood or appreciated. His predominant sense of humor was not the Californian sense of humor. It was not even American. It was universal. In one of his gigantic flashes of insight, G. K. Chesterton has declared that Bret Harte was a genuine American, that he was also a genuine humorist, but that he was not an American humorist; which antithesis he supports as follows:

"American humor is purely exaggerative; Bret Harte's humor was sympathetic and analytical. The wild, sky-breaking humor of America has its fine qualities, but it must in the nature of things be deficient in two qualities,—reverence and sympathy. And these two qualities were knit into the closest texture of Bret Harte's humor."

In discussing Bret Harte's style, Mr. Merwin thus disposes of the criticism that it was hurt by the influence of Dickens: "When Bret Harte nodded, he wrote like Dickens. But the better stories, and the great majority of the stories, show no trace of this blemish. Bret Harte at his best was perhaps as nearly original as any author in the world." It is his unhesitatingly expressed opinion that altho Dickens excelled Harte in depth and scope, his characters taking hold of the popular imagination and influencing public sentiment as Bret Harte's never have done, yet there is reason to think that "the American author of short stories will outlast the English novelist"; for "the one is, and the other is not, a classic writer."

Bret Harte left California in 1871, never to return; and his subsequent career as author, lecturer and United States consul is not important in any consideration of him as an

American classic. The known facts concerning his private life are few, and his present biographer has the good taste not to enlarge upon them. "The very absence of information about Bret Harte makes misconstruction easy," he warns us. "Why he lived apart from his family, why he lived in England, why he continued to draw his subjects from California,—these are matters as to which the inquisitive world would have been glad to be informed, but as to which he thought it more fitting to keep silence; and from that silence no amount of misrepresentation could move him." In conclusion, Mr. Merwin writes:

"Upon one aspect of his career there can be no difference of opinion. His devotion to his art was unwavering and extreme. Pagan though he may have been in some respects, in this matter he was as conscientious a Puritan as Hawthorne himself. . . .

"Bret Harte was one of that select band to whom the gods have vouchsafed a glimpse of perfection. All his life, from mere boyhood, he was inspired by a vision of that ideal beauty which is at once the joy and the despair of the true artist. Whoever realizes that vision, even though in an imperfect manner, has overcome the limitations of time and space, and has obtained a position among the immortals which may be denied to better and even greater men."

## THE SMILE THAT MONA LISA LEFT BEHIND

**T**HE smile of Mona Lisa has not left Paris, tho her portrait may have crossed the frontier. It lingers on the lips of everyone who reads the newspapers. Never was there a better example of the French habit of expressing intense feeling with light-running wit; for that the national sense of outrage is bitterly intense shows not only in the swift if somewhat indiscriminate vengeance taken upon the Louvre management, but in the fact that the feeling deepens with time instead of fading in the fifteen days that Musset gave Paris to forget anything. The runaway wife of Francesco del Giocondo is already in Helen of Troy's class as a trouble-maker. The *Revue Bleue* points out that Remy de Gourmont guessed wrong when he said that Mona Lisa's smile was caused by the art-criticisms she had to hear in the Louvre; it is now clear that she knew all along what was going to happen and has been indulging in a private chuckle. Perhaps by this time the corners of her mouth

have risen a trifle over the recent output of jokes that she has inspired.

Two clubmen, in *Figaro*, discuss the elopement of an elderly belle with her chauffeur. "She must be crazy, to let herself be carried away like that, at forty-five!" "Well," says the other, "the Joconde was 411." A burglar cries with professional enthusiasm: "Leonardo has found his equal! It took as much genius to steal that picture as it did to paint it!" An artist's wife, entering with her market-basket the studio where her husband is painting purple cows, complains: "With your ideas of high art, you'll bring us to starvation, especially at the price butter is!" To which he replies: "Silence, sordid one! I am a type of the class of Leonardo da Vinci; 'our' works are 'unsalable.'"

The rewards offered by various newspapers have added to the gaiety of the situation, even if they have not relieved it. A sketch shows a frightened guardian of the Louvre rushing into the office of the Conservator crying that, since the announcement of a prize of a mil-

lion and immunity, the "Raft of the Medusa" and the "Marriage at Cana" have mysteriously disappeared. Someone writes to one of the papers that he is a waiter who has stolen the picture and will return it for 200,000 francs. The obvious comment is that he at least is not in favor of the suppression of the *pour-boire*. It can't be a waiter, says another humorist; he would have carried away the glass. The *Paris Journal*, by its offer of reward, does get back, not "Mona Lisa" indeed, but two antique statuettes, stolen two years ago; which leads a cartoonist to depict a Louvre guardian with the statuettes in his game-pouch calling to one of the famous police dogs that now nightly roam the galleries, and that, in the picture, has "Mona Lisa" in his mouth: "Lay it down, sir." These dogs, another paper hopes, will not devour the game pictures in the watches of the night. The return of so many missing articles of art, under the spell of reward or fear, has led some to call for the opening of a new gallery—the Hall of Restitutions. A certain deputy is represented as complaining because the Louvre is now closed so much, as a belated measure of precaution, and is promptly classed as "another partisan of the open door." The most ghastly joke of this class—if joke it be—is that of an unknown who writes to *Figaro* offering for 400,000 francs to return the picture, *one half at a time!* The "thief" promises to produce the lower half first for 50,000 francs (in English gold). This will convince the experts of its authenticity, and he will furnish the upper half for 350,000 francs. The cut is to be made with a very sharp instrument that is guaranteed to leave no mark when joined. The shudder with which the editor replies that he would gladly give a reward to ensure that the famous smile should remain un-bisected, is shared by anyone who reads of the project.

The *Echo du Merveilleux*, the organ of the clairvoyants, had a symposium on the subject, to which all the principal seeresses contributed. The ladies, however, missed an invaluable opportunity; their utterances are as misty as oracles. Curiously enough, M. Dujardin-Beaumetz, of the management, when, worn out with work and the intense heat he left for his vacation, said to his secretary: "Above all, do not call me back unless the Louvre burns or the 'Mona Lisa' is stolen." The Louvre did not burn—but M. Dujardin-Beaumetz was recalled. Lest the "voyants" claim him as one of their number, it is as well to add that he has always been worried about

the safety of this picture, and twelve years ago told the Chamber in a discussion of the Louvre budget: "If the 'Joconde' disappears, you can't replace her."

About the meanest thing that has been said of the vanished lady is the remark of the artist Van Dongen in the *Revue de Paris* that she must have very bad teeth to keep her mouth so tightly closed when she smiles. Another explanation of the "sourire mysterieux" is offered by Georg Hirth, in *Jugend*, who declares that he can get along without her; that she has been too frankly superior in her attitude to his sex. That women often, indeed generally, do feel their superiority, he admits; but this Italian lady has committed the fatal error of showing it. He says—and photography bears him out—that her forehead is too high, her brows too deep and too faint, her mouth too small, her nose too long—and that the fact that with all this, and her smile to boot, she is beautiful, shows there is something diabolical about her. Most of the adverse criticism, however, comes from her own sex. It has always been one of the unexplained mysteries that man has deplored in woman that she never could be brought to think Mona Lisa beautiful. Albert Guillaume shows a pair of ladies, one young and lovely, the other exactly opposite, of whom the pretty one says: "And do you find her as pretty as all that, this Mona Lisa? No eyelids, no eyelashes, a complexion like cold veal, valises under her eyes, a walnut in each cheek. Those imbeciles of men go into ecstasies over the 'mystery of her smile.'" To which the homely lady replies: "Ah, do they think that they will learn what we are thinking, we others?"

Even Madame Recamier, interviewed by a reporter in the Louvre as she reclines upon her Empire couch in the famous picture by David, replies with some natural irritation, "Pray, don't talk to me! That person was carried off because she was relatively light,—that was all. If it had been a question of merit, of charm, or of beauty, there are surely others in the Louvre—the Empress Josephine, for example!"

Not all the Louvre people, according to Weisgerber, regard the matter so calmly. He shows in *Jugend* a sketch of the mutilated antique statues rallying to each other's aid. Not one has a full set of arms and legs, from the Venus of Milo down, and they call to one another: "Spread out, children, hold fast, keep together, or we'll get stolen." Another writer in *Jugend*, the poet "Karlchen," wails



## ENVOI!

YOUNG LADY: And do you find her as pretty as all that, this Mona Lisa? No eyelids, no eyelashes, a complexion like cold veal, valises under her eyes, a walnut in each cheek. Those imbeciles of men go into ecstasies over the "mystery of her smile."

OLD LADY: Ah, do they think that they will learn what we are thinking, we others?

—Paris *Figaro*.

that tho he has lost his heart to many a lovely lady in Italy, this was the only one that knew enough to keep her mouth shut. Perhaps the most literary pleasantry is one that was recited by M. Dumeny in the course of a lecture in Vichy on Nadaud, who is best known by his touching poem, "Carcassonne." The lecturer made this excellent parody, which is here reproduced for the first time in English.

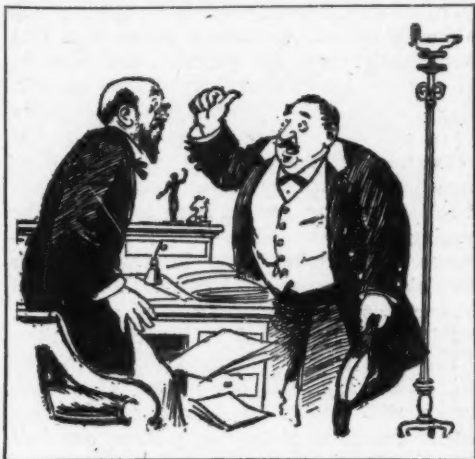
Full sixty years I've lived, I know;  
They say that I'm an honest fellow;  
So spoke a man from Perigord,  
His cheeks like apples, red and mellow—  
I love to see good pictures so  
I'd go, I think, the seas beyond,  
To see a Rubens, a Watteau—  
I never yet saw the Joconde.

I've seen Fallières, the vineyard man,  
Alphonse thirteenth at Saragossa,  
Caillaux (I only saw his brow),  
Pelletan, Rostand, Briand, boss o'  
The Socialistic crowd; I've seen  
A Lot, a Cantal, a Gironde,  
A native Honolulu queen—  
I never yet saw the Joconde.

I thought I'd make his dream come true.  
I said, "I'll take you, it's not far;  
Don't stop to pack, we can go through  
By morning in my motor car."  
We reached the Louvre by morning light,  
But Mona Lisa, vagabond,  
Had taken French leave over night—  
He never saw the fair Joconde!

## ENVOI.

Dear Princess of the smile so sweet,  
Come to the Louvre, I beg your grace;  
Stand in the empty frame, and show  
The oval of your lovely face:



## IN THE OFFICE OF THE LOUVRE

"Monsieur le Conservator! Since the announcement of a prize of a million francs and immunity to the party who will return the 'Mona Lisa,' the 'Raft of the Medusa' and the 'Marriage at Cana' have mysteriously disappeared!"

—Paris *Figaro*.

And then from earth and air and sky,  
From Paris to the far Golcond,  
You'll hear one joyful, rapturous cry—  
"They have recovered the Joconde!"

There is no getting away from her face; the *Figaro* man complains that if to escape the sight of her hallucinating smile from the newspaper kiosks he descends into the Subway, like Cain into his grave, her eyes say from the very walls: "What have you done with my frame?" The confectioners have a Mona Lisa cachou; her face is on fans that fly on the wings of a monoplane; she is on match-boxes, handkerchiefs, paper-cutters, letter-paper—everywhere, he sighs, except at the Louvre! The cartoonists show a businessman taking advantage of the excitement to place a reading notice: "The only fault that can be found with this sublime face is that it has neither eyelids or eyelashes. Alas, at that

primitive epoch our hair-tonic had not yet been discovered!" Reports from London say that one of the sidewalk artists that are a feature of that metropolis is nightly reproducing Mona Lisa on the pavement of Piccadilly, tho he is said to have given her the smile of Voltaire rather than that of da Vinci.

Will she ever return? The *Revue Bleue* shakes its head. Even if she does, will we not be like those lovers who after a long absence find no more upon the adored visage the indefinable something that constituted its charm and that absence has effaced? She is forever lost even tho she return once more.

The writer goes on to conjure up the most disquieting vision of what may already have been the fate of Mona Lisa. He does not think that she has been taken by some maniac-killing of American oil or cotton, as the lurid dream of French journalism likes to imagine, but by some common thief, for ransom or blackmail, and that the man, affrighted by the storm his deed has raised, may already have bolted his door, pulled out his dangerous

background of the picture has fallen into ruin. He has struck anew, and on the red tiles of the kitchen the Joconde is no more than a pile of sticks. He has broken them across his knee, and stuffed them into the stove, without seeing that on one of the pieces a charming eye was yet alive, and on another the mysterious mouth still smiled. He has taken an art-journal on whose page a critic speaks with love of her loss, and he has thrust the lighted paper under the dry wood, which crackled joyfully. Then on the brasier, tranquilly, he has fried two eggs!"

The critic adds that, to eat the eggs properly, he should have had a few drops of the vinegar in which Cleopatra dissolved the pearl.

*Figaro*, however, can find some sad comfort even in the prospect of the permanent loss of the Joconde:

"As time softens our regret, a tender sadness will lead us to speak of her. There are even those who fear not to say that some of her friends will have a smile—and such a smile, full of memories!—when they speak her name. So our fathers used to nod their heads when they spoke to us of Malibran or of Rachel. There will be coming on a new generation, young men and ardent, who will in time replace us. They will have new ideas, new customs, new certitudes. They will talk about beauty, art, the mystery of woman and of love. Children! they will love. A vague disquiet will come to them because they read in the eyes of the well-beloved some doubt, the reflection of some enigma. They will laugh, they will weep, they will talk. Children! We have known her. We will say—Ah, if you had seen her! We will lift our hands in a gesture of pity. We will overwhelm them with the memory of our fortunate past. We will be those who have known the Joconde and her smile.

"But if she will only come back, we will even be willing to forego that charming privilege."



#### EVEN THE DEAD SPEAK

To a reporter who seeks her views on the theft of the "Mona Lisa," Madame Recamier, reincarnated by a *Figaro* artist, declares: "Pray don't talk to me! That person was carried off because she was relatively light,—that was all. If it had been a question of merit, of charm, or of beauty, there are surely others in the Louvre—the Empress Josephine, for example!"

prey, and taken a moment's look at the Joconde, perched upon the arm of a horrible plush armchair.

"Always ambiguous and mystic, Mona Lisa has smiled upon the abominable chromoes that decorate the walls, as she smiled at all the world down the centuries. Then the man has brought her into his kitchen, and calmly, as calmly as if he were splitting a box-cover, he has taken a hatchet, he has lifted his arm. A crack, and the dim vista of lakes and summits that made the



BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

—New York Satire

## THE POET AS THE CREATOR OF THE NATIONAL SOUL



UR mechanics and business men are creating the physical body of this nation; but who, if not the poets, asks Temple Scott in a recent article in *The Forum*, can create the national soul?

"We have great need of poets," he says, "greater need of them than we have of statesmen or organizers or inventors," for "the revelations of the spirit come only indirectly by means of invention and organization. They come directly from quite another source—from the poetic genius; the genius that knows without ratiocinative processes. And this genius is most vital for us in our communal life." Mr. Scott feels that "what we lack is a fine enthusiasm in the faith of creative work, a veritable ecstasy similar to the mystic's in his understanding of God. Such an ecstasy is not a cessation of our faculties, but a personal enhancement, an enriching of ourselves with the wealth of reality, a relating of ourselves to the whole of life."

To create this spirit, Mr. Scott contends, is the veritable function of poets; and by their song is precipitated the national soul. This is what the Bible did for the Jews; what Homer did for the Greeks; what the Sagas did for the Northmen; and this is what the poet will do for us also. "A great epic is the precipitation of a nation's soul in its effort to free itself from the physical conditions of life toward a realization of its spiritual aspirations." We await the poet who shall so serve us.

At the present time, we are suffering from having forsaken the gods of our fathers without replacing them with gods of our own. Our fathers revered great men, revered even the simple relics associated with their names. "They had a splendid history behind them, of a mother-country which linked them to a wonderful past, of a national life. The spirit of Numa sanctified their homes. To the eighteenth-century gentlemen of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts and even New York, the heroes of Elizabeth's day—the Drakes, the Gilberts, the Hawkinses, the Grenvilles—were their heroes also. They sought and found high inspiration from the Bible of King James, the literature of the country of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton."

But we of a later generation have cut ourselves adrift from these traditions. Our chil-

dren, whether at home or at school, are no longer taught this past in any vital sense.

"We have many volumes of Commemoration Odes of quite respectable literary quality; but we look in vain for an epic of the War of the Revolution which might fill each one of us with the heroic spirit, and bind us all in that living union of great-hearted humility which is the supreme national pride. We look in vain for an epic on the Great Civil War, with one of the greatest of all life's soldiers as its hero; nor do we find immortalized in *Æneids* those wonderful expeditions across this continent—the travels of Lewis and Clark—the settlement of the 'Forty-Niners, the opening up of Alaska, the reclamation of the deserts, and the founding of Texas. How otherwise than through poetry are our children to possess the beauty and the glory and the spiritual grandeur of the saga-figures who founded this marvelous union of States?"

Mr. Scott finds a parallel in the past to the United States of the present in Ancient Greece at that period of its history before Athens had become the great center of Hellenic civilization, when Greece was still in the making, so to speak. It was the "*Iliad*" that precipitated a national spirit out of the separate cities and made the glory of Greece. Not one poet, but many, created the epic saga. Their words were charged with power to attract men's love, and "through the infinite shining back of that love" generation after generation, they grew to even greater power. So haply, Mr. Scott suggests, it may be with us:

"The people of this country are compounded of the descendants of many gods. Deeply secreted in the sympathies of their hearts are impulses springing from Sinai and Olympus, from the Seven Hills of Rome and the Pillars of Hercules, from the Norwegian fiords and the sand dunes of the Baltic, from the Balkans and the frozen steppes of the Caucasus, from the hills of Wicklow and Kerry and the chalky cliffs of Albion. And all these impulses are surging and flowing and forming the great cataract of life we know as the United States of America. It would seem almost hopeless to expect any man to find in this world-shaping torrent what we might feel as beauty. And yet that is the poet's work, and peculiarly the work of the poet of this country. But if it is for the poet to focus all these life-rays into one 'infinite shining back of that love' which men felt for great causes, it is for us to cherish the hope of his coming that our hope will create even 'out of its own wreck the thing it contemplates.'"

# Recent Poetry



IN A "Plea for the Poet of To-day," Lawrence Gilman, writing for the *New York Times*, quotes from the diary of John Stuart Mill this interesting question: "Is composition in verse, as one is often prompted in these days to think, a worn-out thing, which has died a natural death, never to be revived?" This was written in 1854, the year in which Tennyson was beginning "Maud." The same doubt, observes Mr. Gilman, disturbs the minds of many critics to-day; but, he goes on to say, there is nothing extraordinary in that; "what would be extraordinary would be an attitude of lively appreciation and warm sympathy on the part of the critical and the reading public toward contemporary artists; for when has it failed to happen that at precisely the moment when the strabismic and the myopic among readers and commentators were bewailing the decay of poetical or pictorial or musical inspiration, some genius was quietly hatching out masterpieces under their very noses." This is hardly true of all contemporary artists; but it is altogether too true of poets. Lively appreciation, which is the very breath of art, is too often withheld from our poets until after they have starved to death. It is true to-day. It was true in the days of Keats. It was true in the days of Milton. It was true in the days of Shakespeare. William Lyon Phelps has recently reminded us that Ben Johnson, in his preface to "Volpone," had something to say that sounds much like Mill's plaint. Writing in 1607, just when the outburst of genius was manifesting itself that made the Elizabethan era so wonderful in the annals of English literature, Jonson said that it was then heard on all sides that "now, especially in dramattick, or (as they terme it) stage-poetrie, nothing but ribaldry, profanation, blasphemy, all license of offense to God and man is practis'd." "I dare not deny a great part of this," Jonson admitted, "and am sorry I dare not; but that all are embarked in this bold adventure for hell is a most uncharitable thought and, utter'd, a more malicious slander. . . . I shall raise the despis'd head of poetrie againe, and, stripping

her out of those rotten and base rags where-with the Times have adulterated her form, restore her to primitive habit, feature and majesty." If Shakespeare himself was thus depreciated when living, smaller bards must be as resigned as possible to a similar fate.

We are not courageous enough to claim that we have to-day poets of the very first rank here in the United States; but the work done by such poets as Markham, Carman, Cawein, Sterling, Le Gallienne and younger poets of an equal number is indicative of a poetic impulse and inspiration that would most likely produce more than one great masterpiece if it were properly encouraged by contemporary public appreciation. We have before us, published during the month just past, about two dozen volumes of poetry, at least half a dozen of which merit an audience large enough to make them a profitable venture to their publishers. It is doubtful if even one of them pays for itself. There is perhaps a chance for two of them—Dr. van Dyke's and Mr. Cawein's. There is no chance at all for the others.

In an introduction to Mr. Cawein's selected poems (Macmillan), Mr. Howells says: "The reader may take it from me that no other poet, not even of the great Elizabethan range, can outword this poet when it comes to choosing some epithet fresh from the earth or air, and with the morning sun or light upon it, for an emotion or experience in which the race renews its youth from generation to generation." Many of the best poems in this volume have been already reprinted in these pages. What is perhaps the best of all—"Intimations of the Beautiful," a very noble poem—is too long to be reprinted in full; but we reproduce one of its pictures:

## FROM "INTIMATIONS OF THE BEAUTIFUL."

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

All night the rain-gusts shook the leaves  
Around my window; and the blast  
Rumbled the flickering flue, and fast  
The storm streamed from the dripping eaves.  
As if—'neath skies gone mad with fear—  
The witches' Sabbath galloped past,  
The forests leapt like startled deer.

All night I heard the sweeping sleet;  
And when the morning came, as slow  
As wan affliction, with the woe  
Of all the world dragged at her feet,  
No spear of purple shattered through  
The dark gray of the east; no bow  
Of gold shot arrows swift and blue.

But rain, that whipped the windows; filled  
The spouts with rushings; and around  
The garden stamped, and sowed the ground  
With limbs and leaves; the wood-pool filled  
With overgurgling.—Bleak and cold  
The fields looked, where the footpath wound  
Through teasel and bur-marigold.

Yet there's a kindness in such days  
Of gloom, that doth console regret  
With sympathy of tears, which wet  
Old eyes that watch the back-log blaze.—  
A kindness, alien to the deep  
Glad blue of sunny days that let  
No thought in of the lives that weep.

This dawn, through which the Autumn glowers,—  
As might a face within our sleep,  
With stone-gray eyes that weep and weep,  
And wet brows bound with sodden flowers,—  
Is sunset to some sister land;  
A land of ruins and of palms;  
Rich sunset, crimson with long calms,—  
Whose burning belt low mountains bar,—  
That sees some brown Rebecca stand  
Beside a well the camel-band  
Winds down to 'neath the evening star.

O sunset, sister to this dawn!  
O dawn, whose face is turned away!  
Who gazest not upon this day,  
But back upon the day that's gone!  
Enamored so of loveliness,  
The retrospect of what thou wast,  
Oh, to thyself the present trust!  
And as thy past be beautiful  
With hues that never can grow less!  
Waiting thy pleasure to express  
New beauty lest the world grow dull.

The collected poems of Dr. van Dyke (Scribner's) reveal less of the rare, glimmering, poetic beauty that makes Mr. Cawein easily the first of our living poets of nature; but Dr. van Dyke also has felicities of his own that are unmatched by any other living writer. Some of his inscriptions are of classical perfection. For instance this:

#### THE SUN-DIAL AT WELLS COLLEGE.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

The shadow by my finger cast  
Divides the future from the past:  
Before it, sleeps the unborn hour,  
In darkness, and beyond thy power;

Behind its unreturning line,  
The vanished hour, no longer thine;  
One hour alone is in thy hands,—  
The Now on which the shadow stands.

Many of Dr. van Dyke's longer and more ambitious poems we have reprinted from month to month. Here is one we have not seen before. It is not by any means his best, judged by purely poetic standards; but it illustrates very well the quality of the entire volume,—the genial radiance that, if it seldom dazzles, always warms and cheers:

#### "RENCONTRE."

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

Oh, was I born too soon, my dear, or were you  
born too late,  
That I am going out the door while you come  
in the gate?  
For you the garden blooms galore, the castle  
is *en fête*;  
You are the coming guest, my dear,—for me the  
horses wait.

I know the mansion well, my dear, its rooms so  
rich and wide;  
If you had only come before I might have been  
your guide,  
And hand in hand with you explore the treasures  
that they hide;  
But you have come to stay, my dear, and I pre-  
pare to ride.

Then walk with me an hour, my dear, and pluck  
the reddest rose  
Amid the white and crimson store with which  
your garden glows,—  
A single rose,—I ask no more of what your love  
bestows;  
It is enough to give, my dear,—a flower to him  
who goes.

The House of Life is yours, my dear, for many  
and many a day,  
But I must ride the lonely shore, the Road to  
Far Away:  
So bring the stirrup-cup and pour a brimming  
draft, I pray,  
And when you take the road, my dear, I'll meet  
you on the way.

A dinner was given last month, at the Lotos Club, in New York, in honor of William Winter, the occasion being his seventy-fifth birthday. The feature of the evening was the wonderfully effective eloquence with which Mr. Winter responded to the tributes paid him. In concluding his speech, Mr. Winter read the following poem written for the occasion.

It shows no failing of his lyrical powers. It has all his old-time felicity of expression and sweetness of sentiment. We reprint from the *New York Times*:

AT SEVENTY-FIVE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

It is sad that old Time is so swift to dismember,  
All our Castles in Spain—that they crumble so soon—

That the churl will not spare for the snows of December

One rose of the many he squanders on June!  
But 'tis ordered by Nature, and idle to quarrel  
With the sovereign mother who never deceives:  
If we cannot have roses we sometimes have laurel,  
And the laurel is sweet, tho made only of leaves.

It is said that the fugitive Graces will leave us  
When the wrinkles have come and the visage grows grim,

And the dear little Loves, tho afflicted to grieve us,

Will fly from the eyes that are hollow and dim;  
But 'tis very well known that the bloom on the flower

Is the fleetest of all those delectable things  
That are meant to be tempting for only an hour,  
And that Cupid—the sprite—is provided with wings.

When the sky's growing dark and the red sun is setting

We should stir up the embers, and call up the elves

Of Mirth and Content, and all troubles forgetting,

Make a gay world for others—and so for ourselves.

'Tis the beauty of Age to be tranquil and gentle,  
Whatsoever it be, making best of its lot,

And, tho gray locks and crowsfeet are not ornamental,

There's a grace that can hallow and make them forgot.

So, a welcome to all that my Fate may provide me,

Be it joy or sorrow, a cross or a crown!  
Here's a grasp of the hand for the comrades beside me!

Here's a smiling Good-bye as the curtain comes down!

And when the play's over and everything ended  
And you hear, in your musing, the sound of a knell,

Give me one loving thought for the good I intended

And a rose for my pall, as you bid me Farewell!

The title poem of Sara Teasdale's new volume—"Helen of Troy and Other Poems," Putnam's—was published by us two months ago. It is the first best in her book and it would have done no discredit to any of the bards, living or dead. There are other poems that are a close second. This is one of them:

SAPPHO.

BY SARA TEASDALE.

The twilight's inner flame grows blue and deep,  
And in my Lesbos, over leagues of sea,  
The temples glimmer moonwise in the trees.  
Twilight has veiled the little flower face  
Here on my heart, but still the night is kind  
And leaves her warm sweet weight against my breast.

Am I that Sappho who would run at dusk  
Along the surges creeping up the shore  
When tides came in to ease the hungry beach,  
And running, running, till the night was black,  
Would fall foreshadowed upon the chilly sand  
And quiver with the winds from off the sea?  
Ah, quietly the shingle waits the tides  
Whose waves are stinging kisses, but to me  
Love brought no peace, nor darkness any rest.  
I crept and touched the foam with fevered hands  
And cried to Love, from whom the sea is sweet,  
From whom the sea is bitterer than death.

Ah, Aphrodite, if I sing no more  
To thee, God's daughter, powerful as God,  
It is that thou hast made my life too sweet  
To hold the added sweetness of a song.

There is a quiet at the heart of love,  
And I have pierced the pain and come to peace.

I hold my peace, my Cleis, on my heart;  
And softer than a little wild bird's wing

Are kisses that she pours upon my mouth.  
Ah, never any more when spring like fire

Will flicker in the newly opened leaves,  
Shall I steal forth to seek for solitude

Beyond the lure of light Alcæus' lyre,  
Beyond the sob that stilled Erinna's voice.

Ah, never with a throat that aches with song,  
Beneath the white uncaring sky of spring,

Shall I go forth to hide awhile from Love  
The quiver and the crying of my heart.

Still I remember how I strove to flee  
The love-note of the birds, and bowed my head

To hurry faster, but upon the ground  
I saw two winged shadows side by side,

And all the world's spring passion stifled me.  
Ah, Love, there is no fleeing from thy might,

No lonely place where thou hast never trod,  
No desert thou hast left uncarpeted

With flowers that spring beneath thy perfect feet.  
In many guises didst thou come to me;

I saw thee by the maidens while they danced,  
Phaon allured me with a look of thine,

In Anactoria I knew thy grace,  
I looked at Cercolas and saw thine eyes;

But never wholly, soul and body mine,  
 Didst thou bid any love me as I loved.  
 Now I have found the peace that fled from me;  
 Close, close, against my heart I hold my world.  
 Ah, Love that made my life a lyric cry,  
 Ah, Love that tuned my lips to lyres of thine,  
 I taught the world thy music, now alone  
 I sing for one who falls asleep to hear.

Another volume of meritorious poetry is one which appears without any publisher's imprint—"The Ante-Room and Other Poems," by William Hervey Woods. It contains much that we like and nothing that we really dislike, tho once in a while we think that the preacher in Mr. Woods get a little the better of the poet. That seems to us the case in the following poem, the effect of which is weakened by the change in tone in the last stanzas.

#### THE SONG OF THE GRASS.

(In the Soldiers' Cemetery at Arlington.)

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS.

Ye are many, ye are mighty, and your feet they  
 trample hard—  
 Ye have trod the mountains under, and the sea,  
 The sea ye, too, have conquered, but within this  
 quiet yard  
 It is I, the grass, am master; hark to me.  
 Ye have torn me in your marches, scarred me  
 deep with hoof and heel,  
 And my dewy sward have rolled in dust and  
 blood,  
 When amid the cannon-thunder e'en the forest  
 seemed to reel,  
 And your battle shook the hillside where ye  
 stood.  
 Were ye victors? 'Twas not Carthage won by  
 Trasimene's lake,  
 Nor the Britons 'mid the wheat at Waterloo,  
 For my creeping, crowding legions from them  
 both the field did take,  
 As I took the heights at Gettysburg from you.  
 But I hate the battle fury as I hate the crawling  
 sea,  
 With its wrinkled swinging tides that cannot  
 cease;  
 Sweeter far to me the woodland where the  
 dappled shadows be,  
 Or the graveyard with its lilies and its peace.  
 Nay, I will be done with mocking. O my mas-  
 ters, naught am I  
 But the clinging lowly grass about your feet,  
 Growing green and cool around you, tired eyes  
 to satisfy.  
 And weaving, when all's done, your winding-  
 sheet.

Sleep ye well! Men bring you roses, but they  
 wither in the sun—  
 Bring them in the May with music and a  
 sound,  
 As of old, of timèd footsteps; but when all the  
 pomp is done,  
 In the stillness 'tis my small roots wrap you  
 round,  
 Fold you close, and so will keep you till Potomac  
 shall run dry,  
 And the stars go out like camp fires in the  
 skies,  
 Till the shivering sea shall perish, and the hud-  
 dling mountains fly,  
 And the judgment bugle blowing bids ye rise.

If you know your Jane Austen—and who doesn't know her?—you will chuckle a little over the following felicitous stanzas. They are taken from *The Atlantic Monthly*, which prints them anonymously in the Contributor's Club. We use only the latter half of the poem.

#### TO JANE AUSTEN.

O little world so trim and flat,  
 Where Fate must straighten his cravat,  
 And Death himself must use the mat,  
 Ere they could entrance gain!  
 Thine earth a box of mignonette,  
 A bird-cage in a window set,  
 A shelved and shapely cabinet,  
 Inviolable Jane!

O eye of eagle and of mole,  
 Thou shrewd and penetrating soul,  
 Yet off thy little English knoll  
 So impotent and vain;  
 Satiric—yet beneath thy glee  
 An orgy of propriety,  
 Thou riotest in decency,  
 Invulnerable Jane!

Was e'er a keen, satiric bent  
 So quaintly, comically blent  
 With smug and purring self-content,  
 And homiletic strain?  
 A Puck in cassock or a nun  
 In motley—art thou both or one?  
 O frolic lore, O surpliced fun,  
 Inexplicable Jane!

What pen could draw thee, line by line,  
 With art ironic and benign,  
 And truth unflawed; what pen but thine  
 O woman sage and sane?  
 I would this gladdened world might see  
 Another Jane to laugh at thee,  
 Rare target for rare archery,  
 Irrevocable Jane!

Lightly through time thy figure trips,  
 Skirt lifted where the highway dips,  
 Thy brow now crinkled, now thy lips,  
 As mirth rules or disdain:  
 The barred and bolted centuries  
 Thou frontest with unerring keys,  
 The "Park," the "Abbey," "Emma"—these  
 Shall swift admission gain:  
 And, if the porter claim a fee,  
 Fling "Pride" or "Sensibility":  
 The flattered door shall ope for thee,  
 Imperishable Jane!

There is more boisterous humor in the next poem, but it also is expressed with admirable metrical skill. From the *Pacific Monthly*:

## A TIED MAVERICK.

BY CHARLES BADGER CLARK, JR.

Lay on the iron! the tie holds fast  
 And my wild record closes;  
 This maverick is down at last,  
 Just roped and tied with roses.  
 And one small girl's to blame for it,  
 Yet I don't fight with shame for it—  
 Lay on the iron! I'm tame for it,  
 Just roped and tied with roses.

I loped among the wildest band  
 Of saddle-hatin' winners,  
 Gay colts that never felt a brand  
 And scarred old outlaw sinners.  
 The world was pasture wide to us,  
 The wind was rein and guide to us,  
 And our wild name was pride to us—  
 High-headed broncho sinners!

So loose and light we raced and fought  
 And every range we tasted,  
 But now, since I'm corralled and caught,  
 I know them days were wasted.  
 From now, the all-day gait for me,  
 The trail that's hard but straight for me,  
 For down that trail—who'll wait for me?  
 Ay! them old days were wasted!

But tho' I'm broke, I'll never be  
 A saddle-marked old groaner,  
 For never worthless bronc' like me  
 Got such a gentle owner.  
 There could be colt days glad as mine,  
 Or outlaw runs as mad as mine,  
 Or rope-flung falls as bad as mine,  
 But never such an owner!

Lay on the iron, and lay it red!  
 I'll take it kind and clever.  
 Who wouldn't hold a prouder head  
 To wear that mark forever?  
 I'll never break and stray from her;  
 I'd starve and die away from her.  
 Lay on the iron—it's play for her—  
 And brand me hers forever!

If you wish to know the kind of inspiration on which the higher type of anarchists are nourished, read the following. We find it in Emma Goldman's little magazine, *Mother Earth*. It is a good example of the poetry of revolt. The author is son of the late Professor H. H. Boyesen and head of the Ferrer School recently started in New York.

## DECLARATION.

BY BAYARD BOYSEN.

Out with the rims of the world,  
 Shove the horizons out:  
 Go thou with flag unfurled,  
 With song and solemn shout.

Break all boundaries down,  
 Untrack the bordered way,  
 Against the charted town  
 Arise, invoke, inveigh!

Rid the world of its gods:—  
 Yea, man is god enough  
 If he breaks the rulers' rods  
 And march with perfect love.

Deny the Christian name  
 Employed for pelf and strife,  
 And in its stead proclaim  
 Man, that is lord of life!

Then out on the coasts of the world  
 With eyeballs taut and grim,  
 Where the uttermost wind is hurled  
 Across the uttermost rim,

Peer till the darkness gives  
 And the lights unblur the sky,  
 Fight till the unborn lives  
 And the dying die!

Here is a poem that touches the heart.  
 We quote from *Harper's Weekly*:

## A CHILD'S EPITAPH.

BY CHARLES T. ROGERS.

Stranger, pause here where rest his little feet  
 Who tarried from his journey ere he tired;  
 Whose lip with dawn's dew honey still was sweet,  
 Who found here all that innocence desired.

A little fostering for his dusty flowers,  
 A morsel for these birds of his delight:  
 So shall he pass, not unbeguiled, the hours  
 Of day, nor wake uncomfited at night.

Here lies an orphan whose last bed is made  
 Beside the road beneath this friendly pine  
 That marks where from the way his small feet  
 strayed,  
 Oh, traveler, to make room—mayhap—for  
 thine.

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



**SEQUELS** to already successful fiction seem to be the order of the hour, and Mrs. Deland has been one of the first to set the fashion. There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion among the reviews as to who is actually the hero of her book.\* Obviously, the author

regards Sarah Maitland, **THE IRON WOMAN** whose metallic quality is everywhere emphasized, as the heroine of her novel. The Boston *Transcript*, however, asserts that not she but Elizabeth Ferguson is truly the central figure. The New Orleans *Picayune* and the New York *Sun*, on the other hand, agree that this honor belongs to Helena Ritchie, the heroine of Mrs. Deland's former novel, to which the present book is intended as a sequel. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* looks upon Helena's son, David, as the natural hero of the volume, while B. Russell Herts in *The International* declares that the author treats Blair, the son of the Iron Woman, most sympathetically and with greatest understanding. But as a matter of fact Mrs. Deland has given us a cross-section of life itself in which every person is of equal importance. The book may thus be said to have several heroes instead of only one. Whatever theory may be correct, Mrs. Deland's tragic sequel to "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" is certainly destined to be one of the most widely read and talked-of novels of the season.

The progress of its plot leads from a simple picture of childish glee into scenes of the most complex human emotions and the sternest of moral sacrifices. Mrs. Maitland, the owner of the iron mills, is an unattractive masculine type, interested only in her business and her son, Blair, whom she indulges in every whim. Elizabeth, the niece of Robert Ferguson, manager of the mills, becomes engaged to

David Ritchie, but, through a misunderstanding between the lovers, marries Blair. His mother, realizing that she has spoiled her son, decides to disinherit him, but on her death-bed relents, and draws up a deed conveying to him a large amount of money. She dies, however, before she is able to sign it. Thus the story is relieved of one of its unimportant persons, and Nannie, her stepdaughter, is given an opportunity to revive the plot by forging her mother's signature to the document. For many reasons, Elizabeth finds it impossible to continue her life with Blair and so turns to David for relief. At this moment Mrs. Ritchie comes to the rescue by revealing the story of her own action years before, which is described in Mrs. Deland's earlier work. By means of this confession Elizabeth is saved from following in Helena Ritchie's footsteps.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* regards this book as greater than "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." It may hardly be called a sequel, but is rather a new book in which the same characters reappear. Mrs. Deland lets you know she is a woman not only on the title page but all through the volume, and the New York *Times* praises her for writing "as a woman and not as a woman trying to write like a man." The New York *Sun* is the only newspaper which emphasizes the problem of the novel, and this seems to be nothing more than the question of whether a man and woman who love each other shall give up the conventions of society and live for themselves alone. This, *The Sun* declares, hardly admits of abstract discussion.

"It must be settled by the circumstances of the individual cases. There is the example of George Eliot on the one side for instance; there are plenty of examples where it worked disaster on the other. Mrs. Deland, with all her pity, decided it pretty definitely in her earlier book; here she presents the situation again and makes Helena Ritchie settle it effectively and pathetically."

\* **THE IRON WOMAN.** By Margaret Deland. Harper & Brothers.



IN HIS latest novel\* Mr. Arnold Bennett exhibits himself more positively than in any previous work as the novelist of civilization. This book is the first of the promised sequels to "Clayhanger"; but it ends, in point of time, before the story it is supposed to follow. Its interest

lies not so much in its plot as in its illustration of the varied powers of its author, who, in the words of the *Chicago Tribune*, imbues the reader with his intense scientific interest till it seems the finest thing in the world to sit with the microscope glued to the eye, watching the habits of human beings. "Their similarities are so amazing; their differences so diverting; their limitations so pathetic; their possibilities so grand! The study of them is the pursuit of paradox, and of psychologic paradox Bennett is the master."

It is this conviction which inspires the reviewer, Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, to a detailed analysis of Hilda's actions. Hilda, we are told, is a silent soul, and, as has been said before, Mr. Bennett is not acquainted with her. "He sees her moving against the mottled background of life, a tense, concentrated creature, wonderful with youth and femininity, and dominated by her instincts."

"She looks at the world with the eyes of im-  
potent genius—sees the sunset, hears the wind, submits to the kisses of men, beholds death, bears a child with terrible yet beautiful awareness of the splendor and the mystery of life. She is not reflective, but she has a deep intelligence—the sort of intelligence that causes her to appreciate great moments when they arrive.

"It is Bennett's peculiar talent that he can insist upon the overwhelming predominance of the commonplace and that he can depict the commonplace till the tedium of it saturates the very soul of the reader, and yet that he can all of the time keep the star of beauty faithfully before the gaze. It is as if he compelled us to travel the weary miles of an old mine, and kept for our hope only the one guarded flame at the shaft.

"Certainly Hilda, moving from one uninteresting place to another, surrounded by the old, the ill, the dull, with the mess of a boarding house about her, and a heavy lover (Cannon) to stand for a more or less offensive romance, ought not, logically speaking, to absorb our attention. But it is her very submergence in the sea of the commonplace that identifies her with the rest of

us. She, like the readers of the book, must snatch at joy, at charm and loveliness as a man in the bread line snatches at his meager ration, if she is to have any of it at all.

"She, like the rest of us, is wrapped and swathed in reticence. Not only is it her instinct to refrain from relating her emotions, but she could not do so if she would. She can only draw her dark, heavy brows together and look out wistfully at the pageant of life; or now and then, if she swings dizzily into it for a moment, and marches to the beat of the victorious drums, she must drop out presently, broken and saddened, and pay a great price for her hour of ecstasy."

The *New York Globe* seems to think that the chiaroscuro figure of Hilda which walks out of Mr. Bennett's previous novel into the present story was more impressive and thrilling in its original creation. The *New York Evening Post*, again, feels that the mysterious Hilda, whom we saw in the earlier narrative only through the baffled eyes of Edwin Clayhanger, is here expounded in full. This paper is, moreover, impressed with the special kind of treatment that is accorded "Hilda Lessways," and that is so characteristic of Mr. Bennett. If Mr. De Morgan, as the reviewer points out, had resolved to retell a story of his from a different point of view, he could not have resisted the temptation to cross-allusion. Mr. Bennett nowhere hints by a word or a gesture that the earlier narrative exists.

"He is bold enough, in several instances, to reproduce the dialog of 'Clayhanger' word for word, or with the slightest omissions. So in describing from Hilda's point of view the striking incident of her nocturnal interview with Edwin on the darkling porch of the Clayhangers' new house, we listen to the same words, but we listen through Hilda's ears. And, of course, the angle of description changes."

That the artist receives recognition last of all from those who are closest to him is evinced by the attitude toward "Hilda Lessways" of the English weeklies. The *Spectator* emphasizes its lapses from "the canon of probability," and speaks of its author as "neither a supreme artist nor a remorseless realist." The *Academy* regards the book as "depressing" and hopes that the last book of the trilogy will not be swamped by the grimness and tragedy of too introspective heroes and heroines. The *New Age* does not review the novel, but, after recounting the story with suggestions of weariness and disapproval, remarks: "We have no comments to make. Words could never express our fatigue."

\* *HILDA LESSWAYS*. By Arnold Bennett. E. P. Dutton & Company.

**N**ARRATIVE as a medium of instruction or argument has undoubted advantages in that it appeals directly to the emotions; but, as the *Boston Transcript* suggests in its review of

Mr. Patterson's latest novel,\* it has this disadvantage, that the reader can never be sure of his premises. Has the writer

**REBELLION** given us life as it actually is or has he moulded it over to suit his purpose? In this particular case, has Mr. Patterson told us the truth about the hold of the Catholic Church upon people of liberal tendencies and culture, like Georgia Connor, the heroine of the novel? That is the question by which Mr. Patterson's teaching, as presented in "Rebellion" and also in his play of the same name, must be judged. Many of us had supposed, with Mason Stevens, that "everybody nowadays, even the Catholics, had tacitly agreed to give up hell." If Mr. Patterson has given us a true picture of the relentless hold of Catholicism on individuality, then he has written a powerful arraignment of the Catholic Church.

The newspaper critics, practically without exception, hold that Mr. Patterson's picture is true, that his purpose is sincere, and that his presentation is vigorous and sufficient. The *Transcript* defends this standpoint by reference to Mr. Patterson's previous work:

"Out of materials that might easily have been made merely commonplace or merely sensational in the hands of another, Mr. Patterson has written a story that is much more, chiefly because altho he may not be conscious of it, he has something of the genuine instinct of the artists, and then because he is in deadly earnest. No one who has read 'A Little Brother of the Rich' can doubt his sincerity of purpose. He writes strongly because he feels strongly. He is intensely eager to win the reader to his point of view, to teach the truth as he sees it; and perhaps the sensational trappings of his book were especially designed for the purpose of appealing to the particular public that Mr. Patterson considered most in need of his lesson."

The *New York Herald*, in a rather critical review, proclaims that "one thing at least can be said in praise of Mr. Patterson's story, and that is as to the truth and naturalness of the life that it portrays. It is almost photographic in its accuracy of detail." Floyd Dell, in his full-page review of the work in the *Literary Supplement* of the *Chicago Evening Post*, finds

even more important qualities lurking behind the faithful presentation of the book. Not only has the author put extraordinary truth into the tale, but "he has depicted some ordinary Americans as ordinary Americans have seldom before been depicted—with a familiarity and fidelity that in only one or two other American novels can be matched. He has seen these people, and pictured them as in their most characteristically American moments they see themselves." New York's Socialist daily, *The Call*, finds in every point "a true count. . . . Every person in it is someone you know."

The story itself is not a particularly complicated one. It deals first with Georgia Talbot, a clear-headed Irish-American girl of convent training married to Jim Connor, an amiable, weak-headed man, who finds life more interesting as a "heeler" of a ward boss than as an inconspicuous member of the industrial world. He has "a thirst on him" that all his natural affection cannot control, and he becomes a drunken nuisance to his wife and to her brother and mother, who live with them. After the death of her first child Georgia (before the opening of the book) has resumed work as a stenographer. She determines, after many trials, that, against the advice of her mother and her priest, she must live in separation from her husband. This works fairly well until the appearance of Mason Stevens. Stevens finds himself confronted by an obstacle which at first seems to him negligible enough, but which proves to be almost insurmountable. This is the obstacle opposed by the Roman Catholic Church, which refuses to permit the dissolution of the marriage.

After an attack of typhoid Georgia returns from the hospital broken in health and spirit and ready to take her husband back again. He, temporarily reformed, comes home with money in his pocket and good resolutions in his heart. These, however, both give out before the birth of their second child, who comes into the world a puny creature cursed with an inheritance of diseased nerves, and dies while Jim rolls in a drunken fit on the floor. Once more Georgia takes up her business life, but this time it is without significance for her. Elemental and logical thoughts come to her and she is finally denuded of her preconceived ideas. It occurs to her that her profound instincts are as near the voice of God as she can hope to come. The conclusion is, of course, the coming together of her and Stevens.

\* **REBELLION.** By Joseph Medill Patterson. The Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago.



WHEN an author who is frankly at his best in obviously imaginary localities and in the company of perfectly fictitious personages attempts to be sarcastic and "modern," the result is not likely to be entirely gratifying either to his own great public or to the thinking few.

This is exactly Mr. McCutcheon's present position.\* Having chosen glaring colors at the start, it becomes difficult for him, as the *New York Sun* points out, to tone down his picture at the end, after he has apparently modified his opinions. "However," we are told, "the book is readable enough even if the story is nonsensical."

But it must not be supposed that in this book Mr. McCutcheon has failed to fulfill his contract with the public. The prospective reader should not be discouraged, for he will certainly find in the story romance of a sort. "Mr. McCutcheon's business," as the *Boston Evening Transcript* puts it, "is to write romances and he will carry it through in some way or other. So, having been unable to see romance in the actual life of the inhabitants of Corinth-by-the-Sea, three hours' ride from Boston, he has hunted through his brain until he found one ready made and set it down bodily in the harmless New England town. He has fulfilled his contract with the public. That is just our quarrel with him."

Whatever may be said against the author, he is a master in plot construction. "Mary Midthorne" fulfills our expectations in this direction. Chetwynd, Horace Blagden's son, steals Eric Midthorne's prize drawings in order to offer them as his own. Eric accidentally kills

his cousin, Chetwynd, in a fight, knocking him through the railing of a bridge into the bottom of a ravine seventy feet below. No one has witnessed the encounter except Adam Carr, a mysterious detective, who has taken a fancy to Eric, and who has a grudge against Chetwynd's father. Eric and his sister, Mary, who are the wards of Horace Blagden, have always been treated harshly by their uncle and aunt, and Eric does not dare to tell of the fate of Chetwynd. On the advice of the detective, who has collected sufficient evidence to convict Chetwynd of embezzlement and other crimes, Eric consents to keep silent and the two row the body out to sea and sink it in an iron chest.

The army of people who read Mr. McCutcheon's novels because they like them will perhaps, the *New York Times* suggests, be disappointed not to find either royalty or nobility or millionaires or famous actresses or all-conquering soldiers of fortune, or, indeed, anything more aristocratic and distinguished than the self-righteous section of a New England village in this book. This paper feels that the author has shown something more than his usual ingenuity and instinctive mechanical skill in the working out of a plot. It finds less straining after gorgeous effects, and more care, more seriousness and more sincerity, tho even *The Times* admits that "he is still painfully lavish with his adjectives." The *Chicago Daily News* praises the book as a "strong story, well conceived and well worked out," and regards it as "comforting to find that eventually the youngsters marry the people whom they ought to marry, the wrongdoers get the punishment they deserve and things generally and particularly come out as they ought to in any well-regulated novel."

\* MARY MIDTHORNE. By George B. McCutcheon. Dodd, Mead & Company.

## THE SOLOIST OF CENTER POND—A STORY

The theme of this humorous tale, which we reprint from *Hampton's*, is similar to that of the time-worn question, What will happen when an irresistible force encounters an immovable body? At last the question is answered. Pelopides Star was the irresistible force in this case and Grimshaw was the immovable body. And the result is herein set forth by Irving Bacheller.



HIS name was Star—Pelopides Star—and he was overloaded with memories and had a list to starboard, as one might say. We called him Uncle Peel. You could always hear him coming. Chunks of conversation began to fall around you, and when he had arrived he took possession of a

square mile of silence and spread his voice all over it. He was a perpetual talker. Often in the lonely trails he was both orator and audience, and judged by its effect, his talk was then most convincing.

His voice flowed like a spring brook down a mountain side, laughing over pebbles, roaring over falls, turning this way and that. It had

been dammed variously, but never adequately—never so as to produce more than a moment's pause in the genial flood of his conversation.

That voice had certain notes of the wild wood in it, notably those of the crow, the owl and the bittern. It had, too, a penetration and impartiality which reminded one of an old-time musket.

Edison once told me that while experimenting with the phonograph he discovered that the same phrases of music, repeated day after day, seemed to weary certain bars in his ear and produce nausea. That helps one to understand the singular effect of the unending solo of Pelopides.

We had gone over to his camp for a few days of shooting. His talk wearied us and wearied him, but he didn't mind. Everything about him had a worn and weary aspect. His dog had run away, his wife was half gone, his clothes were trying to desert their post, his potatoes were hiding in the weeds, his cabin wore a God-have-mercy look, and conversation had done it all and done it thoroly. Yet he never said anything—this kindly old woodsman—never had time—because he had so much to say.

His walk was like his conversation. He flowed along swiftly, reeling from one foot to the other—all loose from head to heel—and wearied any who tried to follow him. His dialect was unique, unclassified, inhuman I had almost said. It had come of much aimless communion with his own singular, simple self in lonely situations—a rough corduroy running into swamps of recollection and curiously bound together with whiches and side remarks.

When we arrived he was smoking a potato which he had hollowed out with his knife, having punched the "peth" from a piece of witch hopple for a stem. He began his long solo at once:

"O, I tell ye, they's some ways where the ol' man beats the world! One day I started to go to my traps with ol' Susy which, ye know, I had two houn's Susy and Tige. Susy, ye know, why she'd lock jaws with a lion if I give her the word—ay uh! I see they was a bear in the trap an' I says to Susy 'sick im,' says I, an' Susy—say, she was a dandy, which they ain't no mistake! Got her from Ad'rondack Murray—why—ay uh! didn't you know 'at I knew him? Why, one day me an' him was a-fishin' on Surnac which was a Friday—no 'twant—'twas a Thursday—ay uh! 'twas a Thursday—when 'long come Bill Dobson an' his wife in a canoe—kind o' foolin' with one 'nother, an' all 't once they upst an' in they went. I see she was goin' t' drown so in I jumped. I'd knowed her ever since she was that high—ay uh! Why, one day I carried

her on my back more'n twenty mile with a pack heavier'n she was, ay uh! We was a stout fam'ly. Why, my mother'd think nahthin o' doin' her mornin's work, which she'd ten cows t' milk, an' hippin' a baby off five mile for a visit an' be back in time t' git supper ready. She was married when she was fifteen—my mother was—an' had fourteen children, an' my wife had 'leven an' when Susy, the second child was born, ye know—named her after my houn—I was over to Surnac, which the child was born Tuesday night—the same as Monday—an' I got t' worryin' an' put her through the woods forty-five mile an', say, comin' up the Mud River that night I hearn a panther kind o' purrin' in the brush—ay uh they will—an', say, did you know a panther can't run more'n half a dozen jumps? Why, their lungs—ye know—they ain't bigger'n yer two fists, their lungs ain't. They got no pump fer wind; but, say, can't they grab a deer? Why, one night I was a-floatin' an' I knocked a hole in a deer an' when I was a-draggin' of him out I hearn a noise kind o' like that (here he imitated the purring of a panther). Tow, I want scairt—not reely. I slit the deer open an' was a-dressin' of him off an' say—did you know a deer ain't got no gall on their livers? Why, that's the reason they can eat pizen. Once when Senator Brown was over to my camp—say, did I ever tell you 'bout the time I went down to see the Senator? Ay uh! I did. Got up at daylight, went out t' Short Hill fer a load o' provisions an' fetched up at Beaver Crick in time for the noon train. An' say!—they was a man lay drunk on the railroad, kind o' quoterin' right by the switch, ye know, an' the train a-comin' like a buck deer when ye've ripped his pants a leetle, an' I got onto the track ahead o' that 'ere train an' worked my j'int's supple, I can tell ye, an' ketched holt o' the man right by the switch, an' say—did I ever tell you that I'd invented a switch fer the railroad an' they say it'll beat the world? It works this way—same as this is the track—"

This wild stampede of old memories continued until my friend got a case of the hiccoughs and I felt as if I had been shot in the abdomen. The monotonous, penetrating voice, the kaleidoscopic shifts and suspenses had begun to wear upon me. We picked up our rifles and retreated.

Next morning we were awakened before daylight by the beginning of the day's solo. Soon he blew a tin horn.

We dozed a few minutes and again the horn sounded. Star was saying, soon, that if "them dod dinged sports didn't git up they wouldn't git no breakfast."

We got up and faced the music and "the jerk"

and "the gridders" and the deadly coffee. The food had an effect like that of a sinker on a line. It produced inertia and reflection. We were as helpless as live bait. The hurricane of conversation fell upon us. We were dragged from one climax to another and each story ran into the next with a loud bang, and both were shattered. His way was strewn with wrecks, and we broke away as soon as possible and went off in the woods and lay down to rest.

"Let's send for Grimshaw," my friend proposed. "He'll break the old man down."

Now Grimshaw was almost as deaf as a rock and fond of "social converse," to quote his own phrase. As an absorber and receiver of conversation he was unrivaled—absolutely unrivaled. His curiosity was greater even than the difficulty he found in satisfying it. He wished to hear everything that was said and took offense if he didn't. He was a vacuum cleaner, a mammoth cave, an extinct crater. He was often saying: "Would you mind speaking a little louder, please—a little bit louder?"

We sent our guide for Grimshaw with a note of invitation which promised a rare treat. He came and saw and conquered. With great joy we led them face to face. As we expected, each embraced the other as a golden opportunity—a long-felt need. Star got his voice in action. Grimshaw halted him at once.

"Would you mind speaking a little louder?" he asked.

Star began again with the loud pedal open, but had to raise his voice another notch and Grimshaw held him there. Star had started the tale of Susy and the bear. His voice rang through the valley and we could hear its echo in the distant hills. At his first turn Grimshaw halted him—politely, but firmly. He wanted to know what happened to the bear.

Star went on louder than ever.

"There—that's good!" said Grimshaw. "Keep yer voice right there—if you don't mind."

Uncle Peel didn't mind. He opened his throttle and let her go with joyful recklessness. We picked up our rifles and set out for the hunting grounds. That strident voice pursued us for a mile or more.

When we returned at sundown a deep silence brooded over the camp of Star. We could hear pleasant sounds that were new to us in that vicinity—the low songs of the tea kettle and of Mrs. Star as she moved about getting supper ready.

"Where is Uncle Peel?" I asked.

"Got a sore throat an' gone to bed," said she. "Can't speak above a whisper."

"And where is Mr. Grimshaw?"

"Gone to bed, too. Said he was sick to his stummick."

We went into the dining tent, full of suppressed emotion.

"They've floored each other," said my friend as we sat down at the table.

"Peel nigh killed himself talkin'," said the old lady as she poured the tea. "Says he spraint his neck tryin' to make that man hear him."

Uncle Peel came in presently and sat down near us with a whispered greeting. He wore a bandage on his throat. He looked wistfully into our faces and shook his head.

"He's awful deaf," Uncle Peel whispered. "I don't want to talk no more to him—no more. Once I stood on one side o' Long Lake an' tried to talk with a man on t'other side an' spraint my neck doin' it, but he's farther away 'n that—a good deal."

His eyes grew moist. He shook his head mournfully.

"I had suthin' t' tell ye, but I can't. I'm all dammed up, here. I've got to lay down."

In a minute Grimshaw appeared, and, seeing Uncle Peel, backed out and retired, hastily, as if he had forgotten something.

"I've had enough of him," he said to me in confidence after supper. "He kept dodging around. I couldn't understand him. By and by I couldn't make him speak loud enough. Then he got mad and shook his fist in my face."

They say that Uncle Peel always had a weak voice after that, which was good for his wife and garden I doubt not. When I saw him again he was different. There was a new note in his voice—a note of tenderness—and he hadn't so much to say. Slowly he came out of the potato patch and sat down beside me and told of the loss of his wife.

"Never ketched her breath, ner guggled, ner nahthin," he explained. "It was jes like goin' t' sleep—ay uh!"

I tried to think of some word of comfort, but he got up and went into the kitchen.

By and by I tried to rally him.

"Uncle Peel, you don't have much to say these days," I remarked.

"My crick has sunk—kind o' flows underground lately," he said. "Don't lie ner swear any more—not no more at all."

"Uncle Peel, you never told a lie in your life—not a real, finished lie," I said. "You may have meant well, but I don't believe the Recording Angel was ever able to get a line on you."

"I'm so busy thinkin' seems so I don't have no time t' talk these days," he said as he returned to his task.

## IN THE GARDEN OF LIFE—A FANTASY

This is the sort of thing that must be done very well indeed if it is to be worth reading. This is very well done and it is worth reading. It is by Mrs. G. H. A. Ryves, and we take it from a little English magazine entitled *Brotherhood*.



ROSEBUD in my garden beckoned me, and she spake and said: "Look at my petals unfolding to the sun, and in between them see my golden heart; and deeper down the little vesicles arranged for my seeds. Look right through my stalk and along my leaves, on this side and on that, with all their innumerable veins. See the little pink thorns upon my stem, and look all down along the sap-ways to my roots where they strike into the earth; and you will find my Law, which is my soul. You will find it spread out all over, and in, and through me, and you can smell it in my scent."

So I found the Law of the rose which is her soul, and labelled it in the book of my mind; and I laid it against the patterns of other flowers I had in my mind's collection, and found it fitted in parts with many others. So I took note of it all, and wondered at the divisions and subdivisions that could be made of them.

Then a shadow suddenly came over the sun; it was the shadow of a man. And he said to me, pointing to the rose: "This is illusion, an appearance only, there is no real rose."

But I answered, lightly, "Oh! you are mistaken, for the rose has just shown me its soul."

"What do we know of a soul?" he said. "A rose is nothing but a mere name for an appearance which soon disappears. We know of nothing except what is made up of parts; divided and divided all comes to atoms. Now take away one, and then take away another—this is still a rose, you say; but at last there is nothing left even to call a rose. It is illusion."

But I answered him, "Nay, in that case the rose would have flowered out and faded,—passed away as all things must one day; yet even among the dust of worlds there will be hidden somewhere the Law of the Rose, which is its soul."

But the man insisted that there is no soul; that the rose atoms produce appearance only. "Phenomena are all," he said, "and all is illusion."

But I answered still, "Nay, for the rose has shown me its soul,—I have found its affinity with eternal Law; the rose has spoken for all its kind."

Then a blackbird suddenly burst into song. He sang to me of joy;—yet not to me but to his mate. I noted his glossy feathers and his golden beak, and the brightness of his watchful eye; and how he balanced himself upon the elder bough, and how his throat swelled with his song; and I knew his Law, which is his soul, and I put it also into my mind's collection and labelled it and fitted its pattern to that of other birds, and wondered again at the divisions and subdivisions that could be made of them.

Then I turned to the objector and asked him: "Is this also illusion?" And he said: "Yes; here are appearances—here are phenomena,—all go the same way, dust and ashes—dust and ashes."

Then I saw my Beloved standing by, and I went near to him and looked into his eyes, and I saw therein his Law, and I saw that it spread all over him and made him what he was: my Lover, and my Beloved. The shadow of the objector again darkened my path, and I turned and asked him smiling, "Is this also illusion?" and he said: "What now?"

"Surely you can tell me," I said, "surely you know the heart of a man and of a woman—you, who know so much?"

And he laughed a mocking laugh; loudly he laughed, and he said: "Oh, you innocent dreamers! a man's heart and a woman's! You will need no one to tell you, you will soon know that the greatest of all, as you hold it, is illusion even as the least."

"Is there but one wise man?" I cried. "I am a woman and I have my woman's creed;—speak, Beloved! Is love illusion? Is love to perish? Can it be broken to fragments and scattered so that there be nothing left of it as love? Speak, my Beloved!—speak!"

And he said: "I have no answer to make this man." Thereupon the man turned upon his heels and went his way.

Then my Beloved came near to me, and drew me close to him and looked into mine eyes. "Shall I tell thee?" he asked, "Can I tell thee if thou dost not already know?"

I answered him, "I know, Beloved, but I wanted thee to shatter the man's arguments."

"Nay, but let him go," he said, "let him have his arguments—we have our love."

# The Humor of Life

**N**OW that scientists are beginning to dissect poetry into its constituent elements and presenting formulae for producing it at will, we may expect infallible recipes soon to appear for making jokes. Every good joke must, like a whip-lash, have its snapper at the very end. It must keep you in suspense until the last word, or nearly the last word, has been spoken. And then the point should be seen instantaneously. For this reason the most obvious themes are worked over and over again, such as the alleged foibles of women, for instance, as in the three jokes below. The first is from the *San Francisco Chronicle*:

**LITTLE HAZEL:** "Papa, what did you say to mamma when you made up your mind you wanted to marry her?"

**MR. MEEK:** "I said, 'Yes, dear.'"

Two more of the same sort from *London Tit-Bits*:

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you cannot afford?"

"She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married."

"Great heavens! How do you manage it?"

"When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."

**HE:** "Think all women ought to swim—grand training for 'em. Makes 'em do one good thing, at any rate."

**SHE:** "What's that, dear?"

**HE:** "Practice keeping their mouths shut."

The unexpected turns taken by a mind that is naive or ignorant or stupid have furnished the basis for an unlimited number of jokes in which children, green servant girls and untutored negroes have done yeomen service. Here is one (from *Success*) in which the African brother figures:

In the struggling days at Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington found that he would have to use an old chicken-house for a schoolroom.

"Uncle," he said to an old colored man, "I want you to come down at nine o'clock to-morrow morning and help me clean out a hen-house."

"Law, now, Mr. Washington," the old man expostulated, "you-all don't want to begin cleanin' out no hen-house roun' yere in de daytime."

Here is one (from *Uncle Remus Magazine*) in which a servant girl plays the naive rôle:

**Mrs. HOSTESS** (at the eleventh hour): "Mercy, Bridget, if we haven't forgotten all about the entrées."

**COOK:** "Lor', mum, so we have! Ain't we the couple of blunder-headed idjuts!"

The next one, of the same sort, is attributed to Sir Ernest Shackleton, who, speaking of some display of incredible ignorance in regard to geography, said:

"It reminded me of a little waiting-maid. As she brought me my tea and toast and bloater one morning I said to her:

"What a rainy morning, Mary! It's almost like the Flood."

"The Flood, sir?" said the puzzled maid.

"Yes," said I. "The Flood—Noah, you know—the Ark—Mount Ararat."

"She shook her head and murmured, apologetically: 'I ain't had no time to read the papers lately, sir.'"

Another joke, which we take from *Lippincott's*, belongs in the same class:

Little Alice was going on a journey, and Lily, her very colored nurse, was kneeling before her, polishing her little shoes.

"I want ter do 'em real good, Baby, so they'll stay black while you are away."

Baby watched her seriously a moment, then remarked pleasantly:

"I tell you, Lily, God shoe-polished you real good before you went away, didn't He?"

Still another (from *Everybody's*) in which a thick-headed son of the Fatherland is the butt:

A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls. When they arrived



**THE AUTHOR:** I'm an author, you understand, spending my vacation on a farm to get local color. How much will board me?

**THE FARMER:** Ten per week, and \$2 extra if we're expected to talk dialect.—*American Home Monthly*.

there, the American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight?"

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.

"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blankly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"

Exaggeration of statement is more common to the humor of America than to that of any other country. Here is a good specimen in *Lippincott's* attributed to Doctor Wiley, who, however, claims to have found it in Germany and has used it in his pure-food crusade:

Four flies, which had made their way into a certain pantry, determined to have a feast.

One flew to the sugar and ate heartily; but soon died, for the sugar was full of white lead.

The second chose the flour as his diet, but he fared no better, for the flour was loaded with plaster of Paris.

The third sampled the syrup, but his six legs were presently raised in the air, for the syrup was colored with aniline dyes.

The fourth fly, seeing all his friends dead, determined to end his life also, and drank deeply of the fly-poison which he found in a convenient saucer.

He is still alive and in good health. That, too, was adulterated.

Here from the same magazine is another that owes its effect to the same cause—exaggerated statement:

"I read of the terrible vengeance inflicted upon one of their members by a band of robbers in Mississippi last week."

"What did they do? Shoot him?"

"No; they tied him upon the railroad tracks."

"Awful! And he was ground to pieces, I suppose?"

"Nothing like it. The poor fellow starved to death waiting for the next train."

The late Fitzhugh Lee, so a writer in *Lippincott's* tells us, was once introducing Grover Cleveland, then President, to a Virginia audience:

"Mr. President," he began graciously, "we are honored in welcoming you to Virginia to-day, both as a loyal Democrat and as the President of these United States. 'Tis long since we have had a President with us. But the time has been, sub, when we could go out on this very old rotunda porch and holler, 'Mr. President!' and the woods would be full of them!"

The ruling-passion-strong-in-death idea has furnished a legion of good jokes. *The Housekeeper* adds another:

An actor who was riding in the smoking car on a little one-track railroad some time ago, tells this story of a jewelry drummer who sat in the seat in front of him:

"He was one of those wide-awake never-let-anything-get-the-best-of-them style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express running at the rate of ten miles an hour came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first in the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath, straightened up and said:

"Well, they didn't get by us anyway."

Henry Ward Beecher said his brother Edward would have surpassed him as an orator if it had not been for the latter's too great regard for

precision of statement. Bill Barlow, of the Laramie *Boomerang*, tells of another orator of that sort:

"I remember a funeral in Tin Can. The Widow Wagg had lost her third in a poker dive. George Jones, D.D., delivered the funeral address, and an eloquent and moving address it was, but George hadn't made sure whether it was her third or fourth that the Widow Wagg was burying.

"Hence he spoiled a grand oration with these concluding words:

"And now we commend to the divine mercy this widowed handmaid who hath been bereaved again, and again, and again—

"George hesitated, frowned, and added: 'And perhaps again.'"

Prudery is, of course, always fair game for the jesters. *Everybody's* gives us this:

In Delta, Colorado, the town council is becoming modest; and we are told that when a tax on dogs was imposed, they made the ordinance read: "Tax on each dog—male, one dollar; vice versa, three dollars."

The following is credited to a native of Kansas who, according to the *Housekeeper*, sent to a paper in that state the following note of thanks:

"I wish to thank the city authorities for quarantining my family and me for three weeks recently, because one of them had the smallpox. During that time my wife caught up with her sewing; we had three square meals a day, as no one came in and she was not permitted to leave; we enjoyed three weeks of good nights' sleep; and, best of all, a cousin with four children had arranged to visit us, saw the smallpox sign on the door, and left town so scared she will never come back again. So for these and other blessings we are very thankful for the quarantine."

The canny Scot may not see jokes—our kind—as quickly as some, but he has been the occasion for a great many good ones. This, for instance, from London *Tit-Bits*:

On a certain occasion the question was asked:

"Why was Mary Queen of Scots born at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered:

"Because her mother was staying there," and there actually seemed to be nothing more to be said on the subject.

The same paper, which pilfers its jokes from all sources, but does so with discrimination, gives us this one on the theatrical profession:

The manager of a well-known touring company wired to the proprietor of a theater in a small town where his company was to appear:

"Would like to hold a rehearsal at your theater at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Have your stage-manager, stage-carpenter, assistant stage-carpenter, property-man, chief electrician, and all stage hands present promptly at that hour."

Three hours later he received the following reply:

"All right. He will be there."

Descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, or at least to the commonplace, is the effective point of many a jest. From *Lippincott's* again:

One day a pastor was calling upon a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. As he thought of her long and useful life, and looked upon her sweet, placid countenance bearing but few tokens of her ninety-two years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her, "My dear Mrs. S., what has been the chief source of your strength and sustenance during all these years? What has appealed to you as the real basis of your unusual vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unflinching comfort through joy and sorrow? Tell me, that I may pass the secret on to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The old lady thought a moment, then, lifting her eyes, dim with age, yet kindling with sweet memories of the past, answered briefly, "Victuals."

## REDUCING THE COSTLY PERCENTAGE OF FAILURE DUE TO OUR EYES

By ROBERT STUART, M. D.

THE age in which we live is putting an extraordinary tax on human machinery. No one who looks about at the multiplying activities of modern life can doubt that our ancestors were subjected to no such strain.

We speak of "the strenuous age." Each of us is made to feel that life is more complicated than it used to be. And each of us is made to feel that "keeping up with the procession" calls for more energy, more concentration, more nervous force than ever before. Not to realize this is to fall behind—to be reminded in dollars and cents, as well as in physical failure, that we are letting Opportunity pass us by.

Cross a busy city street. The clang and rush of traffic illustrates the growing excitement of living.

That delicate fabric, our nervous system, is hammered by a thousand sensations where one fell a hundred years ago. The conflicts of business have become fiercer. Social life is more nervous and exhausting. The very "improvements" of modern days are new taxes on the brain.

People read more than they ever read before. Scholars did the reading in the past ages. To-day everybody reads—and reads everywhere, on the trains and street cars, in all sorts of varying and shifting lights.

Did you ever look over a modern child's heap of school books? Once the child had but to learn the three R's. Now a score of sciences are crowded into its head. Thus at the very beginning of life the modern creature is made to feel the increasing pressure.

What is the result?

We have the same old machinery to get along with. We have the same senses, the same nerves. We have the same ambitions to excel—the same personal and family need to "win out" in the life-struggle.

Two facts are to be accepted. First, we must adjust our body machinery to the new conditions, learn to *use* life to our benefit and happiness. Second, we must look to the body machinery itself, find how we may correct the disturbances caused by new kinds of strain and friction, if we are to maintain our effective power in the world, if we are to meet higher costs of living and the keener competitions of the hour.

And here we come to a remarkable discovery of science in its recent study of the ills that the flesh has inherited and has acquired in these hustling days. It was easy to guess that nerves in general were going to

rebel and that the rebellion would show itself in manifold ways destructive of our deficiency. But it was only the step-by-step scrutiny of science that discovered the far-reaching effects of *eye strain*.

We live through our eyes. They are the capitol of our consciousness. They are the most delicate and wonderful feature of the body machine. Darwin, when he explained man's development from the first living particle, admitted that the eyes were harder to account for than anything else in the whole evolution theory.

Life could not be complicated without putting the heaviest burden on the eyes. The vast growth of the reading habit is only a part of this burden. The jerk and glitter of city streets, the tremendously increased pace of traffic in city and country, the blur of the automobiles, the swish of scenery past the train window, all contribute to the burden.

Fully to appreciate what this strain means to the average person we must remember that the eyes are really little cameras—exact counterparts in every particular of the camera. There is the lens with the iris opening, enlarged or contracted according to the amount of light. There is the dark chamber corresponding to the camera bellows, and the retina corresponding to the sensitive plate or film. Delicate muscles turn the eyes in any direction; other muscles control the iris; still others operate the focus.

These many muscles weary of their task when the strain is too heavy. You know what happens to an old camera bellows?—it gets flabby. The same thing happens to old eyes, or eyes prematurely aged. The result is failure in easy focus, perhaps total failure. The focussing muscles do their best—and the tax of doing it effects the entire bodily system—lowers the vitality.

To the general public it was, indeed, astonishing to learn, on the highest authority, that not merely headaches and nervousness resulted from trouble with the eyes, but that eye strain which *did not always display itself locally*, in a way to be recognized locally, was responsible for sleeplessness, over-drowsiness, irritability, indigestion, a sense of nausea that affected the appetite and directly diminished the working power of the human machine.

"I had never thought that it might be my eyes!"—how frequently the specialist has heard that exclamation!

As a writer in the *Delineator* puts it: "Nowadays, the wise doctor, having an ob-

scure stomach trouble to deal with, in the absence of other explanation, looks to the eyes. Eye strain has a most potent and far-reaching influence on digestion. I know of one case of chronic dyspepsia, of a year's standing, completely cured by a change of eye-glasses."

"A change of glasses"—there you have one makeshift that brings temporary relief. It might have been a prescription for a first pair of glasses. Glasses are not to be despised. They are a great invention. So are crutches. But it would be better than crutches to enable a man to go about on his own legs.

Glasses, however we may regard their disfigurement, do not really answer the great eye questions: How can eyes be made stronger to meet the strain of modern life? How can troubles resulting from eye strain be corrected or ameliorated? The crutches, yes—if you must. But just as new science in physiology has done wonders in correcting deformities and crippled conditions that formerly made mechanical support necessary, so has a new science met this problem of the eyes—reaching difficulties that *no glasses* can aid.

How does it do this?

First, by recognizing the intricate structure of the eye system. Second, by meeting and treating the defective conditions brought about by strain—strain past and strain to come.

"Eye strain" is the strain on the muscles of the eye, and, as Douglas C. McMurtrie remarks in his "Conservation of Vision," eye strain is "the most widely spread of all disorders of the eye." This author adds: "It is likely that the effects of this form of eye trouble are greater and more disastrous than all other forms put together." Scores of specialists in Europe and America might be quoted to the same effect—have shown that unsuspected eye strain is hampering the progress of thousands of ambitious men and women.

How shall these strained muscles be helped and our full body-power be restored?

How do we help strained muscles in other parts of the body? By manipulation—by massage that stimulates the normal circulation, suggesting new life to the tired muscles. Doctor de Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, professor of ophthalmology in Jefferson College, speaks pointedly when he calls attention to the fact that in treating, without the knife, even so serious a condition as dreaded cataract of the eye, massage of the eyeball "has been followed by improvement in vision and deepening of the anterior chamber." The *Medical Record*, speaking of the same condition, insists upon the value of "any means that would bring an increase blood supply," and urges that "the most feasible plan seemed to be properly applied massage."

The formidable difficulty of attempting to

accomplish this massage with the hands seems to have been successfully met by a simple appliance invented a few years ago by a New York physician—a device that accomplished safely and efficiently, on scientific principles, that delicate service impossible to mere hands.

All great inventions seem simple and obvious when once they have been accomplished. It may, without exaggeration, be suggested that no great invention ever was more *timely* than this, for the tired eyes of the world never needed help as they need it now. It is equally safe to assume that thousands more spectacles will be discarded when this more natural, reasonable and effective aid to the *real defects* has begun to do its wide work in the world.

The possibilities of this method of restoring health to the machinery of the eyes will be suggested when you remember the condition in which the unhelped eye so frequently falls. The loss of true form in the eye, resulting from tired or flabby muscles and poor circulation, means failure of focus and all the distresses of "near" or "far" sight. Hypermetropia, or far sight, is simply a flattening of the eyeball. Presbyopia, or old sight, is but a debility of the ciliary muscles ordinarily met by "stronger" and still stronger glasses—crutches for the eye which natural health in the muscles would entirely obviate. Every such failure of duty in the eye muscles and tissues tempts disease. You cannot put new muscles in an eye as you would a new belt on an engine, but you can restore health in these muscles, help them to a renewed strength that assures the doing of their natural work.

This is the function of the device to which I have alluded—to give the eye the chances for its own health that we give to other parts of the body. Your eyes need this help whether you have gone the length of wearing glasses, debated the need of them, or have only found in yourself a loss of bodily power inevitably following the prevalent overtaxing of these priceless servants. Used once or twice a day for a few minutes, this device means vigor at the capitol of the conscious body, a buoyant, an energetic command of the forces that keep us up in the procession.

The device, and the system of eye massage made possible by its use are described in a highly interesting booklet by Dr. Pinchot, M.D., of 134 West 65th Street, New York, who will send it without cost to those who may be interested. I think you will thank me for calling your attention to it.

At all events, I shall personally be gratified if I have awakened your interest in this great and neglected question of eye help, to its bearing on your capacity as an individual, and, consequently, to its certain effect not only on your ambitions and fortunes as a producer, but on your comfort and happiness as a well-equipped social force in a strenuous world.

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